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G O S S I P

A B O U T

AMERICA AND EUROPE

B Y

RAM CHANDRA BOSE, M. A.

Author of "The Truth of the Christian Religion" &c.

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1883.

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THE REVD. LAL BEHARI DAY

PROFESSOR, HUGLI COLLÈGE,
EDITOR, "BENGAL MAGAZINE,"

&c. &c. &c.,

MY DEAR SIR,

To whom may these papers, which appeared in your *Magazine* as contributions to its lighter, rather than its graver, element, be more appropriately dedicated than to yourself.

There is scarcely a mind you have more thoroughly influenced for good than mine. When a pupil, I felt specially drawn towards you, as one of the most intelligent and popular of our Teachers; and when an inmate of our much-loved Mission House, your rich talk, as you sat at the head of our table, first stirred up in me that spirit of generous emulation, which would have made me a good man, if I had only continued faithful to it. And during a quarter of a century I have been doing, I humbly trust, a little good, as a public writer, under your consummate leadership.

The criticism, with which these pages are surcharged, will appear to many a little too pungent; but I am consoled by the thought, that some of my kind friends will not fail to trace its sharpness to its proper source. Lifted, by what the world would call a freak of fortune, far above his station in life; treated as an equal where, under altered circumstances, he would have been looked down upon as an inferior; and lionized in meetings from which, if held in his own country, he would have been turned out by the solemn imposi

tion of hands, feet and brooms ; what wonder if the dog has had his head turned a little !

In self-defence I may be permitted to say, that there is scarcely in these pages a remark which was not received with unmistakable marks of approbation by sensible Americans, when made under their own sky ; while for my strictures on the vicious style of oratory in vogue in the Great Republic, I have received, through a private note, the “thanks” of no less a person than Dr. Merrick of Delaware, who has scarcely an equal in America in meek and unaffected piety, and scarcely a superior in depth of scholarship and breadth of thought.

I was unexpectedly called upon to conduct a controversy in America in favour of what I considered, and do still consider, along with an overwhelming majority of my constituents, a correct principle, but I fear I failed to give prominence to the fact, that the persons, whose policy I felt it my duty to oppose, are animated by a deeper love to Christ and His work than I am, and are therefore proportionately more entitled to a hearing. In these pages the reader will find, under a net-work of incidents of travel, an argument conducted against human nature, and in favour of what alone can exalt it. I fear I have failed to give prominence to the fact, that many European and East-Indian ladies and gentlemen are trying hard to remove the evils I have pointed out, and that our Missionary friends could not possibly have been kinder to us, even if they had been natives of India.

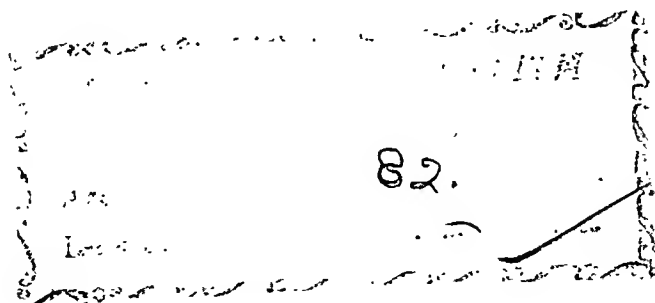
The longer I live the more clearly do I see the accuracy of a remark made by you about twenty-five years ago, viz., that we Native Christians would be more popular among our European friends, if we were

less patriotic ; and more popular amongst our countrymen if we were less christian. But our course is clear, to stand up for our religion and for our country.

A veteran in the field of journalistic and periodical literature, you must have observed, that those writers, who attack educated natives with the greatest bitterness, and propose their exclusion from a fair share in the administration of their country with the greatest vehemence, are the parties most prone to grow impatient and querulous under criticism emanating from the camp assailed. To this rule there are bright exceptions, and the brightest of these is a Missionary friend of mine, unrivalled in fairness and candour. This gentleman kicks hard as a critic, and expects to be kicked in return ! This is more than can be said of nine-tenths of those who have made criticism their trade.

With assurances of my deep respect, and heartfelt prayer that God may bless and prosper yourself, Mrs. Day and your excellent family.

LUCKNOW :	}	I am
1st January 1883.		Yours very affectionately, RAM CHANDRA BOSE.



A SEA VOYAGE



My first bit of experience, when I was borne in a sedan chair up the hills on my way towards Nynce Tal was delicious indeed. I cannot describe the exhilaration I experienced at the cold blasts from the upper regions of the mountains raised my drooping spirits, and an endless variety of new objects and new sights refreshed my eyes. Dame nature appeared in an entirely new garment; and my thoughts were quickened and imagination brightened as I beheld a continuous wall of forest-clad mountains overshadowing me on one side, and lovely valleys and beautiful slopes smiling several hundreds of feet below me on the other. But I continued my journey, the monotony of life returned, and when fatigued and fagged I felt disposed to curse the picturesque hills around me, or rather the day when I had made up my mind to exchange the comforts of my poor bed down in the plains for the pleasures and discomforts of a romantic journey. One's experience in a sea voyage is by no means unlike one's experience in a journey among the magnificent heights of the Himalayas. My first bit of experience, barring of-course sea-sickness, in my recent trip to America, was of the most delicious kind. With feelings sad, indeed, but at the same time with glorious anticipations I entered one of the floating palaces of P. and O. Company, and stood on the deck wrapped up in meditation till the lights of the Bombay harbour and the forest of vessels in it faded out of sight. I then retired into my cabin, crawled into my berth, and was rocked into a profound sleep. On the following morning, as soon as I got up and made myself presentable, I hastened up to the deck, and found the vessel rolling in the midst of what the sailors call a lively sea. My head became dizzy, my legs became unsteady, and I felt as if I had spent the previous night in carousal amid a hundred bottles of brandy and gin. And who can describe my restlessness? Flying from the saloo

to the deck, from the deck to the cabin, and from the cabin back to the deck through the saloon, turning up the nose at the best dishes arranged on the table at meal times, driven backwards and forwards by a formidable combination of "rude savours maritime," now lying supine on the deck, then falling prostrate on the berth,—why Roman Catholic priests need not have gone out of this world in quest of a purgatory! A couple of days passed away in this not over agreeable manner; but on the third day the sea became calm, I got rid to some extent of my squeamishness, and my enjoyment commenced. All nature appeared in a novel aspect, and the interest with which I watched for hours the magnificent expanse of waters around me cannot be described. The sights on the bosom of the fitful, capricious waters were all new to me, and therefore objects of intense interest; the sea-gulls flying for miles alongside of the steamer, the porpoises darting up and down one after another in almost endless succession, the flying fish glistening in the sunbeams, or huge sea-animals making their existence and power known by unmistakable signs. But what interested me most was the Protean aspect of the sea itself. Now it is a sea of glass, with the shadow of the vessel reposing undisturbed on one side, and the sun-beams, broken into innumerable spangles, playing on the other—so calm, so still, one could almost hear the sound of one's breath. Then it is a sea of ripples, straight lines of water receding one after another in endless succession and melting into the circular line of the horizon around. Again it is a sea of radiant smiles, the little waves opening their pearly teeth in innumerable places, but scarcely displaying their incipient mirth in an audible sound. Once more it is a sea of broad laughter and wild merriment, the hydra-headed monster not only showing innumerable pairs of white teeth, but displaying its intensified mirth in a caehination in which the buxom winds unite their voices with the roaring waters. But enough—who can describe the changes of which the interminable mass of waters under your feet or the heavens above your heads are the theatres!

The rising and the setting sun, objects of interest on dry land, attract particular attention on the bosom of the waters. The sun emerges from and sinks beneath the surface of the sea, and its appearance, both when it rises and when it sets, is peculiarly fascinating. Imagine a huge globe of fire struggling slowly and gradually out of an interminable mass of waters—lifting up first its glorious crown, then the upper portion of its radiant body, and by and by the entire effulgent ball with only its lower parts immersed, and ultimately the disentangled disk looking down in triumph over its prostrate foe. Reverse the picture, and you have the setting sun, a globe of fire plunging its shining head and body slowly and gradually, under a canopy of rosy light, into sometimes a calm sea reflecting the glories above its head. These and other objects of interest, to me perfectly new, made the first few days of my voyage very pleasant indeed. But I have to reverse the picture now, and show its dark side. Before, however, I do so, I wish to allude to the grandest sight I saw in the course of my journey to and from America. While returning from Brindisi to my native land, rendered doubly dear in consequence of a season of absence, I appeared on the deck early, as I used to do every morning almost, to see the splendours of the rising sun; and I was literally entranced by the ethereal glory which burst on my view. I noticed first of all a mass of grey light spread over the bosom of a lovely hill. The light became a dazzling flame, covered the hill as with a garment of fire, and displayed its glory in the waters beneath its feet. The flame moved forward, concealed one hill after another within its radiant folds, till one long range of mountains appeared wrapped up in glory, somewhat similar perhaps to what the disciples were dazzled by on the mount of transfiguration! The first few days over, the monotony of life returned with a vengeance, and the varied glories of the sea underneath my feet or of the sky over my head failed to retain the mind in a state of healthy excitement. I became home-sick, and oppress-

A SEA VOYAGE.

ed by headache and eternal nuasea, I felt disposed almost to curse the day when with romantic anticipations I had left my native land. My companions were courteous and even kind, but they were most decidedly opposed to any thing like aggressive piety, and their conversation at the meals, full of encomiums on trashy novels, was by no means calculated to raise my drooping spirits. I had to look for a kinder spirit, and I found one in a character amiable in some respects, queer in others, but fitted withal to set forth a solidity and an earnestness that could not be despised.

One evening, as I was walking to and fro on the deck, I observed an old man seated on the cover of one of the hatchways, evidently wrapped up in serious thought. I approached him, and said, somewhat abruptly—"Sir, you seem very old." "Yes," was his reply, "I have passed the boundary line of seventy." "Are you, Sir," I added, "ready for death?" "Yes," was his ready reply, "my trust is in Jesus only." No further introduction was needed. I sat down beside him, and in the course of an interesting conversation obtained an insight into the following significant facts of his life. He had been both a soldier and a sailor, and had distinguished himself on dry land in many a field of battle and on the sea in many a storm. But though brave, good natured and, in some respects, generous, he had been a desperate character, a slave to drink, disposed, like the unjust judge in the parable of our Lord, neither to fear God nor to regard man. One evening he was found dead drunk in one of the streets of London, and taken by some benevolent persons to one of those "Homes," which have been and are being organized to counteract the rampant vice of that city. Here he was put to a nice, warm bed; but as soon as he got up on the following morning, he, true to the instincts of the inveterate drunkard, hastened to go to the nearest grogshop to quench his unnatural thirst. But the kind-hearted lady in charge of the establishment ran after him, laid her hand on his shoulder, and almost instinctively exclaimed—"Who will save

this brother from ruin?" The man had stood unmoved amid the carnage of battles and the roar of storms; but this was too much for him. He wept as a child, followed the lady as a lamb, and began a course the result of which was his conversion. He was enabled to give up both drinking and smoking at about the same time, and he had led a new life for about a year before I had the pleasure of seeing him on board our steamer. He was called "grandfather" on account of his age, and a dash of eccentricity noticeable in his conversation.

Every body almost had his or her joke at him, and he had a ready reply to every pleasantry of which he was made the target. A man apt to be unsteady enquired as to what "grand-father" thought of his habits of life. Grandfather's reply was curt and incisive—"You were drunk last night, and you were drunk this morning." A woman having said in his presence, "I don't believe in cold water," grandfather immediately exclaimed—"their kind never docs." Grandfather's political predilections were as decidedly stiffened and hardened as his bones and muscles. A person on board having expressed his distrust of Lord Beaconsfield's policy, grandfather said with all possible emphasis—"A great man is Beaconsfield; if he were not at the head of affairs in our country, the *Rooss* would be our master!" But theology, not politics, was grandfather's forte, and it was really amusing to hear him relate Bible stories in his quaint style, and reason high of some of the abstruse points of christian theology. When we entered the Suez Canal, and were looking scarcely enraptured at the dreary wilderness on both sides, grandfather exclaimed:—"These waters are bitter on account of the curse pronounced by God on these regions centuries ago!" The trifling facts, that the waters, where the remark was made, are not bitter, and that the Bible mentions no curse pronounced on the regions, could not of course alter grandfather's opinion. On the whole grandfather appeared to me an admirable character,

firm as a rock, bold as a lion, willing at all hazards to state the truth and nothing but the truth, and never disposed to fawn and flatter. I dwell upon his story to point out the significant fact, that the philanthropy and saving power associated with this man's conversion have never been displayed by any of the religions of the world besides our own, which, however, is not of this world. It is very easy to harp on the vices of Christendom, and there are vices enough in Christendom for us to harp on till doomsday; but it is instructive to note that there are excellencies in Christendom which have not their counterparts in India or any other non-Christian country, and the most prominent among these are the philanthropy to which under God this man owed his salvation; and the saving power manifested in it.

I must not forget to refer to the guesses in which the native members of the crew indulged as to the object of my long journey. One evening, a day or two after leaving Bombay, I was engaged in conversation with a lot of them; and I could not but be surprised and flattered to find that I was an object of intense interest, if not an inscrutable mystery, to them. I found myself surrounded by a number of interlocutors, and our dialogue took some such turn as the following:—

Q. Going to Aden of course?

A. No—much further.

Q. To England?

A. Further still.

Q. What do you mean? Going further than England?

Where on earth could you be going?

A. I am going to America.

Q. América! What could be your business there? Your business mercantile?

A. No.

Q. Any relations there?

A. No. I am going on a religious Mission.

Q. Ah! I see, I see—the Missionaries have deceived you, and you are going to lodge a complaint against them. They always deceive!

A. The Missionaries have never deceived me, and they are my best friends.

Q. Oh! then you are going to pass an examination, and have your salary increased.

A. No—I don't care to have my salary increased.

This was enough. They came to the conclusion that I was a humbug, gathering as they could not but do, from the tenor of my conversation, that I was not fool enough to be blind to my own interests.

It is neither necessary nor possible for me to refer to the innumerable facts of history that rushed back to my mind as we steered between the barren hills that skirt the Red Sea, careered through the Canal with a dreary wilderness on both sides relieved only by the scattered patches of vegetation around the villas and cottages reared for the accomodation of engineers and their helpers, and floated on the bosom of the Mediterranean, the vast, ocean-like expanse of blue waters around which cluster perhaps the brightest recollections of the past. Nor can I depict the pleasureable emotions with which I saw the harbour of Malta, with its broad channels overlooked by ranges of magnificent buildings and lofty cathedrals, and roaring here and there under smiling downs and forest-clad slopes. But our troubles commenced after we had left this beautiful harbour, so rich in the decorations of art as the other harbours I saw appeared rich in the beauties of nature. One evening we descried from our deck a vessel as large almost as our own tossed up and down by what sailors call head-seas and head-winds. It was in a miserable plight indeed! It was most capriciously lifted up and thrown down; its prow now buried under the roaring waters, and now thrust up by a swelling billow, so as to cause the stern to share its fate, while the mer-

celess breakers dashed on the sides, swept over the decks, and made the gigantic vessel reel and straggle as if it were a plaything in the hands of the elashing elements. I watched the fearful sight, and almost spontaneously repeated the well-known lines of Byron, beginning with—"The armaments which thunder strike &c." Little did I then imagine that such would be our own fate the very next morning. But such it was. The morning salutations, as well as "the roll" and "the pitch" of which we were made disagreeably conscious heralded a bit of rough sailing indeed. "The sea is a bit lively this morning"—exclaimed a wheather-beaten sailor who had encountered a hundred storms. "Fine weather—perpetual shower-bath," exclaimed another. I had to go up to the deck to understand clearly the meaning of these matin ejaculations. But there was no standing on the deck; I had to balance myself in a sheltered corner by catching hold of a door-post with both my arms, and so to look on. What a sight! An angry sea manifesting its rage in swells of prodigious dimensions, dashing madly on the sides and over the decks, and causing the spray to rise high and fall in showers around me!—this with the eternal roar of the elements might have gratified one's sense of the sublime. Only one could plant one's self on a commanding watch-tower, and feast on the wild scene below without giddiness and nausea. But the gales we encountered in the Mediterranean were but earnest of the regular storms we had to weather in the uproarious Bay of Biscay and across the tempestuous Atlantic. A storm however is on the whole an agreeable break in the tiresome monotony of sea-life; and when you see your plates and dishes moving backwards and forwards within the barricades raised to prevent them from being shattered to pieces around our feet, and your spoons and forks merrily flying about, ringing as they go, and your soup coming down in a stream on your thighs, and so eliciting loud laughter and pleasant jokes, you are by no means in a position to curse your "day," and separate it for good from the other days of

the year. But when the storm continues for days successively, as it did both when we were crossing and recrossing the Atlantic, when you find it impossible day after day to stand on your legs or walk along the narrow corridors without breaking your head right and left, when the stench in the state-rooms and saloon drives you up to the deck, and the splash on the deck drives you back to the state-rooms and the saloon, and when moreover your head becomes dizzy, and an incurable tendency to sickness makes it impossible for you to read or think, you are forced to acknowledge that too much of even a good thing is after all good for nothing. A storm then has its sombre as well as its picturesque aspects, and when after some days of rough sailing towards America I saw lady after lady brought up to the deck, pale, emaciated, more dead than alive, I sympathized with one of them who said:—"After I have once gone back, no body shall buy *me* a steamer ticket again!"

But a storm sometimes makes its aspect too terrible to be made fun of, and this we had an opportunity of noticing when we were recrossing the Atlantic. After we had left the Banks of Newfoundland behind us, we encountered a frightful storm which lasted several days, and which made stout-hearted men tremble in their shoes. One evening, as we were seated around the long table with our dinner temptingly placed before us, a splash was heard over our heads, and a current of water poured in. The captain at the head of the table stood up, and hastened up to the deck, and the faces of not a few became pale as death. All night the officers and crew were on their legs, the vessel was adrift in the midst of a howling sea, and the powerful waves washed away two of the hanging life-boats, broke a portion of the railing around, and even lifted up their heads to dash upon and break the bridge above. Within, the scene was tragic indeed. The ladies were screaming, and the gentlemen eying each other, with death-like countenances, in blank despair. The only passenger, who was in un-

dress that night, is your humble servant, dear reader, and he lay in his berth in his cabin unconscious of the full extent of the danger we were in! On the following morning when the storm abated its strength a little, we got up, heard the night's tragedy related, saw the damage done, and said with pardonable pride:—"Though belonging to the most timid people on the surface of the globe, I have shown more courage than all of you put together!" Throughout my journey to and fro, whatever might have been my trials, I was not troubled by fear even for a moment.

A sea-voyage, especially when accompanied with gales and storms, is very depressing, and I could not but be amused one evening by a smart repartee called forth by a remark made by a German gentleman of a stalwart make and more than average height. Finding him sad one evening I enquired what the matter was. "I am tired of life," he replied with his German accent. "Tired of life," said a by-stander, "why the remedy is within your reach: jump overboard!" Of course he was not so tired of life, and so he laughed a little, and tried to be himself again. With very great interest, I watched some characters of a typical nature, fitted by inherent worthlessness or inherent worth, to stand a long-continued storm, or to pass through it unaffected. The first of these characters was an old gentleman who appeared to be the very incarnation of worldly-mindedness, prone to condemn in the strongest terms possible all enthusiasm but that ranged around the sacred altar of his God, Mammon. This man tried, by varieties of arguments coolly and persistently plied, to make a convert of me, and I was obliged to put an end to his fruitless labor in this way. Once when he was gazing on the interminable mass of waters below, I said to him.—"Sir, did you hear of a hero in our country who drank the waters of a huge ocean at three sips: it is easier for you, let me tell you, to do so than convert me!" This man was as cool and calculating during the storm as before and after it. He seemed to have had human nature extinguished in

him, and besides the displeasure he manifested whenever he heard a religious man named, he did not seem to have any remains of human feeling in him. He began his journey, passed through the terrible storm, and gazed upon the green hills surrounding the grand harbour of New York without betraying the slightest emotion. This man, I felt sure, would pass through the valley of the shadow of death unmoved, or ascend the scaffold, if he were called upon to do so, with the iron stoicism of our Nandcoomar. The very antipodes of this petrified mass of secularity was a young lady, by no means omnipotent in charms, but blessed with a fund of constitutional cheerfulness that seemed inexhaustible. When almost all the ladies on board were literally languishing in their berths in their cabins, she graced the table, amused and puzzled the gentlemen with her puns and riddles, moved lightly along the corridors, occupied gracefully the only seat available in front of the deck, and showed by unmistakable signs that no storm outside her heart could interrupt the perpetual sun-shine within! She was in reality the soul of all the cheerfulness noticed in the vessel, and the ground of her perpetual, over-flowing hilarity was, not religion, but a good appetite. Once when a gentleman playfully said that she seemed to have lost her appetite, she said with characteristic energy: "I never lost my appetite in my life!" There were perhaps a few on board, who were supported by the consolations of religion amid the troubles incident to a storm.

Before I bring my gossip to a close, let me refer to a brilliant encounter which gave me an insight into one phase of civilized life. But I may by way of preface state that, while in an aristocratic vessel like that of the Cunard Line in which I secured a passage while going to America, caste-distinctions are scrupulously maintained, so that you see the passengers separating into groups drawn together by birth and social status, in a democratical vessel, like that of the Gyon Line which brought me back to England, the passengers, fewer in number

and perhaps on one level as regards respectability, never hesitate to unite into a common fraternity, and throw an air of domesticity around them. Not that I had any reason to complain of slight while on board the largest of the steamers that float on the waters of the Atlantic. On the contrary, the most respectable man on board, after an hour's conversation with me on the varied phases of modern unbelief, said to me—"Will you give me the liberty of making a remark—you seem to me a man of education: why do you address me, "sir," at all most every pause of our conversation: if I were to go to Mr. Gladstone I would say 'sir' only once, and not keep saying 'sir' 'sir.'" My answer was—"I would be hanged in India if I did not keep saying 'sir', 'sir.'" I may mention by the way that I once escaped censure, if not loss of appointment, by copiously making use of the word 'sir.' A Deputy Commissioner, evidently set on by a kind friend, had made a bad report of my conduct, and I went to him, and spoke vehemently as follows:—"I, Sir, did not, Sir, know, Sir, &c." The Deputy Commissioner concluded that a man who put in so many 'Sirs' could not be a bad man, and I escaped being pilloried, if not hanged, drawn and quartered! But to resume the thread of my narrative. The few passengers on board the *Wisconsin* of the Gyon Line allowed themselves in a day or two to be merged into one fraternity; and the intercourse between the ladies and gentlemen, who were almost without exception young and of a buoyant disposition, was of a pleasant kind, though not, as a rule, tinged with the slightest approach to vulgarity. One evening the ladies had their fun and, taking each of them some flour in a bit of paper, stealthily went round the smoking room, where the gentlemen were seated, throwing the contents on them through the open windows. After performing this feat, they re-looked into the room in which the staircase terminates, and shut the doors. The gentlemen, determined to have their revenge, came to the entrenchments, and first tried

volley of eloquence to have the doors opened; but they spoke as one that beateth the air. Then they procured a syringe, and sent in streams of water, which, however, the ladies avoided by crouching on the ground, and at the same time screaming. Foiled in this manner, they came into the saloon through the steerage pathway; but the ladies were determined not to be outmatched even in close encounter, and so they plied their bodkins and hairpins with wonderful success. And ultimately when both the parties were tired, a capitulation was signed, and the fight came to an end. I was of course a man of peace, and I stood wonder-struck amid the freedom and joviality of intercourse between the two hostile bands; but I saw nothing which might lead even an Asiatic, bred up as I had been, to denounce it as improper. What a host of humanizing influences, as well as refined pleasures, our countrymen cut themselves off from by locking their female relations up in iron safes!

The return journey from Suez to Bombay was something like a very delightful river trip, the sea so calm, the sky so bright and the weather so agreeable; while the privilege of having a man of Dr. Thoburn's piety and ability as our companion cannot be overrated. I was called upon by a sense of duty, despite personal considerations, to animadvert in America on a policy with which this really great and good man was for a time, if he has not been always, indentified; but that did not in the slightest degree impair his kindly feeling towards me. Indeed I cannot sufficiently praise his generosity, a generosity common enough among high-minded politicians who expect their policy to be, more or less severely, criticised, though by no means common among a class of writers who are but too prone to characterise any exhibition of independent thought on the part of a poor Native as rebellion; a generosity in marked contrast to the animus which has not scrupled to trace the attitude I felt compelled to assume to race antipathy and race antagonism.

NEW YORK AND ITS VICINITY

It is impossible for me to express the sense of joy with which we rode into the New York harbour after encountering a series of gales fitted to remind us of the horrors of purgatory. "In what respects does the harbour of Gibraltar differ from that of Malta?" I once enquired, while floating on this side of the neck of sea that connects the Mediterranean with the Atlantic, or on this side of the once formidable Pillars of Hercules. A by-stander, an old sailor, who had seen almost all the great ports of the world, said in his elegant style—"There is more of the green stuff in Gibraltar than in Malta." The beauty of the Malta Harbour is the beauty of art, of art mainly, if not solely—ranges of magnificent buildings, castles, mansions and cathedrals, crowning the hilltops and covering the slopes, intersected very sparingly by lovely patches of vegetation and a few clumps of trees. The beauty of Gibraltar, however, is the beauty of nature, and of nature mainly, if not solely. The massive fortifications do indeed rise before you, tier above tier, in all the grandeur of their frowning batteries and peeping guns. The European town does indeed seem to repose on the borders of the waters towards the right beneath the overhanging crags of a stupendous rock; and the native town does occupy a similar position towards the left; while an embankment of solid masonry seems to connect them as with a wall of adamant. But the beauty of the harbour is not in these products of art. It is when you look around you, and behold the surrounding hills clothed in living green, and smiling under a radiant sun, above lovely arms of the sea that laves their feet, and murmurs and brawls and not unfrequently roars as it moves backwards and forwards, that you have an adequate idea of its beauty and picturesqueness. This is more emphatically true of the Queenstown harbour below

Ireland, the emerald glory of which seems concentrated in it. But the New York harbour presents the beauties of art side by side with the glories of nature, and as I stood on the deck, amid a forest of prodigious vessels and tall masts, I did not know what to wonder at most, the green hills with here and there a castellated or a mansioned brow around, or the clusters of docks and houses and steeples before me ; while the ferry steamers plying right and left gave me some idea of the feverish activity of which the New World is the famous scene. A little suspense preceded the examination of the vessel by the health officer, whose finely curled mustachios, *goat-like* imperial beard, sallow complexion and American features were calculated to remove any doubts which might arise in our minds as to our proximity to the land, where "one man is as good as another and a great deal better!" We were "passed," the vessel moved to the dock, a rush out of its cabins through its decks, and down the staircase spanning bridge-like its landward side, and we found ourselves congregated in groups in the Custom-house. Two young American gentlemen, who had been amongst my kindest acquaintances on board, helped me out of its massive walls, guided me along one or two of the streets till we came to the southern extremity of Broadway, saw me into the proper "horse-car," and, asking me to look for the Mission House, No. 805, towards the left, pressed my hand and took leave perhaps for ever so far as this life is concerned. The first bit of notice which I saw hanging before my eyes in the car viz. "Beware of Pick-pockets," was by no means of the most assuring or consoling kind. The first warning to me in a Christian land!—it drew my mind into a reverie, in which I could indulge unmolested, as my pockets were quite safe in consequence of their emptiness, and general unattractiveness! I alighted at the proper place, got into the proper rooms, presented my credentials, was warmly received by a venerable father of the Methodist Church, who embraced me,

saying "The skins differ but the life within is the same!" and felt at home under his hospitable roof, amid the exuberance of kindness shown by him, his pious, simple-minded and kind-hearted lady, and exceedingly well brought-up children.

My host's house seemed a portion of an almost unbroken range of lofty, fine-looking buildings which over-looked a pretty broad road, connecting one of the main arteries of the city with one of its numerous smaller parks, and running parallel to another unbroken block on the other side. The street is adorned on both sides with private dwellings, and the beautiful shops, which line the public streets as a rule, and temptingly expose for sale the choicest commodities of the world, are unseen within its limits. As you walk along its side walks, you see open windows on both sides decorated with snow-white net hangings, and occasionally a lovely face peeping out in all the beauty of nature set off by the refinements of art. If you wish to secure admittance into one of the over-hanging houses, you have to press in a handle which comes out of one of its main door-posts, and so to cause a bell to ring in the kitchen or some other convenient place. The servant girl hears the bell, though you do not, opens the door, and after proper enquiries lets you into the ante-chamber, a sitting-room in front as a rule of the parlour, and situated alongside of a small corridor in the centre of which you find a table and a hat-rack; you wait for a few minutes, and the party you wish to see comes down, and either finishes conversation with you in the ante-room, or asks you into the parlour which is as a rule magnificently-furnished with fine carpets, cushioned seats, and splendid lounges, and which has in one corner a costly piano with a cushioned stool in front. The Americans are proud of their "elegant" homes, and the amount of money they lay out to bring together articles of furniture of the most valuable kind, is fitted to surprize all, but the Nawab to whom ostentatious display is all in all. Our trans-Atlantic cousins, I mean the trans-Atlantic cousins of the sober people of England and Scotland, are a little, or to a pardonable extent,

fond of show as well in their domestic arrangements as in the choice expressions they are never tired of employing. One of these last is the word "elegant" which is literally one of the hobbies they ride to death. They speak of elegant homes, elegant equipages, elegant dresses, and elegant grapes; and they pride themselves on the success with which they surround themselves with a choice collection of elegancies in their "sweet" homes. But to return—if you are a guest, you are conducted through two or three stair-cases rising one above another into an upper-room, which is of course "elegantly" carpeted, and in which you see a splendid bedstead, a wash-stand with all its appurtenances in a chest below, two or three large hanging looking-glasses in proper positions, a nice table with perhaps a copy of the Bible on it, a nice cushioned easy-chair and two others of an ordinary kind and a chest of drawers wherein you are to put your clothes ready for the laundress; while in one corner you see a door opening into a little shelf-like room with hooks to hold your coats, hats &c. A hanging gas lamp with perhaps one or two fine pictures completes the furniture of what becomes your room during your stay. A word about your bed seems needed to prevent you from falling into the ludicrous mistake which I made at Cincinnati. On the bedstead you see a prodigiously thick mattress with a sheet spread over it, and a pair of blankets sandwiched between two clean sheets over that, and the whole bedding covered with a piece of thick, embroidered, though not lace, cloth called counterpane. The real pillow lies concealed beneath two sham pillows which are mere ornamental appendages, and which have to be laid aside before the bed is made use of. Before you lie down, you have, American fashion, something to do; to remove the ornamental pillows and the upper cover, take out the blankets with their covering sheets, put the real pillow in its proper place, and then to pass quietly into dreamland. I knew nothing about these varied processes

and so I shivered all night on the upper cover with one of the sham-pillows under my head, while the splendid blankets underneath "did wonder more and more" as to "what thing" had "got on" them! The servant girl knew at a glance the sort of animal she had to deal with, and so on the following night she changed the order, so as to render the blankets visible; and while enjoying their warmth I could not but thank her from the bottom of my heart for her penetration and foresight!

The rule regarding meal hours is almost as strict as the laws of the Medes and Persians ; and, if you are late, a cold collation, to make use of words which may not offend you, will be your portion. But you need not be late, inasmuch as the meals are heralded by bell-chimes which do not give uncertain sound. The breakfast time, which is between 7 and 8 as a rule, is mentioned to you when you retire : and while lying perhaps supine on your bed you hear in the morning a bell which commands you, sometimes in a disagreeable tone, to get up and wash. The bell is followed by a gentle tap on your door, which means that a vessel of warm water is waiting at the door to be fetched in by your own hands ; and when you have made yourself presentable, you have not long to sit before you hear the bell which calls you down to the breakfast table sometimes in a basement room, or a subterranean room somewhat like those called *Taikhana*s in Upper India. Your kind-hearted hostess and her daughters are already seated to do the honours of the table, which groans under various dishes of meat, fish and eggs, fine loaves and splendid butter, and a large tray before your hostess with tea, coffee, cups, saucers, &c. You have your choice between tea and coffee, and if you are not particularly fond of the favorite breakfast dish of America, I mean the red, fatty meat which may not be named, you are considered as decidedly outlandish as when you put in a large quantity of cream and sugar to make your cup drinkable. The peculiarly American dish, which besides the sacred meat referred to, causes your mouth to water is a

kind of pan-cake which is brought in fresh, and eaten with maple syrup, the finest kind of syrup I have tasted in my life-time. The waitress does not stand before or behind you, but a bell is ready to summon her when her services are needed. The breakfast over, you retire into an adjoining room, or the antechamber, and if you are a preacher of the Gospel, be your color what it may, you have a Bible handed to you, and the duty of conducting family prayer laid on your shoulders. The dinner which comes off as a rule between 1 and 2, is heralded by a bell for preparation and a bell for what may be called fruition; and at dinner time you are sure to see the whole family assembled. It consists as a rule of two or three courses, beginning orthodox-fashion with some kind of roast beef or mutton or fowl, and ending in one or two kinds of puddings of the most delicious kind. But a grand dinner in America is not a tame affair and consists of several courses. You have first a dish of oysters which is the richest delicacy in America, but from which you had better keep aloof. Then comes the soup which, first in India, occupies the second place in the gastronomic warrant of precedence in America. Then pass in succession dishes of boiled fish, roast meat and puddings. Last of all, when your jaws begin to pain, comes the dessert consisting of berries, grapes and other choice fruits, of which more will have to be said by and bye; while your appetite is whetted in temperate Methodist homes by glasses of lemonade or gingerade, which take the place of the red-eyed goddess so freely worshipped in the chosen abodes of gaiety and pleasure. The hour between 6 and 7 sees you seated with your host and family around the supper table, which, beside pieces of meat, of by no means the holiest nature, has varieties of fruits and perhaps ice-creams arranged over it. The Americans are fond as well as proud of their luscious fruits, apples and pears and cherries; but their eloquence grows warm and enthusiastie when they speak of their national fruits,

And the varieties of expedients to which t

resort to make these berries, both red and dark, go down, exhibit their ingenuity as decidedly as the trophies of invention you see around you in a palace of manufacture. The question for solution was—How to make these national fruits, the nice-looking berries with, not a slight tinge, but a superfluity of acidity, the fruits so well calculated to remind the medical man of his sulphuric, muriatic and numberless other acids, go down. Sugar of course commended itself to the national intellect as the thing likely to secure to them a smooth passage down the throat. But sugar miserably failed. Another nation would have then cast them down,—we mean sent them up to the heavens as too good for this sinful world ! But the Americans were not to be baffled, and so milk, bits of cake and varieties of ice-creams are pressed into service, and the national fruits are sent down very nearly in the way in which a dear friend of mine gulped down a bit of fragrant cheese sandwiched between two bits of bread !

The adage—After dinner sit a while : after supper walk a mile,—had been a mystery to me till I visited America. Supper hour, I thought, was between 9 and 10 ; and I did not quite see how it was practicable to have a mile's walk after it. But the scales fell from my eyes, and the enigma was unriddled when my mistake about supper time was removed. In England, where the meals are as numerous as they are in India, there is a supper which comes off between 9 and 10, and gives the finishing stroke to the dietetic exercises of the day ; but in America the time-hallowed supper is over before dusk, "and a mile's walk after it is a pleasure eminently fitted to neutralise the wear and tear of the day.

My gossip about breakfasts and dinners ought not to come to an end till I have said a word about the innumerable and magnificent restaurants and dining saloons one meets with in almost every great city in America. You get into a first class restaurant, and you see innumerable little tables with snow-white little sheets spread over them, and napkins and tumblers

placed in proper positions, standing on the magnificently carpeted floor of a magnificently furnished spacious hall. Each table has a cushioned chair before and one behind it, so as to admit of two persons enjoying a sumptuous meal *tête-à-tête*. If you wish for a wash you have to get into an adjoining room where water, warm and cold, and all the appurtenances of a wash-table are at your command. As soon as you are seated comfortably behind or before one of these tables a waiter or waitress, as the case may be, hands to you a printed bill of fare, which has every dish available in the world and its price noted down. You have to write down the dishes you order on a separate bit of paper, and wait a few minutes; and then—who can describe the pleasure which delicacies delicately cooked and elegantly served in gilded plates bring to your jaws, and the other parts of your body! But the pleasure, my friend, is followed by a proportionate quantity of pain when your little bill is presented to you, and your unfortunate self called upon nearly to empty your purse! But why so many eating houses of all grades in American cities and towns? Their number discloses one feature of American life, what may be called its out-door character. There are lots of persons who have elegant homes for purposes of show, but who really live in hotels; while the floating elements of population could not have come in and gone out so frequently as they do if these restaurants had not existed. Add to this the fact, that office people cannot very well go home and come back within the short hour allotted for dinner, and so eating houses in the vicinity of their office establishments are a necessity of an indispensable character.

A word about New York and its sights now. The city of New York is somewhat like an irregular rectangle, or trapezium encompassed by two rivers, the Hudson and the East River, and tapering towards the point whereat these two broad streams meet. It is about 17 miles long with an average breadth of about 4 miles; and its street system, together with

that for its internal and external safety, is as complete as it can be. The lines of communication which intersect it from north to south or lengthwise are called avenues, and those which cut it breadthwise are called streets. Both the avenues and the streets are graded, numbered and labelled, while the overhanging houses are in the same predicament, so that a man must have something wrong in his upper story if he cannot find out a particular house, when the street or avenue in which it is located and its number are indicated. It is one of the oldest cities in the United States, though but a parvenu when compared with a city like Benares, which can trace its existence through historical land-marks clearly discernible, to the time when the temple of Solomon was built, if not earlier. It was visited by Henry Hudson in 1609, made a Dutch colony in 1614, surrendered to the English in 1654, and christened by the Duke of York, into whose hands it, subsequently passed. During the War of Independence, it was at first captured by the American army, but soon after re-taken by the British forces whose headquarters it continued to be till the end of the war. Its rise, like that of all the great cities of America, has been wonderful. In 1800, its population was 60,489; in 1820, 123,706; in 1850, 515,847; in 1860, 812,869; in 1870, 942,377; and in, 1875, 1,046,037; and to-day in population it is universally admitted to be the third city of the world, the first being London and the second Pekin. Its increase in commerce and industry is even more astonishing. But I will not trouble the reader with statistics any further, specially as he can see the details presented in an ordinary guide-book, the details so eminently fitted to show that in the New World, under the genius of the American people, cities and towns are rising up with the rapidity of the prophet's gourd; and colossal fortunes before which even Croesus would stand wonderstruck, are being reared with similar rapidity!

Let me come to my own element, the element of gossip and let me ask the reader to follow me as I strut along, not

the despised *Nigger* unable to lift up my head, but the white man's equal and guest, the busiest street in New York, Broadway, a spacious road with side-walks made of solid stone. As we go on we see on the middle path an endless procession of conveyances of all kinds, horse-cars, omnibusses, gigs of an elegant style moving on one after another in unbroken lines, which cover the road so thickly that the most dangerous feat you have to perform is to go from one end to the other; while on the sidewalks you see never-ending streams of pedestrians either moving hurriedly towards places of business or loitering before the shop-casements. You are of course a pleasure-seeking traveller, and your complaint is want of work and super-abundance of leisure and so you accompany me leisurely. And the first thing that engages your attention and refreshes your eyes is the beauty of the shops, called Stores in the New World, with which the sidewalks are lined. The first store you see is perhaps a fruit-store, and your mouth waters as you see all kinds of luscious fruits, apples and pears and grapes and plums, the bananas of your own country and the pomegranates of Afganistan, arranged into pyramids behind the casement. You move on, and the next store is perhaps a confectioner's, and your mouth again waters as you see behind the casement pyramids and towers of sweets of all kinds temptingly exposed behind huge glass bottles of lozenges and the other nice little things so well appreciated by your children and by no means despised by your sober self. The baker's store with loaves pyramidal, cylindrical, quadrangular and undulating, arranged beside trays full of biscuits of as many kinds, but of decidedly more tempting quality is then seen. Then appears the butcher's stall, and oh how different it is from a butcher's stall in this land, the girl with a clean apron and lovely face standing amid huge pieces of meat; as clean as meat can be, hanging below the ceiling over a wooden floor, as clean as floor can be. A butcher's shop here gives you a dislike to meat-eating and makes you a vegetarian; while the sight of

one in Europe and America leads you to thank your star for the teeth which enable you to gratify your voracious propensities. You pass on, and you see behind another set of casements all the articles of the fashionable lady's dress, from varieties of false hair in varieties of fantastic forms down to varieties of stockings rich in varieties of glowing tints tastefully arranged and temptingly exposed for sale. Another store tempts the fashionable gentleman as this tempts the fashionable lady; while a third gives you intellectual amusement as you gaze lingeringly and thoughtfully on the beautiful pictures, sweet lovely emblems of devotion, modesty and truth, hanging by the transparent windows. Nothing can surpass the neatness and refinement you notice every where in the arrangement of the goods exposed for sale; while the overhanging windows with their beautiful hangings attract your notice as they disclose varied articles of furniture tastefully arranged behind, or well-dressed ladies and gentlemen engaged in various occupations. Indeed a walk through a frequented street is one of the principal enjoyments you can secure in a grand city like New York; while you stand wrapped up in admiration and wonder as you see in the evenings innumerable groups of beautiful women and fine-looking men, clad in all the refinement and polish of the fashion of the hour, loitering along the side-walks, lingering before the store windows, buzzing merrily by you as the never ending processions move up and down: and your admiration and wonder are heightened when in the night you see the merry streets "flashing in rivers of light" and the shops illuminated with lamps which tend to convert the night into day.

The most fashionable street, however, of New York is not Broadway, but the famous Fifth Avenue, which with its palaces, hotels and cathedrals attracts the beauty and fashion of the city, as well as extorts the admiration of even the most fastidious traveller. It has what Americans call the finest residences in New York, or in American style in the whole world. It

will do you good to gaze lingeringly upon these private mansions, each surrounded by fine lawns with perhaps a couple of fountains playing, and a conservatory replete with the glory of tropical plants and tropical fruits peeping through the garniture of fresh grass and streams of sprouting waters; while a Louvre dome, or a dome like one of those with which the celebrated Louvre Palace at Paris is crowned, looks down upon you from an ærial height. You cannot, by the way, visit American cities and American parks without noticing their partiality for domes and fountains. They scarcely consider a grand building, whether a private mansion or a public structure, perfected till it is crowned with one, or a series of domes; while a park without grand fountains playing right and left would be a dreary scene of desolation, rather than an attractive resort to beauty and fashion. This street presents a very fascinating aspect in the evenings and when illuminated, as it is every night, splendid equipages, with ladies in a blaze of silks peeping through the glass doors, and streams of gaily dressed ladies and gentlemen along the side walks adding to the beauty of its "residences" and the freshness of its lawns.

The public buildings of New York, as of all the cities of America, are gigantic piles of architecture, piles before which not a few of the structures considered magnificent in India, dwindle into insignificance. Its palaces of public amusement, its theatres, operas and music-halls, are amongst its grandest structures; while the decorations within and without, and the blaze of light in which they are robed every night show that nothing fitted to make them doubly fascinating is wanting. Then again its educational buildings, its schools, lecture-halls, museums and picture-galleries occupy no mean place among its grand structures; while its innumerable palaces of manufacture add to its beauty and grandeur. Nor are its hotels, one of which can sumptuously accommodate and feed about 1,200 persons of a night, and public offices with their saloons, corridors and business apartments, to be despised. Some of its stores and blocks with apartments, "to

let are magnificent palaces. No one ought to leave New York without walking leisurely, up and down, through the varied floors of the grand store, called Stewart's, an immense block made of iron, with a white-coating very much like the plaster with which the walls of a grand house in this country are overlaid, four stories high, with beautiful staircases leading up to spacious halls and circular corridors. The finery exposed for sale on its varied floors, the ladies' gowns on one floor, bonnets on another, and nicknacks on the third, together with parlour beauties, carpets and hangings of the costliest kind on the fourth, cannot possibly be described even by the devotees of fashion. A sheet of lacework was pointed out to me on one of the floors as worth two hundred thousand dollars, that is about four lacs of rupees! I could not help exclaiming spontaneously—"the person must be a fool who is going to buy that at such a price!" The reply was,—“The sheet had been made for the Empress Eugene, and, but for her misfortune, would have adorned one of the beautiful halls of one of her quondam palaces in or in the vicinity of Paris.” The loftiest building at New York is its Post Office, a fire-proof building made of hard granite, five stories high, surmounted by a number of Louvre domes, from which a splendid view of the city may be had. This lofty structure, with its steam-engines working a dozen elevators, the ponderous frameworks which lift you up and send you down through hollow towers and thereby spare your legs the trouble of going up and down stair-cases, its apparatus for supplying steam, gas and electric light, its office saloons and the corridors in front, its excellent arrangements for receiving and distributing letters, cheques, &c., its detachments of officers and armies of employes, is a wonder indeed. But the thing that struck me as perfectly new is its wall of vaults, or the wall on which you see innumerable little vaults, opened, each with a brass door, on which its number is marked, and which is opened by the owner whose letters are deposited within. If you are the fortunate owner of one of these vaults you have during delivery hours, and the New York Post office has at least a

dozen such in the course of a day and night, to go to the office, open your own vault, take out your letters, close and come back with the treasure in your pocket. From the Post Office I would advise you to go to the Bank, which is near it, and notice remarkable instances of that ingenuity in which the Yankees beat all the nations of the world. The walls in the treasure room of the Bank have innumerable little vaults opened, which the parties depositing money own, and which they may lock and unlock as they please during office-hours; for out of office-hours the room cannot be opened by human hands. It is fortified or guarded by a couple of locks, one of which is a "Time-lock," or a lock which is opened by a combination of letters, which letters do not come together in consequence of a delicate piece of machinery except after a certain number of hours. If it is closed, say, at nine at night, it cannot be opened by any earthly power till about nine the following morning, when the business of the Bank begins. The other lock is of such a description that, the moment it is tampered with, it causes by means of electricity a bell to ring in the nearest Police-station, and of course the honest gentleman who handles it has the privilege of being escorted by Police officers right and left, as he struts towards his adopted home, the jail! But suppose a number of ruffians get into the room during office hours, and begin robbery, a steam-pipe is opened, and the rioters are suffocated to death! When looking into its arrangements for depositing and guarding money, I almost involuntarily exclaimed—"Here treasure is as safe as in heaven where thieves do not break through nor steal!"

No description of New York is complete without a word about its beautiful parks. Here and there you come across an enclosure in which a number of broad streets seem to terminate, an enclosure tapestried with fresh grass, intersected by winding and not unfrequently shaded walks, which are furnished with seats and lounges, and adorned with bronze statues and playing fountains. Within an enclosure of this sort or a Park, you see varieties of sights almost at all hours of the

day ; men and women of regular habits enjoying their constitutional in the morning, sallow visaged invalids passing slowly backwards and forwards when the sun is not too hot, little children running about in the afternoon, gaily dressed ladies and gentlemen promenading in the evening, and groups of loungers buzzing along the walks or crowding on the seats when festoons of light seem ready to chase away the darkness of the night ; while, when all around is quiet and loungers are snoring in their beds, mourners may be seen pouring forth their sorrows, or lovers exchanging their protestations of love and fidelity. But these innumerable little parks cluster around one grand Park, called the Central Park, which covers 843 acres, and is intersected by innumerable walks and drives passing under little hills crowned with woods, slopes covered with fresh grass, and terraces adorned with beautiful flower-beds, and terminating in artificial lakes of crystal water. The tourist will notice within this vast enclosure, which is said to be second only to the grandest Park of Paris, Bois-de-Boulogne, some buildings of an antique shape and some monuments of a historical character ; but if he is wise he will not bestow more than a cursory attention on them ; inasmuch as he will have to spend all his leisure in the American museum of Natural History, which occupies one of its castellated mansions, and which is one of the largest collections of living animals in the world. I need not add that this park is the most fashionable resort at New York, and that the brilliant processions of carriages and loungers along its streets are calculated to attract notice even more than the beauties of nature and the trophies of art in which it abounds !

The modes of conveyance or facilities for travelling at your disposal will strike you as worthy of a grand centre of civilisation. You have the " horse-car," a high railway carriage furnished with cushioned seats arranged around a fine piece of carpet spread over the floor and drawn on rails by a couple

of hardy horses ; the omnibuss smaller in size but higher in what may be called stature, with similar arrangements within, drawn in a similar manner but not on rails ; the cab somewhat like an Indian gig drawn by one horse ; the coupe somewhat like a chaise with a semi-circular bottom, glazed sides and glass doors drawn by two horses ; and hacks of all forms from the long rectangular wooden framework drawn by four horses down to the light box which rattles along paved streets making a noise from which—may the ear be delivered ! But over and above these varieties of conveyances, to which recourse may be had, you have the Elevated Railway supported by iron pillars with locomotives and cars passing up and down at the rate of 15 or 20 miles an hour between 20 and 30 feet above your head. As you walk along one of the avenues favored with these ærial roads, you come across winding staircases where it is intersected by board streets ; and if you go up one of these, you find yourself ushered into a room where tickets are obtained, and through which you have to go to the nice open platform. And here you do not have to stand even five minutes before your train rushes in, and you find yourself in a splended car amid the luxury of a carpeted floor and cushioned seats. What a contrast between the sense of exhilaration with which you travel thus through ærial regions between grand piles of architecture, and above beautiful shops, and the sense of depression with which you travel through Egyptian darkness on one of the underground railways of London. But being a stranger, you naturally enquire how you are to know the place where you are to drop. Well, the guard called in America the conductor in the car repeats the names of the streets at the top of his voice when they are reached ; and if you have ears to hear and your wits about you all difficulties will vanish. The cars on two of these elevated lines of communication ascend from and descend to the northern terminus on the avenue below through magnificent iron curves ; and one of the enjoyments at New York is to see one rising up and the other coming down these parallel arches

of tremendous height and grand appearance.

I find I have little space left for even a cursory notice of the places of interest in the vicinity of New York; but it is enough to mention that many of its wealthy capitalists and crowds of the hands employed in its innumerable offices and manufactories live in the cities and towns clustering around it. The facilities for travelling, which render the ingress and egress of these floating elements of the city population both practicable and easy, are astonishing. Ferries which remind one of the floating palaces across the Atlantic, and which present a marked contrast to the miserable vessels one sees on the Thames, give no rest either to the engines by which they are propelled or to the rivers the waters of which they ceaselessly plow. Steamers beautifully furnished are ready to give you the pleasure of a river trip to neighbouring or distant cities and towns, or that of a sea-voyage to neighbouring or distant sea-side resorts; while trains leave the crowded stations, called Depots in America, twice, thrice, and not unfrequently four times every hour from morning to midnight. When does the train leave? I once enquired in my simplicity. When!—why my friend, go to the station, and you will find a train leaving every half hour towards the place you wish to go to! I had to go to a place called East Orange, a nice suburban town situated in a beautiful valley overlooked by picturesque hills, to see the parents of a respected Indian missionary. I got into the right car, drove to the river-side station, sat down for a minute or two in the waiting room, a magnificent hall with seats arranged around stores of all descriptions, specially of comestibles, walked into the Ferry, a large vessel with two suits of apartments, both furnished with cushioned seats, one reserved for ladies and non-smoking gentlemen and the other for smokers, on two sides of the Central engine, crossed a broad sheet of water almost in the twinkling of an eye, passed through another waiting room, found myself on something like an embankment with several trains standing along-side of narrow platforms stretched out before me, received proper directions and stepped into the right one. An ordinary railway car in

America is longer than a railway carriage here, and decidedly better furnished. A sort of aisle passes between the seats arranged transversely one after another, and connects the doorways, outside which you see projecting stands with stairs leading up and down. The seats are cushioned, and furnished with moveable backs, so that if you wish to sit *à-tête* with the two persons behind your backs, you have only to stand up and throw the back of your seat on the other side, and sit down with your face towards those of your friends. In one corner of the car, you see a stove and attached to it are pipes, which go round the ceiling, and keep the carriage, which by the way is protected by glass-doors and shutters, warm,—a little too warm for Indians accustomed to fresh air; while an apparatus for supplying you with drinking water and a side room for purposes of nature complete the arrangements made for the comforts and convenience of travellers. No class distinction exist in ordinary cars, and you may see a refined lady sitting along-side of a shoe-maker with a basket full of boots on his knees, or a millionaire elbowed by a penniless pauper. The only distinction made is between non-smokers and smokers who have a car set apart for them, a car which they invariably convert into a hell by spitting.

In the house of my kind host I had a vivid idea of the greatness of the sacrifice which missionaries make in forsaking their home and country for the good of heathen lands. He is a medical practitioner of considerable reputation and large practice, and lives in comfortable, if not affluent, circumstances in a nice house with his grown-up sons, all doing very well indeed, about him. He gave his boy, the missionary, a thoroughly good professional education, was delighted to see his academic career crowned with brilliant success, and joyfully looked forward to the substantial help he might get from him in the discharge of his onerous duties. But his disappointment was great indeed when the dutiful son and successful student expressed, respectfully but firmly, his determination to come out as a missionary. Being a pious

man, however, and assured of his call, he gave his consent; but as his family had never known the pang of a separation before, their distress, when the brave young man left his country and sailed before their eyes, can scarcely be conceived, far less described. The mother remained disconsolate for a long, long time, and the sister wept herself asleep for upwards of a month, and her health received a shock from which it has not recovered, though seven years have rolled away since the critical moment of separation. A story as touching as this is associated with the departure of every missionary from Christendom for heathen lands; and the stories maliciously circulated by designing men as to their being driven out of their native lands by poverty or paucity of employments are in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred gross libels. But does the sacrifice of the missionary, heroic as it undoubtedly is, raise him above criticism? No—he brings with him unhappily a little of human nature, and his circumstances here give prominence to its angularities, insomuch that if his plans were thrown out of the pale of criticism he would be demoralized. “We are all the better” Bishop Cotton used to say, “for being a little looked after!”

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My trip from New York to Cincinnati was completed in a style somewhat above my ordinary modes of living and travelling in India, but by no means un-befitting the position I temporarily held in America as a Delegate to the highest ecclesiastical Conference of the Methodist Church; and as reduced tickets had been issued by Railway Companies for the benefit of Delegates in general I could afford to be "grand" for at least nine short days. I travelled in a palace car in company with learned Doctors of Divinity and ladies and gentlemen of position and influence, by whom, moreover, I was not kicked into a corner! A palace-car is very different indeed from an ordinary car—it is grander in appearance and better furnished, and it presents conveniences which are never found in a railway carriage outside the New World. You stand before the door, and you see a narrow aisle richly carpeted passing between rows of seats with moveable backs, both covered with rich velvet cushions, arranged transversely as in ordinary cars, the wall blazing, as it were, with fine looking glasses, the window-openings guarded by glass-doors, lattices and green shutters, and the ceiling adorned with hanging lamps of the ornamental as well as useful type. Adjoining this saloon on one side you find a small sitting room, as well furnished as itself, set apart for gentlemen of smoking proclivities; while on both sides of the car you see two bath rooms with all the appurtenances thereof, marble wash-stands with tubes for a perennial supply of warm and cold water, cakes of soap, towels, one reserved for ladies and the other for gentlemen. I found myself comfortably seated amid good company in one of these moving palaces; and as we flashed on at the rate of about 30 miles an hour, I had an opportunity of noticing the aspect of the country. The scenery which regaled my eyes was, in elements of beauty and picturesqueness, by no means richer than what we ordinarily notice under similar circumstances in our own country; an almost endless succession of groves, orchards and corn-

fields, separated by wooden fences, rising on a back ground of extensive green fields, the whole overlooked by low ranges of lovely hills. It was when I transferred my eyes from the wealth of natural scenery to the triumphs of art that the difference appeared marked. What a contrast between our squalid villages and the clusters of neat cottages around village schools and village fanes I noticed as I went on—what a difference between our straggling towns and the rows of solid buildings arranged along fine streets or clustering around beautiful squares which appeared occasionally to place the triumphs of art in contrast to the beauties of nature. Occasionally a broad river with a white sheet of water would seem to repose majestically beneath elevated banks fringed with rows of lofty trees; while the matchless fertility of the country around seemed fitted to remind me of home, sweet home. We passed through the extensive state of Pennsylvania, and the scenery improved, after we had left behind us its capital Philadelphia, in ruggedness and wild grandeur. The green fields gave place to smiling slopes, while terraces rising one above another, covered with blossoming peaches and apple trees, over-shadowed and protected by the lofty battlements of nature appeared to me to be an approximation or a distant approach, I should say, to the unutterable grandeur of our Himalayan scenery. On this part of the road also, we Indians, would find ourselves beaten in triumphs of art, if not in wealth of natural scenery; extensive iron works with glowing furnaces and lofty towers and quarries by the score appearing to convince the everlasting hills that there is a power in man which they themselves do not possess! After passing through the Alleghany mountains we crossed the river Ohio in the night, and after travelling for some hours in the Ohio state we reached our destination on the following morning at about 11 A.M., thus completing a journey of about 700 hundred miles in about 24 hours, or somewhat less than 30 hours.

But before I speak of the city proper, Cincinnati, the largest city of Ohio, I must say how I managed to have my meals while travelling towards it in a palace-car. We got into it

after breakfast, and spent the intervening hours between that meal and dinner in pleasant chit-chat as well as in enjoying the picturesque scenery around us. But when the dinner time came, and our famished "breadbaskets" craved a fresh supply of food, the waiter gave to each of us a printed bill of fare with all the viands of the world, beginning with the most sacred roast Pork or roast Beef, down to what might gratify the untrained gastronomic propensities of the vegetarian, indicated with their prices. The orders we gave were noted down, and when the preliminaries had been arranged, we were conducted through an adjoining car into our dining hall, where we saw small tables covered with clean sheets and furnished with clean napkins, plates, tumblers &c.,—each with a couple of seats one in front and one in the rear. I sat down before one of these tables, had the dishes I had ordered placed before me one after another in the most orthodox style, set my jaws in agreeable motion, and had the pleasure of enjoying a hearty meal while travelling at the rate of 30 miles an hour;—a feat never performed even by the Governor General in India! You can have your supper in the same manner, while you can have no end of fruits and ice-creams sandwiched between the two. How? A railway carriage in America, palace car or ordinary car, is a bit of a Bazaar; and as you sit, absorbed in enjoyment of surrounding scenery or engaged in brooding over your own sorrows, as is oftener the case, your reverie is disturbed first by the newspaper vendor, who walks leisurely by you crying "*New York Tribune*," "*Philadelphia Gazette*" "*Pittsburg Herald*" &c; then by the book seller who passes by with a collection of picture books and trashy volumes, placing one of these on the seat beside you to be examined by you, and paid for if taken, or returned if not taken, when the worthy makes his appearance after a few minutes; again by the fruitseller who passes by with a basket full of apples, peaches, bananas, or, in one word, fruits of the season; and yet again by a sandwich purveyor from whom as he sells abominable meat between abominable pieces

of bread, may heaven defend you! And as to ice-creams, you have only to speak to the waiter, and you have any quantity and quality of them placed at your disposal. You have all kinds of food in such abundance that even when you find it necessary to make a railway carriage your home for a week, as one has to do when one goes in a direct line of three thousand and two hundred miles from New York to San Francisco, you need not come down from your woody domicile or feed upon your neighbour's flesh!

But what of sleep?—asks the reader. The arrangements for sleep are even more astonishing than those for food. The Americans are a nation of magicians, and their magical power is nowhere brought into prominence more thoroughly than in the ease with which the saloon of a palace-car is converted into a dormitory. The shades of night fall around your car; thick darkness without contrasts with the brilliant illumination within; objects of interest besides those around the wooden walls and below the wooden ceiling fade out of sight; the fatigues of the journey overpower you, and even the generally unbearable rattling of the wheels underneath becomes music to your ear and composes you to sleep. You become drowsy, and wish you were stretched, full length, within the curtains of your own bed. The waiter by some mesmeric power reads your thoughts, stands up, waves the magic wand in his hand; and lo! hanging-beds with the full complement of pillows, blankets and bed sheets and separated from one another by fine curtains appear all around you, and bring you to the comforting assurance that a good night's rest in the arms of sleep is reserved for you even in a moving dashing rattling railway carriage! Below the seats there are boxes which contain all the bedding stuff needed to effect the magical change, while above them are planks attached to the walls and all but incorporated with them. Planks thrown between the seats convert them into lower berths, and the planks let down from the wall make up the upper ones; while

screens let down secure the advantages of privacy to the beds thus conjured up,—beds which by the way are broader and more comfortable than the best we have in the largest and best furnished of the Atlantic Steamers, not to mention the inferior ones we see in the Indian Ocean or the Mediterranean Sea!

The charitable reader perhaps will come to the conclusion that in the new world I was mad after food, and the creature comforts associated with good living—especially as I scarcely speak of any thing else. Well—my reply is—I believe in good dinners and in sound sleep especially while travelling! But gastronomic abundance and somnolent quietude were not the only enjoyments I had during this exceedingly pleasant journey. I had the privilege of travelling with Dr. Reid, the Missionary Secretary, and some gentlemen who in learning, sound common sense and piety of a genial type were not behind him; and the rich talk of these pillars of the Methodist Church fed my soul, as the meals of which I am never tired of speaking nourished my body. I have in my life come across many worthy men; but I have never come across a man of a more amiable disposition, better informed or better able to entertain and instruct than Dr. Reid, while his ready wit and smart repartees completely whiled away the tedium of a long continued railway journey. He had a ready answer to every question put to him, a pleasantry of a refined character to oppose to every flash of wit or display of humour. While crossing the river Susquehanna I said—"Sir—I now believe that these rivers really exist!" "Sir," he replied with miraculous readiness, "we are glad your faith is increasing!" While passing through a tunnel I said—"Sir—civilization says to the mountain, be thou removed and cast into the sea and it obeys." "But it is the work of shovels as well as of faith," was the ready reply, Ah! faith and shovels! faith and works! the principle of co-operation between God and man! How many men have sunk in gross scepticism on one

side or in gross fanaticism on the other in consequence of their inability to recognize this principle! Some people, and among them some of our well educated countrymen, are for work, all work. Learn the great lesson of self-reliance, depend upon your own selves, exercise the faculties of your minds and the powers of your body, and you will be able to fulfil the duties of life. Why conjure up a phantom of the by-gone theological times, and waste your precious hours in prayer and supplication? These gentlemen belong to the progressive order; and we poor mortals cannot stand in their way while they are engaged in the agreeable work of converting realities into myths and myths into realities! The other class consists of rabid fanatics, and faith, all faith is their principle. Make no provision either for yourself and your family, go to the vineyard and work, and the Lord of the vineyard will bring a perennial supply of the necessities of life within your reach through the instrumentality of crows, if men keep out of the way. Did not the Lord Jesus Christ send out the apostles and disciples without scrip, bread or money? Yes—undoubtedly He did. But what right have you to imitate Him in this matter? Because He, who has all power in heaven and earth given Him, sent out some persons unprovided to preach to their countymen the kingdom of heaven which they were eagerly looking for, are you, a frail mortal, to send missionaries abroad similarly unprovided to destroy time-hallowed faiths, and naturalise a system, not only not looked for but positively hated. We certainly recognize the right of the Master to send us as He sent the apostles; but it will be sometime before we allow human beings to exercise a similar authority over us, or to dispose of us, as they please.

But I am flying from my text. I reached Cincinnati a little before dinner time, and after spending a night in a hotel, where I was not welcome, I found shelter, through the kindness of Doctor Reid, in one of the most refined homes within its precincts. The kindness I received from the members of the family entertaining me, the refined way in which that

kindness was shown, the cheerful cast of piety I noticed, and the instructive conversation I profited by, all combined to leave a lasting impression on my mind. It is impossible for me to enumerate the varied elements of domestic felicity, I could not but admiringly notice—suffice it to say that during a month's stay I saw nothing inconsistent with refinement of the highest order, and piety of a deep joyous stamp; while, as my host and hostess and their grown-up sons and daughters are amongst those Christians of a quiet, unobtrusive disposition whose right hands do not know what their left hands do, nothing should be said of the splendid hospitality extended to some of the worthiest of the delegates or the kindness shown me personally.

Cincinnati is a picturesque city built on two terraces, the one rising above the other, in the midst of a fine amphitheatre of hills some of which rise about 500 feet above the level of the river Ohio on which it stands. Its frontage on the river is about 10 miles, and it extends about three miles inland, thus forming a long cluster of buildings bounded on the south by a sheet of muddy water, and on all other sides by picturesque ranges of hills, from the top of any of which a splendid view, not only of it but of the neighbouring towns and cities may be obtained. It is about a hundred years old, and its rise has been as marvellously rapid as that of American cities in general. Its foundation was laid in 1788, and its population rose 239 from 750 in 1800 to 115,436 in 1850, 161,044 in 1860 and 216, in 1870. Its population to-day must be about 300,000. Its principal interest is manufacture, not commerce, and it has about 4,500 manufacturing establishments. The worse part of its industry is pork packing, in which it is beaten only by Chicago, which has the largest hoggeries in the world, and which corrupts the faith and vitiates the taste of almost half the globe. With its numerous manufacturing establishments, which mean lofty chimneys and towering columns of smoke, Cincinnati has a dingy appearance; but some of its suburban avenues running along romantic valleys which smile under them on one side and skirted by lovely and beautiful villas on the other make

ample amends for its dulness. The cemetery at some distance from the city proper is a beautiful place; and the inhabitants of Cincinnati, when suffocated by smoke and tormented by heat, wistfully fix their gaze upon its green fields and many-colored flower-beds, thickly studded with obelisks and tombs, as the terminus of all their troubles!

Duty first, pleasure afterwards! Let me first speak of what I had to do as a Delegate to the General Conference, and then it will be time for me to allude to what I said and did in this picturesque but smoky city. That Conference, the highest Legislative and Executive Council of the Northern Branch of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, was held in Pike's Opera, a large hall standing on a lofty platform on one of the noisiest streets of Cincinnati, and consisting orthodox-fashion of an elevated stage looking down upon an extensive pit, and overlooked by hanging galleries;—the whole arranged in what may be called its gala dress within decorated walls and below a ceiling adorned with beautiful and significant frescoes. The assembly, consisting as it did of delegates from all parts of the globe, and representing as it did the piety, learning and eloquence of one of the youngest and most vigorous sections of the Church Universal, was grand indeed; but as an unworthy member of a worthy ecclesiastical council I saw in its operations what was fitted to surprize me both agreeably and disagreeably. I was most agreeably surprized by the Missionary enthusiasm, which prevailed, and which manifested itself in cheers as soon as my name was called out, and in the innumerable tokens of kindness with which I was literally loaded. The Methodist Church through the worthiest of its representatives gave a poor representative of a poor Church raised in a distant land by its Missionaries, a reception of which a Bishop might be proud. But I must say that I was disappointed to some extent by what may be summarized in the two well known expressions—much talk; little deed! Every question proposed elicited a debate with an amount of irrelevant talk, which would be pardonable enough in a meet-

ing of raw schoolboys, but which was entirely out of place in an ecclesiastical assembly consisting of learned Ministers and pious laymen assembled to legislate for the good of a great Church. But this is an American defect, and to it I shall have to allude by and bye. My post was on the whole a sinecure, as I had made up my mind not to open my lips excepting when questions affecting the interests of our little Church in India were on the tapis. But such questions were laid aside, and we Indians had no business to open our lips. I did speak two or three times with special reference to our work here and on behalf of a despised community the members of which are struggling out of degradation artificially stereotyped, as we here are doing. There is a Fund in connection with the Church called the Freedmen's Aid Fund, a Fund raised by persons who contribute liberally under the conviction that America owes a great deal to the people whom she had wickedly enslaved and degraded and who though now freed, were looked down upon, rather than treated with fraternal kindness. It was proposed to make this Fund available to the poor whites of the South, and I felt it my duty to stand up and protest against such misdirection of a public fund. I said that the General Conference had no more right to spend money raised for one community for the benefit of another than it had to spend money raised for the heathen in India for the benefit of its Christian population. The substance of what I said then, and on subsequent occasions in America, was expressed by a colored brother in these words :—" Let every thing be done, that can be done, to improve the condition of the poor whites, *but not at our own expense!*" A little casuistry was resorted to, and an expression in the original document was so explained that the whites, in whose behalf a great deal of wild and pointless eloquence was arrayed, came in as a matter of course for a share in this Fund; but sensible men like Dr. Currie, an Editor of widespread reputation, saw in the decision arrived

at the ultimate collapse of the efforts, which had been put forward to elevate the members of the injured community. A remark made by Dr. Currie is worthy of special attention at a time when a growing party in some Missions are clamouring for a large outlay of Mission money for the benefit of our European and East-Indian brethren ;—" Whenever a fund is raised for the benefit of a superior and an inferior race, it is sure to be swallowed up by the superior race, while the inferior people are quietly sent to the wall !"

Business over, gossip again ! It is time for me to utter a word or two, of " learned length and thundering sound" of course, in self-praise. Do you know, gentle reader ! what the Ganesh-pujah of our educated countrymen is ? You of course know what the Ganesh-pujah of the country is. Parvati, the principal goddess of this favored land, gave birth to a beautiful boy, whose rotund limbs and two *extra* arms she could not but contemplate with honest maternal pride. In honor of his birth, she celebrated a feast to which many of the national gods and goddesses were invited ; heaven itself not having a table long enough to entertain all the deities of the Hindu pantheon, 330,000,000, a trifle less than the population of China ! Among the gods invited was her own brother from whom the Indian Saturday derives its name, and benignant influences. This god is represented as a person of an exceedingly amiable disposition ; and the benevolence of his heart finds its outlet through his expressive eyes. It is stated, to his praise, that whatever he fairly looks upon is ruined ! He gazed upon the new-born god,—away flew his head, leaving the decapitated body trembling in a stream of blood on the floor. "What hast thou done brother ?" exclaimed the bereaved mother in an agony of grief. Hearing her cry the gods came to the rescue, sat in conclave, and sent a messenger with instructions to fetch the first head he might come across. The messenger hastened and came back with an elephant's head, which was attached to the headless trunk, and

the baby god revived. But when the disconsolate mother looked at the ugly head, she refused to be comforted. The assembled gods sat in conclave once more, and decided that homage should be paid to the elephant-headed god at the commencement of every festival or worship. This is one of the many versions of the story, which originally made the worship of Ganesh an introduction to every act of worship in India. This is the Ganesh-poojah of the country. But that of our educated countrymen is different, they being wise enough to cast overboard all faith in Hindu mythology. They worship their country rather than any of the deities worshipped in it. Whenever and wherever one of our rising orators speaks, he begins with a noble panegyric on India. Whatever may be the nature of his theme, literary, scientific, social or moral, a grandiloquent prologue fitted to disclose the past grandeur of our country and the unutterable greatness of its Munis and Rishis is sure to be the first out-come. I am going to improve upon this custom and make my ownself the subject of a glowing eulogy. When I visited Cincinnati, that city had the honor of entertaining many distinguished guests. The General Conference and the May-festivities combined to bring within its precincts not a few of the great ones of the Church and State in America. But the most observed among its guests was—who do you think, dear reader?—why your humble servant. When I walked along the streets all eyes were fixed upon me, and when I entered a public meeting I concentrated its gaze upon my august self. I was of course the lion of private parties, and when I entered a humble factory or a palace of manufacture, it was more to be seen than to see! The people were delighted to see one of the “missing links” between the Negro and the white man; and even the famous monkey in the Zoological Gardens of London who could smoke cigars and shake hands, might covet the honor showered down upon me from all quarters. And the guesses in which persons indulged with reference to my nationality were of the most flattering kind. A worthy

gentleman seeing me on one occasion walking in a white coat, long as a surplice, remarked;—"Here goes a Turkish Prince!" On another I observed a troop of boys running after me, and turned back, confronting them in imperial fashion, when one of them respectfully enquired if I was "the king of the Sandwich Islands!" I felt disposed to say that I was a king indeed, but not of the Sandwich Islands. On a third two persons approached me, and one of them said politely—"Sir, we have a wager laid as to your nationality; this friend says, you are a Chinaman, but I say, no.!" "You have won, Sir!" I said "I am *not* a Chinaman." I was a Turkish Prince, an American Indian, a Spaniard, a native of Mexico, John Chinaman—anything and every thing but a native of Hindustan. And when I introduced myself as such the amount of intelligence I noticed in some quarters could not but surprise me. One gentleman guessed that India was a part of Australia; while another opined that, as I was a native of India, I must have been in Afganistan when the Prince Imperial had been slain by the Zulus there!

My first Saturday evening at Cincinnati was spent in pleasant rambles amid some of the glorious suburban scenes for which, rather than for its intrinsic beauty, that city is famous. At night I received a visit from the Secretary of the Young-men's Christian Association there; and he asked me to preach to the convicts in the Work-house on the following morning, and in the Association's Chapel in the evening. I of course consented, though thoroughly unprepared, and looked forward to the anticipated meetings with confidence such as a calm trust in superhuman help might inspire. Brightly did the Sabbath morning dawn upon me, and a short season of devotion was all the preparation I could make for the duties before me. A little before nine we drove to the Work-house, a long block with a facade of 510 feet in length, standing on by no means a crowded street, and surmounted by a lofty chimney, a clock-tower, a couple of belfries and a number of turrets. The structure consists of a main building, 54 feet square, and five stories high, and two wings each 228 feet long and 50 feet

deep, that towards the south divided into 336 cells, all built around a passage-way, being reserved for male prisoners, and that towards the north divided into 240 cells reserved for female prisoners. The building has of course kitchens and laundries and workshops attached to it, and a large steam-engine in the basement story to supply all the heat needed to set its varied business agoing. It has also a Chapel, 68 feet by 65, capable of seating about 600 persons. To the high and long platform of this hall we were conducted after we had had a little rest in one of the ante-rooms adjoining the gate. I occupied the seat reserved for the preacher, and found an organ and some ladies ready to lead the singing towards the left, and a number of gentlemen, officers evidently of the establishment, towards the right; while below me I saw a large hall separated into two compartments by means of a partition wall, the one towards the right reserved with its rows of seats for male prisoners, and the other towards the left with its rows of seats for female prisoners. When we were fairly seated, the prisoners were marched in, and they came in perfect order, and occupied the seats spread before me. Then commenced the singing, which consisted of solos given by one of the ladies around the harmonium, and what might be called choral symphonies, and which in either of these forms was unspeakably sweet. While the singing was in progress I watched the faces of the prisoners assembled, and I must say I was aggrieved by the rascality evidently impressed on not a few of them. The countenance bespeaking a seared conscience, the face dead to remorse and shame, the brow fitted to set forth considerable force of character misdirected and misapplied, and the eye disclosing a fearful mixture of hypocrisy, cunning and knavishness,—these and other distortions by which the image of God in man is so often disfigured were before me. But they combined with the unmistakable marks of sympathy and compassion stamped on the countenances of the philanthropic ladies and gentlemen around me to stir up the best feelings of my heart, and I

spoke as I had never spoken before, and as I have never spoken since. I began by assuring them that if they thought, that they were worse than I had been, they were grievously mistaken: and I exhorted them to repentance and faith by simply directing their attention to the depths of degradation from which I had been picked up by divine grace. All present felt that I had been enabled by God to speak a word in season and, when some of the unfortunate persons spoken to signified the interest with which they had heard, I could not but be exceedingly thankful to Him who had manifested His power in weakness!

Here I must pause and call attention to some facts regarding this institution, and the services held within its precincts. The Cincinnati Work-House is an intermediate link between an honest work-house and the jail, maintained at the public expence, for the reformation of juvenile criminals, or criminals, who have not become adepts in crime, and who, while, separated from society and punished with due severity, ought to be shielded from the demoralizing influences of regular jail life. It is a matter of fact, that some get into it who ought to be sent either as vagrants to a Poor-house, or as patients to a Hospital, or as hardened criminals to a jail; but as a rule the institution gives shelter to, and throws its reformatory influence around those who may be called beginners in crime, and whose reclamation can be secured by punishment lighter than what is associated with the hardship, infamy and degradation of regular jail discipline. Such criminals are housed, fed and worked, so that the institution is to some extent self-supporting; and discipline of the strictest order is maintained without the demoralizing ratan, — by the fear inspired by dark cells and reduced fare, not by corporal punishment. The services within this institution are conducted under the auspices of the Youngmen's Christian Association by men whose only reward is the good done, and whose efforts are backed by philanthropic ladies, who lend their skill in music, and their sweet voice to make that entertaining which, without such adventi-

tious help might be regarded as dull. Every great city in America, and I believe every great town has its Youngmen's Christian Association, and the buildings connected with it are among its chief glories. The members of these Associations meet, not so much for literary or political, as for philanthropic purposes. They do meet often for the purpose of improving their minds, and have Essays read and Lectures delivered fitted to subserve this end; and sometimes burning political questions are discussed in their meetings with the enthusiasm with which such questions are invariably discussed in America. But their main object is philanthropy, to visit the sick, succour the poor, reform the criminal, and bring men and women living in sin to a knowledge and acceptance of the truth fitted to make them children of God and heirs of glory. Such associations do not exist in India,—are scarcely known and heard of outside the pale of Christendom. We see here Associations growing up like mushrooms, and perishing like mushrooms; but an association having for its main object the reformation of persons sunk in degradation or the regeneration of persons wandering away from God, has never been witnessed in heathendom. And therefore these Youngmen's Christian Associations may justly be represented as proofs of the infinite superiority of our religion over those professed in heathen countries.

In the evening I preached to a large congregation of youngmen, belonging mostly to the artizan classes, in the Chapel belonging to the Association at Cincinnati; and here also I saw a company of lady volunteers ready to make the service attractive by means of music and song. Every where almost you see ladies of deep piety and refined education co-operating with accredited Ministers of the Gospel, and philanthropists and preachers not accredited, in raising the fallen, reforming the vicious, and bringing wanderers back to God. You not only see them in Churches and Cathedrals, but in all spheres of philanthropic labor, in orphanages, poor houses and hospitals.—nay sometimes you see them singing vice and crime

away in public streets, and in front of taverns and the eaves and dens of vice. And the perseverance and enthusiasm with which some of them work cannot be sufficiently praised. In the work-house I saw two young ladies, one of whom had been singing for the benefit of its wretched inmates for twelve live-long years, and the other for five; and ladies who have literally grown grey in such noble service may be seen in every street of this and other cities of America. Let our countrymen show anything of the sort in India, and then we shall admit that the difference between our religion and those of heathendom is only a difference of degree, not of kind.

But these philanthropic associations, associations having for their object the elevation of the lower orders of society in America, the performance of what is called "Home Mission" work, are not the only organizations you see at work in the United States. There are others based on broader principles and set apart, so to speak, for loftier work;—associations connected with "foreign mission" work, and therefore called Missionary Associations. These rise in gradations from the little associations at work among little children, through those at work among young ladies and young gentlemen, up to those to which the energies of noble matrons and grey-headed sires are consecrated. Let me confine myself in this paper to those into the working of which I obtained an insight at Cincinnati. I was invited one afternoon to visit a society of "Busy Bees" or little girls of a pious and philanthropic disposition assembled in the parlour of the house in which I found shelter. I found before me a number of little girls not higher than the table, seated around the chair occupied by the president, a girl, a little higher than the table, the whole band working under the guidance of a young lady of superior attainment both in piety and intellectual culture. The little president conducted the business of the meeting with the dignity of a Bishop. She called upon the little secretary seated towards her right hand to read the minutes of the

preceding meeting, and, when these were read, she put them to the vote in the most orthodox manner. Then the details of business were finished with propriety and decorum. Then came recitations and singing. The order and propriety with which the meeting was conducted took me by surprise, while the fact, that these little girls were engaged in gathering subscriptions and supporting a girl in the Methodist Girls' School at Lucknow, brought tears into my eyes when stated by the benevolent lady who was guiding them thus early into piety and philanthropy. On another occasion I was called upon to visit a meeting of an Association of young ladies having for its object the spread of Gospel truth in heathen lands. Through a number of narrow but fine streets I was conducted into a small but well-furnished room, where I found a number of young ladies assembled, and seated in a circular row of chairs in front of a large Piano. A young lady presided, and the business of the meeting was conducted with both propriety and grace; and when the details were polished off, each of the ladies present repeated a passage of Scripture, or gave a bit of missionary information fitted to stir up Missionary zeal and lead to renewed efforts to make the Association a success. A Piano duet of a stirring character brought the meeting to a close. These ladies collect subscriptions, and, among other good things, support a female preacher in a small town near Shahjehanpore. It is very easy indeed to dilate on the vice and crime noticeable in Christian lands; but till our countrymen can show such Missionary enthusiasm embodied in such types of what may be called corporate life, we cannot but give the palm to that religion, which draws the human heart, naturally so selfish, out in acts of such far-reaching and all-embracing philanthropy!

I must now speak a word about the May festivities, which, in addition to the General Conference, had brought so many illustrious strangers into the city. One evening, while enjoying a stroll along one of its most fashionable streets, I was agreeably surprised to find almost every house decorated with

flags and gonfalons and not a few over-hanging balconies draped with crimson cloth. The whole city seemed in a gala dress ready to celebrate some favorite festival, of the nature of which I, of course, was as ignorant as the reader is of the nature of the pen with which I am writing, or of the ineffable beauty of my hand-writing. The May festival is celebrated in this city, and perhaps in others also, amid illuminations and theatrical performances by the gay, and amid concerts and other amusements of an unobjectionable character by the serious and sober-minded. My lot was most fortunately cast in with the latter, and so two of the best concerts in the city had the honor of receiving the august personage, now mistaken for a Turkish Prince and now for a King of the Sandwich Islands, as a visitor. The first was the Children's Concert held in the Music Hall, the largest hall perhaps in the world, certainly the largest I have seen, apart from the nave and aisles of St. Paul's and those of some of the grandest of Continental Cathedrals. It is 192 feet long and 112 feet wide, and has a stage in front 112 feet wide and 56 feet deep, and it has on the floor and on the overhanging galleries, and the balcony above one of these no less than 4,428 seats and 1,500 on the stage, and it has standing room around the chairs for about 3,000 persons ; so that on a grand occasion you might see about 9,000 persons assembled, the majority seated and the minority on their legs, within this Mammoth Hall, which, with the surrounding buildings and the facade, crowned with an ornamental gable and many little pointed columns, has a very imposing aspect. As a guest I was conducted to the stage whereon I occupied a seat in front of the grand organ between the rows of seats, the organ which, if Americans are to be believed, has not its rival in the whole world. On the floor I saw a sea of waving fans of all shapes and colors, while the over-hanging galleries and the seats around me on the stage, presented the same sight. Thermantidotes and Punkahs of Indian notoriety are unknown in America, though at times needed as decidedly as in our country; and so in American meetings held in the summer

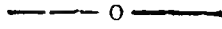
season, while you notice perfect quietude below the ceiling, a buzz, if you will permit the expression, of waving hand-fans, which serve the purposes of comfort and ornament to the assembled ladies, regales your ear. As the many-colored, beautiful fans move gently backwards and forwards, you catch glimpses of the varieties of refinements by which the beauty and taste of the favoured daughters of civilisation are set off; the rich dresses, the beautiful bonnets, the glittering earrings, the innumerable little ringlets of hair adorning the forehead, and the long curls hanging gracefully around the neck. And when you look around you, and gaze on the bright faces and the refinement and polish visibly embodied on each, you are perchance led to imagine that you have left the world of sin behind you, and got into one of those intermediate regions which according to our national poets form a stair-case between heaven and earth. But to return to the concert. I sat in a conspicuous place on the stage with a sea of gaily dressed ladies and gentlemen below, and waves of the same precious commodities, living freight I mean, over and around my head in the galleries; but the most lovely sight was the wave of little girls all in their holiday attire towards the right and the wave of little boys towards the left. On the seats arranged, gallery fashion, on the stage on my two sides, there were seated no less than 1,500 children, the members of the choir whose skill in music and song was to charm and fascinate the grand audience. The grand organ sent forth its strains of sublime music, the girls jointly gave a song which was followed by one given by the boys; and then fifteen hundred voices were united in a jubilant song which was rich in that modulation and harmony of sounds which distinguishes English singing from our own. The choral symphonies over, a young lady came to the stage in a blaze of silks, and gave a grand solo and elicited deafening cheers, which were prolonged after her disappearance till she was obliged to re-appear and entertain her captivated hearers with a fresh song. Another lady somewhat older

came forward, and entertained the audience percisely in the same manner and with similar effect. Two or three more songs from the choir brought the concert of school-children to a close. The second concert at which I was present was of course a grander affair, and came off at night when the grand hall was brilliantly illuminated, and an audience, such as I had never seen, assembled any where for any purpose, literally graced it. The stage showed a regular orchestra at work and the singing was grand enough to compose my anxious mind into a dreamy state of wakeful repose;—a state I often wish to be, but cannot be in when worried to death by flights of irrelevant and pointless talk.

The days I spent at Cincinnati, or elsewhere in America, were to me busy days, and the Sabbaths were specially so. The Americans were most agreeably surprized to find that I could speak a little more intelligibly than ourang-outangs, and they made me a great preacher for the nonce, and I had to pay the penalty, and forfeit the pleasure of hearing the great preachers of their country. With difficulty I snatched an evening from the engagements that crowded around me to listen to a sermon delivered by perhaps the greatest preacher of the Methodist Church, Bishop Simpson, in this spacious hall. The meeting was magnificent, the stage occupied mainly by a large assembly of delegates, and the floor, galleries and balcony by a brilliant and appreciative audience. Upwards of five thousand persons were present, and when they all stood up and reverently united their voices with the sublime strains of the above-mentioned organ in a song of praise to the Great Redeemer of the world, the Blessed Jesus, I caught the inspiration of the moment, and felt as if I had been suddenly lifted up beyond myself, and made to stand enraptured amid the reverberating psalmody of the redeemed in heaven. The Bishop's sermon was worthy of the occasion and with the exception of an unfortunate reference to the Chinese at San Francisco,—a reference liable to misconstruction and fitted therefore to foster and strengthen the spirit of race-antagonism already evoked—it

was eminently fitted to set forth the impassable distance between our heaven-bestowed religion and the man-invented and false religions of the world. While the Bishop's discourse was in full swing, I could not but think of our educated countrymen who might have seen some of the borrowed arguments, on which they are apt to plume themselves, grappled with in a masterly manner, and torn to pieces! I specially thought of the hood-winked souls beguiled by designing men into the conviction that Christianity is dying out in Christendom. A meeting of this description, held at a time when the pulpits of Cincinnati were occupied by the most celebrated of preachers and surrounded by crowds of devout worshippers, when in hundreds of thousands of churches and in millions of homes God was being worshipped in Christ Jesus, is pre-eminently fitted to give the lie to the misrepresentation to which in their simplicity such souls have succumbed.

AMERICAN CITIES AND TOWNS.



Of course I am not going to attempt what I cannot very well do,—a graphic description of each of the great cities I had the pleasure of visiting in America, with some account of its origin, growth and progress. A task so Herculean I would not undertake even if I had leisure and ability enough to do justice to it, for the simple reason that its performance would be superfluous and unnecessary. A bird's-eye-view of two of these cities has already been presented, and that is enough; when you have an insight into one great city in America, you have an insight, not only into all its great cities, but into all the great cities of the civilized world. All the great cities of America, as all the great cities of the civilized world, have their broad avenues with their middle paths crowded with processions of vehicles of all kinds and colors, and their side-walks resounding with the ceaseless tread of streams of pedestrians, with their eyes either uplifted towards the over-hanging balconies and windows or fixed on the rare articles of food, clothing and furniture, temptingly arranged behind the casements of the skirting shops; their palaces of manufacture and business rearing their massive walls, domes and chimneys in their most noisy portions, and over-looking roads all astir with the hurried steps of crowds of business-men and the rattle and rumble of innumerable conveyances; their mansions of public amusement, theatres and operas, inviting attention in the day time by their architectural finish and elaborate decorations, and converted every night into fairy abodes by gay festoons of light and illuminated signboards; their magnificent hotels, with their almost innumerable rooms clustering around richly furnished saloons and dining halls, or skirting richly tapestried corridors and promenades; their private residences with their pleasant lawns smiling around their feet, and long, rectangular conservatories gleaming behind them; their extensive and beautifully laid-out parks, ablaze in the afternoons and eve-

nings with groups of gaily dressed ladies and gentlemen loitering along the sheltered walks or seated on the lounges spread beneath the outstretched branches of giant trees; their educational establishments and benevolent institutions spreading light and love; and their cathedrals and churches holding up an ideal of life which civilization apart from religion utterly fails to realize in this sinful world. These and other material beauties and adornments are to be found in all the great cities of the civilized world; but American cities are distinguished by certain excellencies which are peculiarly their own; and to these let me call attention for a moment.

1. American cities have a freshness peculiarly their own. They are all *new* cities, scarcely any being above two hundred years old, and some having their first centenary yet to celebrate. Philadelphia, the first city in the United States in area and the second in population, received a charter from William Penn in 1701, when properly speaking its city life began. Its population has risen in about two hundred years from 2,500 to 846,984 according to the last census. Brooklyn, the third city in population, was the scene of many revolutionary conflicts, from which it came out crowned with honor. Its population was 3,296 in 1800—it is now 5,666,891. Boston celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth birth day about the time when I visited that city—amid great rejoicings, processions, illuminations and fire-works. It was founded by John Winthrop in 1,630, but its city life properly so called could not have commenced earlier than 1822, when it had a population of 45,000, which number has risen in about 60 years to 362,535. Baltimore, called after Lord Baltimore, received a charter in 1797, when its population was 26,000. It is now the seventh city as regards population in the States with 332,190 souls. A short history of Chicago will show how rapidly cities have risen to magnificence and glory in America. This city was made a settlement in 1804, and it passed through varied fortunes, now abandoned and now rebuilt, till 1837 when it was incorporated as a city, and when a census was taken, which showed its

population to be 4,170. This number increased to 29,963 in 1850, 112,172 in 1860, and 298,977 in 1870. In October 1871, the city was all but completely desolated by one of the most frightful conflagrations of modern times. The fire began its destructive work, in consequence of a lighted kerosene lamp being upset, on Sunday evening, October 8th, and raged till the morning of the following Tuesday, destroying the wooden houses and timber-yards along the margin of the river by which the city is intersected, sweeping across its main channels over its Southern and Northern Divisions, and converting an area of nearly three square miles into a scene of desolation. The number of houses destroyed was 17,450 and the number of persons killed was about 200, while that of persons rendered homeless was 98,500. I came across a learned minister of the Gospel, who was there when this calamity of gigantic proportions was being inflicted on the devoted city; and he said to me that innumerable persons living in comfortable and even affluent circumstances had been converted into homeless beggars in the course of a night. The loss of property, besides depreciation of real estate and serious interruption of business was estimated at £190,000,000, of which fabulous amount a fractional part was recovered from the Insurance Companies. The calamity brought into play some of the amiable traits of the American character. Chicago became the centre of universal sympathy, and hacks full of comestibles and articles of clothing moved towards it in endless streams from all the great cities and towns of America. A lady at Cincinnati was on the move with stores of food and clothing in about two hour's notice, and the promptitude with which relief was conveyed would have been an impossibility, not only among apathetic and indolent races like our own, but even among the more sympathetic and active races of Europe. Nay, Chicago became the centre, not only of American sympathy, but of the sympathy of the civilized world at large. Relief of the most substantial kind flowed into it in copious streams from all the countries of Europe, even from distant Russia; and for a time

the differences of race and creed in Christendom, together with national jealousies, were completely overpowered, if not extinguished, by the grand enthusiasm of humanity evoked by a great sorrow and a great distress. Chicago rose from the baptism of fire regenerated,—buildings grander in appearance and made of less combustible substances rose on the ruins of those destroyed, roads more spacious were constructed, and a fire department was organized, which is one of the wonders of the world. It has now a population of 503,304; and in beauty and magnificence it is behind no city in America, while in freshness of appearance it beats all its rivals.

The cities of America being fresh, scarcely anything like an incongruous mixture of varied styles of architecture, recalling to our minds varied periods of its history, is seen within their precincts. In older cities you sometimes see some building like a medieval castle or a relic of an earlier style of architecture side by side with structures which are more modern and therefore fresher. Or perhaps you see a road of a peculiarly antique construction running parallel to others of a more recent type, or a market with arrangements which carry the mind back to a bygone fashion standing not far from one in perfect accord with the fashion of the day. In a word you see in older cities what may justly be characterized as anachronisms in its rows of buildings, its net-work of streets and lanes, and its general garniture and adornments. But anachronisms you rarely, if ever, come across in American cities. No relics of Greek, or Roman architecture, no medieval castles or dilapidated forts of an age long since gone by kept standing by huge buttresses, appear to mar their freshness. The buildings, the streets, the parks—all are fitted to show that they have been beautified within the memory of an elderly man. I came across several persons who had seen the city of Chicago raised to glory, as if by the wand of a magician, burnt down by a destructive conflagration, and re-raised to even greater glory within their life time!

2. American cities are large and indefinitely expansible.

Philadelphia, the greatest in extent, is 22 miles long with a breadth of 5 to 8 miles, and can take in several square miles of territory, and so accommodate twice or even thrice the number of people who make it their home. Boston, which has also passed through a baptism of fire, not of course so far-reaching in its consequences as the one which has regenerated Chicago, has outlying districts, which are sparsely, if at all populated, and which leave a broad margin for its growth to twice, and even thrice its present importance in population. As to cities like Chicago, they are rising fast, and will ere long be in a position to rival, if not surpass the greatest cities of the Union in population and importance. In a word, the cities of the United States are, with perhaps a very few exceptions, passing through their incipient stages of development, and have not yet reached their normal strength, and so they are expansible in a sense in which the older cities of the world are not.

3. The cities owe their rapid growth and magnificence to a spirit of rivalry, wholesome on the whole, though by no means unattended by what is questionable. The cities literally vie with one another in improving their appearance and adding to their glory. The municipal arrangements are as perfect as they could possibly be, and whatever is calculated to pain the eye or offend taste is removed with the greatest promptitude. There is quite a rage for stupendous piles of architecture, or buildings of gigantic proportions. In every city almost you see some building or other in process of construction, before which the stupendous structures that we see and admire in India, a few castellated palaces excepted, would dwindle into insignificance. A building in progress at Chicago has consumed about seven or eight hundred thousand dollars and is yet to consume two or three more. A vast structure at Philadelphia bids fair to rival it in expenditure and magnificence. But the climax is to be seen in the huge building called the Capitol, an imitation by no means exact of the Capitol at Washington, in course of construction or rather nearly finished at a small city called Albany. This tremendous pile

has already cost fourteen hundred thousand dollars, or about 30 lacs of rupees, and is to consume a few more. These tremendous amounts or fabulous sums are fitted to conjure up before our mental eye the phantom of the reckless waste, which is the great virtue of our Public Works Department, if not the more grisly phantoms of speculation and embezzlement. Public servants in America, as we shall have occasion to show, are by no means above corruption; and it is safe to assume, nay it is generally taken for granted in the States that a great deal of the public money laid out for these gigantic structures never reaches its destination, or finds big pockets to repose in between its starting-point and its goal. But the rivalry among the cities, a source doubtless of this rapid growth in population, wealth, grandeur and influence, is not unaccompanied with features of a questionable character. Associated with it, you notice the spirit of self-praise which is in perfect accord with American notions of etiquette, and the spirit of festive malice which invents stories, droll but mischievous, at the expense of parties regarded with perhaps unconscious dislike. You go to a city like St. Louis in the west and you are sure to hear its native-born inhabitants speaking of it in the highest terms possible, and of all other cities very disparagingly indeed. St. Louis is indeed a paradise in this world, but Chicago—why it is a sink of filth and squalor, not a city by any means! Go to Chicago, and you will find the compliment repaid with compound interest. Then every city has a road, a building, or a Church, if not several, which is loudly and emphatically declared to be the best in the United States, and of course best in the world. Speaking of an avenue in a city called Cleaveland, a lady said most unhesitatingly, and with the greatest emphasis, that it was “the finest in the world.” Another lady, an inhabitant of Baltimore, assured me with similar emphasis, that a Church in it was “the grandest in America.” I very respectfully said—“Madam! this is the American style of speaking!” But I cannot conclude this

portion of my gossip without alluding to the racy and humorous stories which are circulated by the cities at the expense of one another, and which are relished every where but the places to which they are by no means very complimentary. Boston, for instance, prides itself on its intellectual superiority over all the other cities of the United States, but a story is fabricated and ventilated, eminently fitted to humble it. A Bostonian gentleman advised a fellow-citizen of his to read the Plays of Shakespeare, and, when he had done so, enquired what he thought of them. The man in a whispering tone replied—"My friend, let me tell you that there are not twenty men at Boston who could have written those Plays." This poor man, I was assured, was *not* a true Bostonian, for had he been one, he would not have made this confession. But the story circulated at the expense of Chicago beats in its apparent drollery and concealed sarcasm any I heard in America, excepting one having for its object, not the depreciation of a city, but that of a noisy statesman. A native of Chicago went to heaven and knocked at the gate. Peter, who had the keys, came out and enquired:—"Where have you come from?" The man replied:—"From Chicago." Peter's reply was curt and incisive:—"We know nothing about your place: no body ever came here from Chicago!" I must in this connection relate the story of which the unfortunate statesman alluded to is the hero. The statesman, whom we will call A, was very able, but very noisy at the same time. After he had spoken in Congress in his usual stentorian style, a member got up, and expressed a wish to speak. The house was called to order, and the member began thus:—"Last night I dreamed, and found myself in hell. The Devil received me kindly, asked me in, gave me a cigar, and asked me to play at cards with him. While we were thus engaged, we were interrupted by a loud rapping at the door. "Boy!" said the Devil "who is there?" The boy ran and came back saying "It is A." "A!" said the Devil "the noisy A: what does he want?" "He wants to come in," said the boy. "We cant have him here: he is too noisy"

let him go back to his own city." "But his city wont have him," suggested the boy "he has no place to go to." The Devil spent a short moment in meditation, and said—"We cant have him here, give him a little sulphur and fire and let him make a hell of his own!"

4 The cities, moreover, are rich, not only in architectural beauty and material decorations, but in modes of conveyance, facilities of communication, and copious supplies of the necessaries and luxuries of civilized life. Every city has its innumerable street-cars, coupes and hacks, and some cities have conveyances of a peculiar construction demanded by their hilly and therefore uneven and undulating surfaces. Cincinnati, for instance, has a peculiar kind of conveyance called *Dummies*, or street-cars, propelled by steam, and not drawn by horses; and those run up rugged roads to the terrace on which some of its beautiful suburbs are situated. This city moreover has cars which literally go up and come down a steep, precipitous ascent, which leads up to one of its most romantic terraces; and these occupy no mean place among the samples of Yankee ingenuity: standing at the foot of this ascent you see a broad steep path rising over your head to a great height, and a couple of cars loaded with living freight, one let down and the other pulled up by means of a piece of machinery with which it is crowned. A more beautiful sight you can scarcely think of except when standing on a vantage-ground, you see a couple of trains ascending and descending the magnificent iron curve which is one of the great beauties and wonders of New York. Every city moreover has its richly furnished steam-vessels of all kinds and sizes, either standing in rows on the river-on which it stands or clustering forest-like on the expansive bosom of the Bay or Channel which it commands, so that communication of the swiftest kind, both by land and by water, is within its reach. Again, every city has its water supply secured by a system of tubes, which run like arteries and veins underneath its surface, through the walls of its buildings, and up into the topmost rooms of its

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4 The cities, moreover, are rich, not only in architectural beauty and material decorations, but in modes of conveyance, facilities of communication, and copious supplies of the necessaries and luxuries of civilized life. Every city has its innumerable street-cars, coupes and hacks, and some cities have conveyances of a peculiar construction demanded by their hilly and therefore uneven and undulating surfaces. Cincinnati, for instance, has a peculiar kind of conveyance called *Dummies*, or street-cars, propelled by steam, and not drawn by horses; and those run up rugged roads to the terrace on which some of its beautiful suburbs are situated. This city moreover has cars which literally go up and come down a steep, precipitous ascent, which leads up to one of its most romantic terraces; and these occupy no mean place among the samples of Yankee ingenuity: standing at the foot of this ascent you see a broad steep path rising over your head to a great height, and a couple of cars loaded with living freight, one let down and the other pulled up by means of a piece of machinery with which it is crowned. A more beautiful sight you can scarcely think of except when standing on a vantage-ground, you see a couple of trains ascending and descending the magnificent iron curve which is one of the great beauties and wonders of New York. Every city moreover has its richly furnished steam-vessels of all kinds and sizes, either standing in rows on the river: on which it stands or clustering forest-like on the expansive bosom of the Bay or Channel which it commands, so that communication of the swiftest kind, both by land and by water, is within its reach. Again, every city has its water supply secured by a system of tubes, which run like arteries and veins underneath its surface, through the walls of its buildings, and up into the topmost rooms of its

palaces of manufacture or business or pleasure. The machinery connected with the water supply of Chicago, and some other cities, standing as it does, on the margin of extensive and magnificent lakes, is worthy of careful observation and study. You see a lofty tower, 150 feet high, on the margin of the lake on which this city stands, and you are tempted to mistake it for a monument raised to honor some historical character or commemorate some heroic adventure. What event does this monument perpetuate the memory of?—you ask. Your American friends smile at you, and open your eyes to unsuspected fact by calling it the water-tower of Chicago. Not far from it, you see the water-works, the stupendous engines, which bring water, not from the borders of the lake, but from a great distance from the borders, force it up the neighbouring tower, and then disperse it through a grand system of tubes all over the city. In every city moreover you see another system of tubes at work to maintain telephonic communication between its different parts. My first insight into the wonders of this system was obtained in a beautiful town in the vicinity of New York, in the house of a medical gentleman of established reputation and large practice. He maintained telephonic communication with hundreds of families, and that at a cost only of about Rs. 200 a year. If one of his numerous patients needs advice, he causes an electric bell in the Doctor's room to ring, the doctor rises from his seat, moves forward, and applies his ear to the tube jutting out of one of its walls. The patient communicates his case through it, and the doctor returns answer; and in this way medical advice is placed within call, so to speak, of about 500 families living within an area of several miles of the practitioner's house. At Cincinnati I talked through a telephone to a person in an extremity of a large, colossal hospital opposite to the one I occupied, and, though I spoke in a whispering tone and he replied in the same, our conversation was as entertaining as if we were seated *tete-à-tete*. At Detroit I was ill, and needing medical advice I asked

my kind and generous hostess to send for a doctor. She walked down into one of her own rooms, spoke to her Doctor through telephonic tubes, and came up with his assuring reply. At another place I saw a lady sending through the magic tubes an order for some extra pounds of meat to a butcher living at some distance from her house. At a place called Elgin, I wished to look into a large watch manufactory, one of the grandest in the world, and communicated my intention to the manager through a kind-hearted minister, who had accompanied me to the establishment, within which about 1,200 persons, about 600 males and 600 females, were at work. The manager said that he could not let me in without a special permission obtained from the Superintendent at Chicago a distance of upwards of thirty miles. He, however, asked us to wait a minute in the reception room, walked up, sent a telephonic message to, and received a reply from the proper party, and allowed us in with a clear conscience, under the guidance of an intelligent man who could, and did explain the processes, as we looked at them. This is one of the wonders of the new world not yet thoroughly naturalized in the old. The communication in large cities is maintained through a central office, wherein the arteries and veins of this system meet, as in a common centre. Suppose you wish to speak to the butcher on the other side of your city, you have first of all to cause an electric bell to ring in this office. The man on the watch receives your order, attaches the tube to the butcher's house to that close to your mouth, and makes an interchange of thoughts and ideas with that dignitary as practicable as if he were standing before you! After what has been said in former papers, I need not enlarge on the innumerable vestiges of affluence and prosperity noticeable in the great cities of the United States. Indeed the world cannot boast of many cities wherein you see so much architectural beauty combined with so little deformity, such profusion of wealth with so little poverty, so many proofs of abundance

and prosperity with so few of want and wretchedness, such intense activity and earnestness in conjunction with so little indolence and levity.

5. In the cities the stranger notices not merely symptoms of plenty and prosperity, but vestiges innumerable of that ingenuity in which the Americans beat most decidedly all the other nations of the world. These you notice, not merely in the manufactories wherein you see varieties of metallic instruments at work, whirling and dashing and thumping, under the guidance of operatives of both sexes, not merely in workshops, in one of which you see perhaps a hundred sewing machines worked by steam and turning out shirts at a fabulous rate, or some contrivances turning out hose at the rate of a thousand a day, but even in the streets and lanes. Some of these have been incidentally referred to, and so I will content myself with a cursory allusion to two of the wonders of Yankee ingenuity I noticed with special admiration, not where these are ordinarily looked for but in the streets of cities. The city of Chicago is divided by the river of the same name flowing through it into three distinct parts, which are connected with one another by 33 bridges and two stone tunnels under the bed of the river. Some of these bridges are moveable, rather than fixed; and when needed they are easily turned from one position to another. One evening I arrived at one of these bridges, intending to cross it and go to the other side. But I found a lot of conveyances and a crowd of people blocking up the road, and making a move towards the river almost impossible. I advanced, and saw the bridge, the long ponderous wooden bridge, turned aside and made to lie lengthwise, as so much lumber on the bosom of the river, to let some vessels pass along from one side to the other. The vessels moved on slowly along both sides of the bridge, now lying on rather than spanning the river; and when they had passed away, the long ponderous frame-work was brought back to its original position by one man. The mystery was revealed as soon as I walked down, and saw the system of wheels, which rested

on a huge immoveable wooden platform, and supported the huge framework above, and which could be worked by one man, so as to effect the changes of position needed to make navigation on its bosom, as well as travelling several feet above it, practicable. In another place I saw a bridge even larger turned aside by steam working the system of wheels underneath, as if it were a plaything in the hand of a giant. At Chicago, moreover, I saw big houses of solid masonry lifted up from their foundation, and about to be removed from one locality to another! This is a feat of ingenuity never performed anywhere else, and so it needs special notice. At a place called Albany, I saw big wooden houses in progress on the roads from their original to a fresh locality. They appeared like Jagannath cars of tremendous height, and prodigious dimensions, resting on a system of wheels, and drawn by means of machinery, more than by the muscular strength of leaping and dancing and shouting devotees. These houses are lifted up by means of huge screws, and placed on tremendous planks of wood thrust in; and on these, placed above a system of wheels, they are drawn, with all their rooms and furniture intact, from their original locality, and then made to stand on the foundations reared for them in another. When the municipality of a city wishes to see some of its buildings removed from one locality to another, it has simply to pay for their transit, and the desired move is effected. I saw only wooden houses, big as well as small, on the move, but I was assured that houses of brick and stone might be, and sometimes were transferred from one part of a city to another with equal ease. Are not the Americans a race of magicians?

It is time for me to pass from the cities on to the towns of America. But before the desirable transition is realized, I must allude to a peculiarity in what may be called its civic organization. The greatest cities of America are not its metropolitan cities. The capital, for instance, of New York State, is not New York the greatest city in America, but Albany, which in size, population and wealth, is more a pigmy than a

giant. The capital of Ohio is not Cincinnati, its biggest city, but Columbus, a large and prosperous town rather than a city of metropolitan proportions. Every rule has its exceptions, and so has this. The largest city in Indiana is Indianapolis, which is also its capital. But exceptions, such as this, only prove the rule, which is that state capitals are by no means the largest and the wealthiest cities of the States, and that the Federal Capital, though the seat of the Legislature and the abode of the highest executive officers, is, in population, wealth and grandeur, decidedly inferior to many of the first class cities of the Union. But Washington, the Federal Capital, the centre of all administrative influences of a broad national character, has some peculiar charms ; and some detailed notice of it seems fitted to crown our cursory survey of American cities.

Washington stands on the river Potomac, consists of a somewhat undulating plain, covering about 11 square miles, and is surrounded, except where the crystal water of the above-named stream smiles at its feet, by ranges of low, but lovely hills, some of which are crowned with imposing edifices. The glory of this city, the central structure, around which its ranges of fine buildings cluster, and from which many of its broad avenues radiate, is the celebrated Capitol, the foundation of which was laid, as the city itself was planned, by George Washington himself. The Capitol is a building of gigantic proportions and surpassing splendour, and the dome which crowns it is, with its circular balustrade adorning its base and its lantern and ball, surmounted by a colossal bronze statue of Liberty setting off its head, is one of the most beautiful and imposing in the world. It stands on the Capitol hill, 90 feet high, and consists of a main building of light yellow free-stone painted white, and two wings made of white marble, the facade being 751 feet and 4 inches long, and the building covering about three and a half acres of ground. The surrounding grounds embrace about 30 acres, and are not merely laid out with taste, but adorned with fountains and statues, the principal of the latter being Greenough's colossal statue of Washington. The

main front of the structure consists of three grand porticoes of Corinthian pillars, which with their pediments tastefully though by no means profusely decorated, add considerably to the grandeur of its appearance. The main stair-case, with its groups of statuary, one of them specially showing the triumph of civilization over barbarism, leads up to the central portico, and terminates in the entrance, which has colossal statues of Peace and War on its two sides, and a bas-relief of Washington crowned with laurels by Peace and Fame over the doorway. A few steps beyond is the Bronze Door which is 17 feet high and 9 feet wide, and which weighs 20,000 lbs. This huge door was cast at Munich, and the total cost of its preparation and setting amounted to about 70,000 Rupees. Its *alto-relievo* decorations commemorating the principal scenes in the life of Columbus, and its statuettes, representing the great contemporaries of that famous navigator, are of course worthy of a closer inspection than I could bestow. The Bronze Door leads into the Rotunda, which is adorned with eight large pictures representing stirring scenes in American history, such as the Declaration of Independence, the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis, &c, &c., besides some *alto-relievo* in the panels over the entrances of equal significance. Over the Rotunda rises the majestic dome, which in the interior is 96 feet in diameter, and 241 feet high, and which is adorned with fresco-painting covering 6,000 feet, and costing about 80,000 Rupees. To have a fine view of the frescoes, which form two concentric circles, one of female forms, representing the colonies with George Washington in a sitting posture at their head, and a banner with the American motto *E. Pluribus Unum* (one out of many) inscribed held aloft by one, and the other of groups representing civilization, agriculture, commerce &c,—all the figures being of colossal proportions so as to appear life-size from the floor—to have a fine view of the frescoes, as well as of the city itself and its suburbs, it is necessary to go up through the stair-case between the outer and inner shells. This is certainly not a very easy job, but till it is undertaken and finished,

a correct idea of the proportions of the building, the decorations of the dome, and the varied objects of interest in the city cannot be had. But let us speak of the inner glories of this vast pile of architecture, rather than of the scenery it commands from the topmost accessible point of its majestic dome. Adjoining the Rotunda, there is a semicircular hall, about 90 feet long and 57 feet high, crowned with a cupola resting on an entablature supported by twenty four light, graceful and green-colored columns. This is the Old Hall of Representatives, now used as a National Statuary Hall; and it has a circular row of statues, mostly of marble, though a few of Bronze, standing in solemn state, George Washington, with his well-complexioned and well-favored face, and his hair or wig tied into a knot behind his neck facing Abraham Lincoln standing on a small platform with his comparatively fleshless and evidently careworn countenance, and the others, effigies of the great men of America, appearing as lesser lights around the two great luminaries. A few significant panel pictures complete the adornments of the room, the walls of which once resounded with the eloquence of distinguished speakers or the debates of veteran statesmen. On one side of this hall, separated of course by corridors and apartments, is the present Hall of Representatives, which, with its velvet-cushioned seats and overhanging galleries, is worthy of careful inspection. But I confess this hall, as well as the House of Commons in London or the Senate Hall of Versailles, near Paris, disappointed me. Nothing, apart from religious influences, had thrilled my heart so often as choice specimens and glowing reports of Parliamentary eloquence; and these had led me to look for Halls of gigantic proportions, larger even than the Music Hall of Cincinnati, as scenes of senatorial state and eloquence; and my disappointment was great indeed, when these halls appeared less spacious than the Town Hall of Calcutta, though richer by far in elaborate decorations and ornaments. The truth, "distance lends enchantment to the view" burst on my mind every where

almost, except when I walked in mute astonishment along the aisles of St. Paul's and some of the colossal Cathedrals on the Continent. On the other side of the Statuary Hall you see the Senate House decorated and furnished as the Hall of Representatives. Innumerable rooms and offices, all grandly furnished, and a Library with about 400,000 volumes,—increasing at the rate of 1500 volumes a year—invite attention; while so many pictures and statues of George Washington meet the eye that I could not help making my companion laugh by exclaiming—"it is all George Washington!"

But Washington has several objects of interest besides its central and magnificent pile of architecture;—the White House of the President's Palace with its Portico of Ionic pillars in front, its colonnade of the same style in the rear, and its nicely laid out pleasure grounds, converted every Saturday evening into a favorite resort of beauty and fashion attracted by sweet music; the Treasury Department with its long rows of columns, its rooms, corridors and staircases all rendered imposing by elaborate and profuse decorations, and its almost innumerable employes, ladies and gentlemen, handling paper money, in which America beats England, if not all the nations on the Continent, as well as gold and silver coins; its State, War and Navy building with its rows of windows, rising one above another, and terminating upward in a roof surmounted by domes, turrets and slender spires; its national observatory, perched on a small hill, with its large moveable dome and the largest equatorial telescope in the world, besides a large library and a large collection of astronomical instruments; &c. &c. But to two of its inferior luminaries clustering around its grand Capitol I would call attention for a moment. The *Patent Office* is a large building, 410 feet long and 275 deep, made of marble and whitened sandstone, adorned with porticos and pillars which form its external decorations, and showing in the interior many office rooms beautifully furnished on the various floors, and four large, rectangular halls on the main floor, wherein the wonders for which the

structure is famous are collected. Within these halls you see long rows of glass cases running parallel to one another, alongside of narrow aisles, and these as a rule are full of models representing all kinds of mechanical art. The ingenuity of the American people is a marvel to strangers, specially to one like myself from a stationary, non-progressive country in Asia ; and its wondrous results can not be studied and rightly appreciated, even by a man of universal genius in a century. An ordinary man, like myself, with little or no aptitude for such studies, might spend a millennium in America without being able to change the vague, undefined, yet boundless admiration inspired by a cursory view of its stupendous triumphs of art into that intelligent appreciation, which is the result of mechanical knowledge and careful examination. I could not visit a Railway workshop and see several pieces of machinery at work, some cutting bars of iron, others polishing their surfaces, others again boring holes through them and so on ; or a Paper manufactory converting by means of a variety of contrivances almost very conceivable thing, barks of trees, husks of grain &c., into paper of the largest size and finest stamp ; or a watch manufactory showing the various delicate operations connected with the business of watchmaking begun, continued and consummated by means of a large number of instruments under the guidance of skilful operators, both male and female ;—I could not walk through the various work shops of large manufacturing establishments without exclaiming instinctively :—“ Oh for some knowledge of mechanical science and six months’ study of these processes !” But the model room of the Patent Office with its quarter of a mile of hall-floor covered with glass-cases, and its 120,000 or more models, representing mechanical art in all its departments, drew from me the exclamation—“ Oh for an extraordinary amount of mechanical knowledge and the quiet study of a life as long as that of Methuselah !” The Model Room has, moreover, some rare relics of the Revolutionary Period of American history, such as Benjamin Franklin’s Press, the uniform General Wash-

ington wore, when he resigned his commission as Commander-in-Chief, and several articles belonging to him, along with the original treaties made in those stormy days.

The Art Gallery of Washington drew my attention for the first time to a grand and glorious feature of the decorations of the great cities of the New World. These are eminently fitted to ensure æsthetic culture. The innumerable vestiges of taste and refinement one sees in the very streets, in the adornments of the overhanging buildings and the arrangements of the skirting shops, are fitted to develop that portion of our nature, which may be represented as a connecting link between the earnestness of its deep intellectual and moral life and the grossness of its animal and material existence. But to secure the blessings of æsthetic culture of the broadest type there are, in the great cities of America, Art Museums, with splendid collections of pictures and statues, imitations and models of the master-pieces of ancient and modern art, as well as the original choice productions of eminent native artists. The collection at Washington is the gift to the city of a private gentleman, and may therefore be called private in one sense of the term. But it is one of the grandest private collections in the world, and an hour spent among its glories, is an hour of fine culture and exquisite enjoyment. The best Art Gallery I saw in the United States is at Boston, situated in one of its airy and thinly inhabited parts, not far from one of its most magnificent cathedrals. It is a two storied house, the halls of the lower floor being full of statuary, models of some of the grand statues I saw afterwards at Rome, as well as originals fashioned and shaped and beautified by the chisels of American sculptors; and the halls of the upper floor being as a rule full of choice paintings, imitations of some of the master-pieces seen on the Continent, and originals the glory of which is attributable to the genius and pencil of American painters.

Having done with cities, I must speak a word about Towns, and then take leave of the reader for one complete revolution

of the moon. But why make Towns the subject of a separate dissertation? Are not towns cities in miniature? And when American cities have been described, more or less graphically, materials fitted to enable the reader to catch a glimpse of American towns have been placed within his reach. Why then devote a separate paragraph to them? Yes, towns are indeed cities in miniature, and villages towns in miniature, and hamlets villages in miniature, and a single dwelling house a hamlet in miniature. But it needs a very broad flight of the imagination to picture a city of metropolitan dimensions and grandeur with nothing but a dwelling house, however grand before us. To bridge the gulf between a dwelling house and a grand city an experience rich enough to embrace all the intermediate stages of corporate existence or social life is an inevitable necessity. Nay, to expand a town on the canvass of the imagination till its dimensions and grandeur warrant its assumption of the title of a city, or to contract a city on the same invisible canvass, till its narrowed limits and humbled glory compel it to take the unassuming name of a town,—the process needs practical observation to prove a success, rather than day dreams and night visions. A Town in America presents an aspect very different indeed from that presented by a city, inasmuch as no mere agglomeration of towns can secure the taste, beauty and magnificence characteristic of cities properly so called. The Town in America has, however, its own beauty not to be despised. As a rule it radiates from its *bazar*, which consists of a few stores, such as the butcher's, the grocer's, the shoe-maker's occupying the lower stories of a few good, substantial, though not very lofty brick buildings, arranged in parallel rows along two or three broad streets, and interspersed, so to speak, with houses of entertainment and amusement, such as hotels and theatres and drinking saloons. The streets radiate from this central cluster of buildings, and if you trace the course of one of these, you will see it skirted on either side by a row of wooden houses, each surrounded by a little patch of green sward overgrown with a

few scattered trees and plants, and terminating in a spacious field or wood. A number of such streets, thus adorned and thus bounded, running towards all the points of the compass, may be represented as the arteries issuing out of its heart, while a few narrower streets with smaller houses similarly arranged may be called its veins. Some of the towns of America are very beautiful indeed, being situated amid lovely hills or embowered amid romantic woods; but every town, whether particularly beautiful or not, has much that is fitted to relieve the monotony of life. Every town for instance has a council hall, which often becomes the scene of large meetings and animated debates, and in which public lectures and orations are not unfrequently delivered in the hearing of appreciative audiences composed of intelligent ladies and gentlemen. Every town has a superb school building consisting of several floors and chambers set apart for several scholastic purposes; and the meetings of school girls and school boys, held on various occasions, bring the citizens together, and prove sources of healthy excitement to them. Every town has, of course, its Churches and Sunday schools, diffusing light and love, and unhappily its places of public amusement ready always to counteract the wholesome influence emanating from its centres of ecclesiastical organisation. Again, every town has its little library, its associations, literary and philanthropic, its bands and concerts, its serenading gentlemen and singing ladies. Life in American towns is by no means insufferably dull and monotonous, as all sorts of enjoyments, from the sublime pleasures of piety and benevolence down to the less refined ones fitted to satisfy the cravings of our animal nature, and culture in the highest sense of the term, culture moral, intellectual, æsthetic and physical, are available, to some extent, within their precincts.

THE most obvious thing about America, the thing that strikes even the most superficial observer, is its territorial vastness. Americans are, of course, aware of this glory of their land, and they never lose an opportunity of flaunting it in the presence of strangers. An American traveller said, with humour somewhat mixed with contempt, that England was so small a country that he did not relish the idea of sleeping in it, afraid as he could not but be of being thrown into the sea while asleep! Another while looking along with a Scotchman at the beautiful lake, and the grand scenery around, so graphically sketched in the *Lady of the Lake*, exclaimed somewhat contemptuously—"It's a miserable pool: the poet has made the place famous!" The Scotchman retorted with scarcely concealed indignation—"but you have not the poet!" An English gentleman was pluming himself, Anglo-Saxon fashion, on the vastness of the English Empire, "in which," he emphatically said, "the sun never sets." The American who heard him, and who was determined not to be out-matched in bragging said—"That is nothing: our country is a great deal vaster, it being bounded on the east by the rising sun, on the west by the precession of the equinoxes, on the north by the aurora borealis, and on the south by the day of judgment!" The American conquered, and does conquer, for his country is a world in itself, an agglomeration of States and Territories, one of the largest of which, say Nebraska, would, if peopled as it might be, form a country nearly three times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, or about twice as large as the Madras Presidency. Its territorial aggrandizement is scarcely matched by its wonderful growth in population or wealth. The Thirteen Original States, lying on the sea-board of the Atlantic, between Canada on the north and Florida on the south, which ratified the fundamental constitution of the United States during the first administration of George Washington, or between the years 1789 and 1793,

comprized about 316,938 square miles, and had a population of 3,929,214 souls. In 1870, or about two decades earlier than a century after, the Union embraced thirty-seven States and eleven territories, comprizing 3,604,000 square miles, and having a population of 38,508,700 souls. Its population has since risen to upwards of Fifty millions. In a word, it is somewhat more than twice the size of India, with a fifth of the confessedly under-estimated population of our country. Hence its unparalleled prosperity! It should also be borne in mind that America is, like its rising cities and towns, almost indefinitely expansible, and may in time extend over regions, from which, as loyal subjects of Her Majesty, we should like to see it keeping aloof. But there is a fatality in favor of its extension, such as no earthly power seems fitted to resist; and it may do what Rome never did—realize the idea of an universal empire!

Nor does the extent of the country outrival the magnificence of its scenery. Extensive fields, rich with waving grain, meadows covered with fresh grass, dense forests, vocal with the rustle of leaves and the music of singing birds, ranges of hills of varied heights and shapes covered with lovely woods; large sheets of fresh water glistening under the glare of a cloudless sky, orchards and groves alternating with green swards and beautiful downs, broad rivers, smiling under mounds and embankments, some covered with vegetation and some with prickly shrubs, majestic rocks showing their rugged grandeur around valleys full of giant trees—the traveller stands lost in admiration amid the wealth and variety of its scenery. But in view of its richness and glory, we, Indians need not, as I repeatedly said in America, be ashamed of our beloved father-land. “Do you really wish to go back to your country?”—this question was repeatedly put to me. My answer of course was:—“I am guilty of the unpardonable solecism, if not sin, of ardently wishing to go back!” “Why?” “Why—because we have a country as grand upon the whole as yours, with a history which you will have to live about four

thousand years more to be able to point to with honest pride!" Yes, in wealth of scenery and variety of resource we certainly do not give the palm to America. If America is begirt with ranges of mountains emanating from rocky centres and crossing it in all directions, we have the same features of beauty and sublimity, and something more, *viz*, the snow-covered elevations and the glaciers of the Himalayas, to which no country on the surface of the globe can afford a parallel. If America is intersected by broad and majestic rivers like the Mississippi and Missouri, throwing out their innumerable branches, and forming thereby a net-work of natural canals, some of prodigious dimensions, the river system of our country, smiling under grand water-sheds is as complete almost as it can be. If America is interspersed with romantic forests adorned in some seasons of the year with a garniture of fresh leaves, rustling as a rule in the gentle breezes, though shaken at times to their centres by the howling wind and the roaring tempest, one who like myself has walked through the dense forests of Central India with his life in his hand, and his blood curdled in his heart, would be prone to question its claim to pre-eminence in this respect. If America has spacious and rich fields of waving grain indicating by their general appearance an unusual degree of fertility, the same sight would regale our eyes here if our country were as lightly taxed as it is, and its agricultural population as far advanced in the art of cultivation as their brethren on the other side of the Atlantic. If America has picturesque valleys surrounded by chains of lofty, forest-clad hills, and variegated by sheets of vegetation smiling amid woods of giant trees, one who like myself has gazed enraptured on the valley of the Soano from a giddy height, or feasted on the varied elements of the scenery pronounced by Dr. Duff the most romantic he had seen, either in the Old or in the New World, would not willingly give it the palm of victory. If America has an almost interminable line of sea-coast, rich in fisheries and opportunities of navigation, India can even in this respect stand a competition with it; while the beauties of its extensive

prairies are not unseen within the precincts of our fertile plains. And lastly, if America unites within its broad limits all diversities of climate and varieties of soil, India may even more appropriately be called, or has more appropriately been called, the epitomè of the world.

Indeed, the external aspect of America does not appear at first sight to be different from that presented by our country. As you travel in that distant land, the successions of corn fields and meadows, orchards and groves, hills and valleys, rivers and rivulets you see are fitted to recall to your mind familiar scenes in your own country. It is when you narrowly examine the varied elements of the scenery before you that you notice the difference. The woods in external appearance are not different from those here, but the trees of which they consist are certainly different. The elm, the beech, the maple, the sycamore, the sturdy oak and the aspen with its quivering leaves,—these are the inanimate giants of American forests; while a single tree, which you can hail as an old friend is not visible within their often broad limits. The trees moreover are not so umbrageous; they do not spread around their crowns rich canopies of branches and leaves of a hemispherical shape as trees here; while a tree approaching in grandeur the gaint banian with its daughter plants forming “a pillared-shade” is of course unknown in American forests. I had no opportunity of seeing the romantic forests of the Western regions of that vast country, but I have come back with the impression that in forest-scenery we beat the Americans as decidedly as they beat us in their grand lake scenery. Some of the States, particularly the New England States, on the Atlantic Sea-board, are full of small, natural lakes, which spread their transparent, silver waters in the vicinity of thriving towns or on the outskirts of frequented railroads; and the regions west of the Rocky Mountains have extensive sheets of water variegating the scenery associated with them. But these, though sure to be considered splendid inland lakes in any other country, are but earnest of the grandeur of the

lake-scenery of America. The five inland seas on the North, Lake Superior connected with Lakes Michigan and Huron and communicating by means of broad channels with Lakes Erie and Ontario, are really the giants; and the thousands of miles of inland navigation they render feasible, together with the forests covering the shores and the towns raised thereon, together also with their innumerable docks and wharves and the beautiful steamers plowing their waters, often calm, but at times lashed up into uncontrollable violence, are among the luxuries and conveniences of American life unknown in this or any other country of Asia, or perhaps the world. Speaking of these inland seas, an American gentleman said:—"Britishers speak of the Lake scenery of England, Scotland and Ireland in extravagant terms of praise: let me, however, tell you that the smallest of these five lakes is big enough to swallow up England, Scotland and Ireland with all the beauty of their lake scenery!" This is a fair specimen of American brag and bluster, for the largest of these lakes, Lake Superior, is about one-half of the size of England and Wales, and the five taken together could not perform the gastronomic feat alluded to by my American friend!

From the stupendous fresh water lakes of America to the crowning glory of American scenery, the Falls of Niagara, the transition is natural enough. Americans boast of three sights, as constituting the peculiar physical excellency of their country, and as fitted to give it the foremost place among the countries of the world in natural scenery. These are the Yosemite Valley, west of the Rocky Mountains in California, the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, and the Falls of Niagara between the Lakes Erie and Ontario. The Yosemite Valley with its giant trees, its stupendous rocky walls, and numerous cataracts dashing along their sides is grand indeed; but though I had no opportunity of feasting on this scene of rugged grandeur, I believe it has its counterpart in our country, which in sublimity of mountain scenery surpasses all the other countries of the world. The Mammoth Cave, with its magnificent dis-

tanees, is certainly a unique feature of American scenery; and we have nothing of the kind to put in competition with it. We are, however, by no means over-anxious to have a subterranean continent, wherein whole cities may be buried, or a safe burial place secured, compared with which the catacombs of Rome are what a pigmy is compared with a giant! Certainly the crowning glory of American scenery is the Niagara with its green waters, surging rapids and precipitous and majestic Falls. The world has many cataracts and falls, and I have seen not a few of them. Years ago I was more than once lulled into a sort of meditative, dreamy repose, while seated in the veranda of a small villa raised on one of the well-known hills in the vicinity of Mirzapore, by the warbling sound of a rivulet descending through a series of natural platforms on one side, and the thundering noise of a narrow stream of water sprouting out of a big hole and plunging furiously into a broad basin about a hundred and fifty feet below on the other. About four years ago on my way to Nynsee Tal, I traced a cataract from a green volcanic lake up through a narrow precipitous gorge till its pleasant, lulling hum thickened into a deafening roar. And two years ago I stood before rugged rocks in the vicinity of Simla, and saw several streams of foaming water issuing out their riven sides, and dashing down into deep basins with a momentum which nothing in nature seemed fitted to resist. But these roaring cataracts ought not even to be named in the same breath with Niagara, just as the Mirzapore hills ought not to be named in the same breath with the æreal, snow-covered, glittering heights of the Himalayas! The world has many cataracts, but only one Niagara, and the scenery associated with it is unutterably glorious, as well as unique.

Before, however I state what I saw of the Falls and in the vicinity of the Falls, I must recall to the reader's mind some well known facts regarding them. The river Niagara is only thirty-six miles long, and its business is to carry the superfluous waters of the Inland Seas clustering around Lake Erie,

and connected with it by broad channels, into Lake Ontario, and hurl them through the river St. Lawrence into the Atlantic. To clear this short distance and perform its duty, it has to do what no river on the surface of the globe has, viz., to proceed in a majestic course for some miles, and then to tumble and dash and foam for about a mile down a rugged descent, then to leap over ledges of rocks about a hundred and sixty feet high and fall headlong into a circular basin of unknown depth, then to proceed in an under-current for about a couple of miles, then to break out into a roaring whirlpool, and ultimately to enter its resting place with the calm majesty with which it set out. No river in the world passes through so many vicissitudes as Niagara, and therefore no river attracts such crowds of admiring visitors.

My starting point was the railway station at Buffalo, the thriving city which the magic of civilization has raised at the very source of this wonderful little river; and of course we dashed at railway speed along its course, occasionally catching glimpses of its splendid sheet of green waters. On this iron road I saw what I had never seen in my life-time, a locomotive race. I had seen celebrated racers spurring their trained horses, "neck or naught" with railway speed along circular paths guarded by palisades; our national *eccas* flashing along macadamised roads in all the glitter of their brazen appendages set on by a spirit of competition deprecated in vain by their tortured inmates; elephants of prodigious size and stature goaded by iron pikes into the hurry and excitement of a furious, competitive run; big camels with their long necks and unsightly gear running side by side with one another with a fury indicative of the rivalry of their owners; or their determination to beat one another; and human runners moving forward by giant strides towards the goal lured on by tempting prizes. I had moreover seen on the blue waters of the Nynce Tal lake nice barges guided by beautiful ladies and manned by pleasure-seeking gentlemen, dashing along at furious speed towards porticoes and verandas crowded with

groups of gaily dressed spectators ready to express their gratulation in deafening cheers and shouts of applause. But a locomotive race, two locomotives with trains of cars full of travellers behind them running a race along two parallel roads, the drivers engaged in working the engines into extraordinary speed;—this grand, but by no means assuring sight cannot be seen outside the pale of the New World. In the race between the train we were in and that running alongside of us we were, I must candidly confess, thoroughly beaten. The driver of the rival train had the gallantry or astuteness to give us the victory at the outset; we outran our fellow-competitor, smiled at his defeat, and looked at our triumph with self-complacency. But our exaltation was shortlived, for before we had once more settled down into the monotony of life, the train left behind approached, drove past, and left us very far indeed behind. The whole scene was once more enacted, and then our enemy left us behind to be seen no more. I must say I felt relieved when the competition was over. I arrived after about an hour's drive at the small town called Niagara in the vicinity of the Falls, took up lodgings, left my bag and baggage in a nice room, hired a conveyance, and hastened to gratify a curiosity, which had been intensified in proportion as I had approached the object fitted to set it at rest, and which was now entirely uncontrollable, or too violent to be restrained. We drove through one or two of the streets of the rising town, passed through a shady walk, and found ourselves before the lofty towers of what is called the New Suspension Bridge, a light and graceful bridge built at a cost of about six lacs of rupees, 1,268 feet long and 190 feet above the surface of the waters. While driving through this long but narrow bridge, I had my first view of the Falls towards the left. "Are these the celebrated Falls of Niagara?" "Yes, they are," said the driver. My spirit sank within me, my bright anticipation changed into gloomy disappointment, and I felt disposed to say—"never believe in glowing descriptions of natural scenery." We crossed the beautiful bridge,

and as we approached Table Rock, the vantage ground on the Canadian side whence a magnificent view of the Falls might be obtained, my drooping spirits began to rise, and the cataracts grew upon me. Approaching this rock, and standing beneath the magnificent hotel by which it is over-shadowed with my face towards the river, I carefully surveyed the Falls. Towards the right I saw the Horse-shoe Fall, a sheet of green water 2,376 feet broad over-leaping a ledge of rocks once somewhat like a horse-shoe but now like the letter A inverted about 158 feet high, and dashing down in an unbroken series of foaming streams, variegated with lines, so to speak, of descending waters with their original green color unchanged, on the bosom of the basin below, and sending up by virtue of the law of reaction a bright cloud of curling spray, almost as high as the curiously shaped hill from which it falls down headlong. Towards the left, at some distance, on the other side of the river, I saw the American Fall, another sheet of water about 900 feet broad over-leaping a straight line of rocks 163 feet high, and descending in a similar series of foaming streams similarly variegated, but looking much brighter on account of the intervening distance, into the basin, and sending up a similar cloud of spray. Between these two majestic falls there is the Centre Fall, a sprout of foaming water, inconsiderable when compared with either of its two great neighbours, but broader than any fall our country can boast of. It is about a hundred feet broad, and from a distance appears to be only a portion of the American Fall. While yonder, on the other side of the bridge, you see a couple of falls, by no means larger than the cataracts in the vicinity of Simla. The smaller falls unite their ceaseless roar with the eternal thunder of the larger ones; and a wild melody, somewhat like that raised in a tempestuous sea by the jarring elements, is perpetually, unintermittently heard. The celebrated female poet, whose apostrophe to the Falls of Niagara is nearly as sublime as Coleridge's apostrophe to Mont Blanc, represents their melody as grander than that of the sea, for

the sea has its seasons of calm preceding and succeeding its seasons of agitation, while the thundering roar of the Falls is eternal, ceaseless, unintermittent and unremitting. If Byron could appropriately say to the ocean—"Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now," it might be said of the Falls—Such as creation's dawn heard, ye roar now!

While standing on this vantage ground, with my head cooled by the scattered spray descending on and around it in pleasant showers, I was led, I know not by what magic power, to fix my gaze on the American Fall so completely that I almost forgot the existence of that toward my right, or of those smaller ones which no body cares much about. And my thoughts interwove themselves into a glorious vision. The heavens, methought, were suddenly opened, and a grand stream of blazing diamond, with here and there a streak of emeralds and sapphires descended therefrom to enrich our poor earth. And the vision was sweet to me, and I gazed and gazed till the tears trickled down my cheeks. Never in my life-time have I been more deeply affected by a natural scene; and never has the connection of this sin-stricken world with one infinitely more durable and more glorious burst on my view with such definiteness of shape and vividness of coloring! I gazed upon the Falls from the various well-known points of interest; the American Fall hurled down convulsively from Prospect Park; the entire sweep of falls and bridges from Luna Island, the majestic curve of the Horseshoe Fall from a point of Goat Island, so thickly covered with grand forest trees;—I gazed on the rapids from a bridge nearly a mile above the Falls, manifesting their fury in a broad mass of seething, boiling, tumbling and dashing waters, on the fearful whirlpool caused by the sudden outburst of the under-current set in motion by the descending waters, perhaps a hundred feet below the surface of the river; but nothing seen in the vicinity, made so deep an impression on my mind; and as I now think of Niagara I have before the eye of my mind the blazing streams of diamonds and emeralds on which my gaze was fastened when I stood on Table Rock.

The remark, "man only is vile" forces itself on the mind with special emphasis when it is in deep communion with the beauty and sublimity of nature. The majestic Falls of Niagara seem eminently fitted to lift up our souls from the dust, "our cradle," towards things unseen, eternal and glorious; the unutterable splendours of the world above. But the dark stories of murder and suicide that haunt, ghost-like, their varied points of interest, prove indisputably that their unutterable grandeur has had an effect upon frail and sinful man, other than might legitimately have been anticipated. The guide showed spots surrounded by gloomy, as well as those encompassed by bright associations. Here a love-lorn swain threw himself into the rapids and was instantaneously hurled over the ledge by the bounding Fall; there a jilted maid closed her career of sorrow and remorse in a deliberate leap into the bosom of the dashing waters; and yonder a person in a moment of "temporary insanity" coolly walked to the brow of a projecting crag and jumped down into destruction. But all the stories clustering around this unique acme of dashing waters and wild melody are not of a gloomy, repellent character. Some are fitted to stir up within us a mingled feeling of admiration and sadness; and with one of these I will conclude my most incomplete, imperfect and unworthy sketch of the Falls of Niagara. There was a tall, slender pale-faced hermit by name Francis Abbot, who came, with a few books and instruments of music, to cultivate what might be called intimate personal acquaintance with the magnificent falls. He gazed upon them from all points of interest, and became so passionately enamoured of them that he made up his mind never to leave the vicinity during the remaining days of his life. Foiled in an attempt to build a new hut, he made an old one in Goat Island his abode. Here he led a retired life, shunning intercourse with men, and concealing his own antecedents with scrupulous care; his business being gazing on the scene by day and singing its praise by night. He made a point, not only of looking at the Falls daily from unfrequented

crags, but of enjoying a daily bath in the stream fearfully near the seething rapids. One morning he jumped into the waters to take his usual bath, and was seen no more. His body was found after a week at the mouth of the river ; and buried with honor as that of a man who was a devotee of Niagara, and sealed his singular devotion to it with the blood of martyrdom !

I have scarcely space left for reference to the heroic adventures connected with this stream, such as that completed by Blondin, when, in the presence of the Prince of Wales, he carried a man on his shoulders on a rope thrown across the whirlpool rapids from one end to the other. Suffice it to say that these adventures, many of which have resulted in casualties, are worthy of a race which has not been surpassed in fool-hardiness, as well as in many features of character of an exceedingly commendable type. This sketch of the majestic Falls, though very, very poor and unworthy, may extort the exclamation—"Out of thy own mouth will I judge thee!" I have repeatedly affirmed that in wealth and magnificence of natural scenery our country is by no means behind the United States of America ; but in what I have said regarding this pride and glory of the States, I have given them the palm in the most unqualified and emphatic manner conceivable. I admit that we have not a Fall that deserves even to be named in the same breath with Niagara ; but we have certainly some scenes of magnificence, peculiar to our country, which we may cast in the teeth of those who cast the eternal dash and roar of the Falls in ours. We have the Himalayas with their alabaster crowns reposing in ethereal glory, far above the mists and clouds which so often come between the pure sapphire of the ethereal regions and the beauties of nature, clustering on the bosom of mother earth. We have our magnificent glaciers reflecting on crystal bosoms the varied prismatic colours of the rainbow, our snow-covered mountain sides, now wrapped in a heavenly flame, then covered with a sheet of sapphire, and anon presenting, in agreeable succession, the

varied glowing hues between the dull grey of an ordinary piece of marble and the glittering splendour of polished, shining silver with the sun-beams playing upon it. Surely we have enough of glory to balance, if not surpass that of the world-famous Niagara with its dashing torrents, clouds of spray, and grand rainbow curves. But alas! our boast must stop here. When from the physical condition of the two countries, in which either of them need not blush when placed in fair comparison with the other, we pass to that of their populations, the difference noticeable is of the most striking kind. When we go from India, or Asia itself, to America, we complete a broad leap from social and moral stagnation to feverish activity and ceaseless progress!—from iron immovable conservatism to *go-aheadism* of the most radical type;—from death to life! It is impossible for me, in a tissue of gossip, such as these papers are, to present an adequate view of the progressive tendencies of the American people; and I will not attempt such a task. Let me content myself with a brief reference to, not of course a graphic delineation of the varied traits of character one notices in America as one flashes along, railway speed, from place to place within its ample bounds.

1. The Americans are a great people for “guessing,” as Englishmen are for “fancying.” Ask an Englishman if he will go to a fair, his reply is sure to be—“I fancy I will,” or “I fancy not.” Put the same question to an American, and the answer will be the same with the slight difference, that for the word “fancy” you will see the word “guess” substituted. Sentences, short and long, beginning with or ending in “I guess” are the staple, so to speak, of friendly chit-chat in America; nay, the national habit of “guessing” is sometimes apparent in serious conversation, platform oratory and even in pulpit elocution. It is by “guessing” that the Trans-Atlantic cousins of our masters decide whether they are to eat a particular dish, take a particular road, or be “on the cars” at a particular hour of a particular day. And their habit of “guessing” is leading them, like the shrewd guesses of cor-

summate politicians, and the clever hypotheses of eminent scientists, to truth, and nothing but truth. geAntleman at Cincinnati "guessed," as has already been said, that India was a part of Australia, how big he could not very likely divine; while another in an Eastern State guessed that, as I was a native of India, I must have been in Afghanistan, when the Prince Imperial had been slain by the Zulus there!!! It is but fair to add that such confusion of ideas is very rarely noticed in a country which, in general intelligence is, if not ahead of, by no means behind any other country on the surface of the globe.

2. The science of "puffing" has nowhere made such grand progress as in America. Puffing is the very antipodes of guessing. Guessing indicates modesty and diffidence, but puffing shows impudence and brass. That the two should flourish in one and the same country, progressing hand in hand, is a marvel, and this marvel one sees realized in the New World. Advertisements are really ubiquitous, being seen on the walls of houses, arches of bridges, panes of windows, and sides of lamp-posts;—being thickly strewn around you in street cars, on side-walks, along the rattling rail, and over the foaming channel. And the columns of advertisements in Newspapers; a man could not hurriedly glance over in an ordinary life-time. The tone is the same in all. Messrs. A and Co's tonic has been proved by a hundred thousand experiments, a potent remedy for debility of all descriptions; while Messrs B and Co. have been cordially thanked by thousands of persons of both sexes, snatched from the very jaws of death, by their excellent and sure remedy for consumption and all kinds of pulmonary disorders. Mr. C's Hair restorer is sure, not merely to restore grey hair to its original color, but even to crown "bald decrepitude" with a rich cluster of luxuriant ringlets; and Mr. D has a magic preparation which, rubbed over the wrinkled cheeks of a lady, who is celebrating the eightieth year of her life, amid a troop of children and grandchildren, is sure to spread over them the tenderness and blush

of "sweet seventeen," and so enable her to cut a brilliant figure in balls and theatres, before her dust is mingled with that of her fathers. But these oracular advertisements are not confined to the New World, and so can not be brought forward as specimens of the progress the science of puffing is making there. But America has its peculiar methods of crying up rarities, and I must allude to them. Do you know, dear reader, what a Brass Band is? Imagine a long car with a number of musicians, each furnished with a musical instrument of polished brass and prodigious size, seated around, drawn by six caparisoned horses of "mettle true." As the grand vehicle passes on, slowly and majestically, sweet strains of music are wafted by the buxom winds to your captivated ears! and, of course, your eyes naturally turn towards the gay centre of your present enjoyment! and the first thing you see is an advertisement of theatrical importance, either dancing in the air above, or pasted around the sides of the magic car. What a gulf impassible between this contrivance of advertizing music and the *tom-toms* of our country! But the science we are speaking of has been carried even to a higher stage of development. On the roof of one of the houses in New York, occupying a prominent position in a square, where a number of streets meet, and a park smiling alongside one of them, invites streams of gaily dressed loungers in the evening, you see a large canvass hung up, and magic lantern views exhibited on it for apparently public good. You thank the owner from the bottom of your heart, and pause in front of the building to enjoy the views. Your eyes are regaled by a grand view of a watering place, about thirty or forty miles off; and a wish springs up in the inmost recesses of your heart to go and see the romantic spot. The difficulty with you is simply expressed by the monosyllable. "How?" But, thanks to the owner, you have not far to go for all necessary information. Do you not see the names of at least two or three companies, running conveyances and steamers to the favored resort with the rates and prices writ-

ten in broad characters below the colossal view before your eyes? Advertisements by Brass Bands and Magic Lanterns are improvements indeed on all the varied forms of puffing known in the World, so far at least as known to us!

3. Another marked feature of the American character is *inquisitiveness*. The stranger who goes to America, specially from an old country, representing a crystallized form of antique civilisation must be redoubtable enough to stand volleys of questions emanating from the varied points of the compass, and appertaining to all varieties of subjects. The nature of the volley you have to stand, depends on the sort of the place you visit, and the nature of the mind you come across. You go to a quiet village, and come across a thriving farmer, and he is sure to besiege you with questions fitted to elicit all sorts of information regarding the varieties of soil in your country, the modes of agriculture resorted to, the implements employed, seed time, harvest, the quality of the grain gathered in, and the varied processes through which it has subsequently to pass. If you visit a picturesque town embowered amid clumps of trees, and surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, all about the towns of your own country, the locality of each, its surroundings, its street system, its houses, its municipal regulations, and its arrangements for promoting the cause of education and religion, will be scrutinizingly enquired into. If you go to a city, you will be called upon to submit for the favorable consideration of your interlocutors a roughly sketched plan of one of your great cities, and vivid pictures of one and all the component parts of your city life. If you come across a doctor, the diseases of your country, and the directions of the pharmeropeia, which bring them to an end, sometimes in cure but oftener in death, will be the topic of your conversation; while if you come across a learned Doctor of Divinity, or a Professor or Principle of some noted University, woe be to you if you are not well up in all the isms and ologies of your country and continent! Nor is it enough for you to be a living encyclopedia in all matters appertaining to

your country ;—you must be a Hercules in physical strength and a Job in power of endurance. For, whatever may be the condition of your mind or body, or the nature of your circumstances, reply you must to long strings of questions about things, to your interlocutors, novel and therefore interesting. You may be suffering from a headache, pain in the bread-basket within, or sore throat ; you may have to speak in a public meeting and so need a little preparation ; you may have given sufficient exercise to your lungs in a crowded hall, and so need a little rest ; you may have after a day's hard work just come out of a snug library to breathe a little fresh air ; you may—but why multiply possibilities ? all of them put together will not shield you from the necessity of satisfying the curiosity your presence elicits, or replying to the innumerable questions repeatedly put to you by the group of anxious enquirers you find yourself surrounded by. This inquisitiveness is a grand element of the American character, though a source of no little annoyance to the traveller. Sometimes, however, it takes rather a ludicrous turn. A gentleman in one place after having narrowly examined my tall, spare and slender frame, the geometrical line, length without breadth, within which I conceal my worthy self, enquired if all my countrymen were as tall and as thin as I was. Of course my interlocutor did not know that we have in Calcutta Babus, each of whom could engulf or entomb within his prodigious corporeity all the Presidents of the United States from Abraham Lincoln downwards ! Another gentleman after having spoken of the Himalayas had the continuity of his thought interrupted by a stone of rather a disagreeable size on the way, and immediately raised the question—“Are there stones in India ?”

4. The inquisitiveness of the American people is balanced by their communicativeness. Americans are lovers of fair play like John Bull to whom they are so very nearly related ; and the gist of all they tell you is this—“You tell me all

about your country, and we will tell you all about our own." And it must be admitted that their knowledge of the history of their own country is both comprehensive and accurate. Nor is this to be wondered at, inasmuch as its history extends over a period at the most of about two hundred years. A broad stream of historical facts receding and narrowing as one looks back across the chasm of ages untold, and ultimately losing itself among the uncertain legends of prehistoric times,—such is not the theme of their study and meditation. Their country is perhaps the only broad and extensive country on the surface of the globe, which is without interesting antiquities, and traditions fitted to span bridge-like the chasm between a hazy past and the luminous present. And consequently much study or research is not needed to enable them to master the history of their country. But what of mounds and mound-builders? In the vicinity of some American towns, you see mounds of prodigious dimensions, and these certainly are monuments of much historical value, inasmuch as they speak of by-gone races playing their part on the stage of history amid the haziness of a distant past. But the average American is too busy to study the page of history concealed beneath these high and extensive mounds. The Revolutionary war, and the streams of events meeting in it, the constitution of the Republic and its wonderful development, the Rebellion and its causes and consequences,—in a word events great and small, embracing in their course a period of about two hundred years preceding the year of grace 1881, are his study, and his comprehensive knowledge of them it does not require much research to acquire. The communicativeness of the Americans you notice wherever you go. You enter a store and a stream of information is poured into your listening ears as you go round, and see the varieties arranged in the apartments. You go into a manufactory, and volumes of explanation are offered *gratis* by the person who acts as your guide through its varied departments. Of course you now and then come across in the palaces of manufacture a sensible

man, who forms a right estimate of your worth and never bores you with learned explanations, regarding which you have to say what an unsophisticated peasant said to Scott, the commentator, after having read his *Notes* on the Pilgrim's Progress :—

“Sir I have understood the book, and hope to be able to understand the *notes* by and bye !” At Cincinnati I came across one of the shrewdest men in America, and had the pleasure of being shown round a Soap Manufactory by him. The first question he asked as he took me in was “do you know Chemistry ?” On being assured that I did not, he knew the sort of creature he had to deal with, and offered explanations, such as evoked in my heart gratitude, different indeed from that stirred up in the heart of a prisoner, when the Presiding Judge warned him against *self-incrimination*, and when he thanked his Lordship for using a long word which he did not understand ! American communicativeness, like American inquisitiveness, takes sometimes a ludicrous turn. After I had been upwards of two months in America, and spoken in several public meetings, a gentleman very kindly informed me that women had more liberty granted them in America than amongst ourselves in India ! While I could not but feel deeply indebted for the, piece of interesting information couched in these words :—“ We Americans have no King; the person at the head of our administration is called the President !”

5. Love of free speech and fair argument, is another excellent trait of the American character. I noticed several instances of this praiseworthy disposition, but I will only mention one. While travelling southward, and ignorant of the fact that I had crossed the Rubicon of the North, I created quite a sensation against me by denouncing the reported Negro Massacres in the Southern States. I had been among rabid Northerners or Yankees, said a number of voices, and my mind had been poisoned ! I had listened to lies, believed in lies, and was uttering lies ! I respectfully said that my information was derived from respectable newspapers and

respectable politicians. "Respectable newspapers and respectable politicians are liars!" That, I humbly suggested, was no great compliment to their much beloved country. My opponents were fairly cornered, and smiles of approbation brightened many faces, and commendatory exclamations issued out of many lips. My principal opponent changed his tone, and in a calm, persuasive manner advised me to avoid what he called "side issues," and abstain from jumping to unfavorable conclusions. He however added with emphasis that as I was in a *free* country I was at liberty to say what I pleased! I was assured by a friend, to whom I reported this conversation, that, if I had gone down further south, this liberty of free speech would have been denied me. I am apt to think differently. Free speech is appreciated in the South as well as in the North: but Negroes are scrupulously debarr-ed from the privilege. People there have for such a long time been in the habit of looking down upon them, that the idea of sharing equal rights with a despised people has become positively distasteful to them. The case is by no means different here. Englishmen are passionately fond of free speech, but they assume an awkward attitude, and growl the moment they see a despised native bold enough to make use of that which they believe to be an inalienable right of humanity. The axiom with all dominant classes is, that independence of thought and speech is a good thing, except when indulged in by the inferiors whom they are in the habit of despising.

6. I will pass over certain traits of American character for the time-being, as they will appear prominently enough in the course of my gossip: but I must refer to two of them before I bring this paper to an end. The strongest feature of American character is American veneration for the past. Americans at first sight appear to enjoy the present, look forward with glorious anticipations to the future, and despise the past. No people congratulate themselves so warmly on their present attainments or regard their present condition with such exu-

berance of self-complacency. And no people look forward to the future with such glowing hopes and bright anticipations. That the country is the best country on the surface of the globe, the greatest in civilization and prosperity, is to them an axiomatic truth. They can not find words even in the rich vocabulary of their highly developed language to express their idea of the grandeur of its scenery, the greatness of its resources, and the glory of its unparalleled progress in everything grand and good. And they are astonished at the intellectual obtuseness, which fails to see that they are leading the van of civilisation in the world, and which is unmistakably evinced by some of the ridiculously self-complacent nations of the world. But they look forward with a superabundance of joy to the time when such ludicrous obtuseness will vanish into thin air, and the whole world will clearly see the necessity of following their lead. What glorious visions, visions of monarchies converted into republics, and republics clustering around the Great Republic, acknowledging it as their Leader, committing themselves unreservedly to its guidance, and conducted by it to opulence and prosperity, dance before the eyes of their minds as soon as they look forward to the future. The future, then, not the past, is that which brightens the imagination, gilds the fancy and fires the soul of the American. And yet, paradoxical as it may appear, he combines his extraordinary enjoyment of the present and the future with a degree of veneration for the past, by no means inferior to that which characterizes nations which can trace their existence to prehistoric times. Get into the Hall of Independence at Philadelphia, the Hall from the steps of which the Declaration of Independence was read on the 4th of July 1776, and you will see Revolutionary Reliques preserved with the care, and pointed to with the pride, with which the Ethnologist preserves and points to the remains of the Stone or Bronze period, which by the way is often by no means more ancient. Every city in America has its halls of archæology of which its in-

habitants are as proud as the Romans are of theirs, though the contents of these halls do not lead the mind back even to the recent date when Luther was seen rising on his knees the stair-case of Pilate in the neighbourhood of one of the grandest cathedrals of Rome !

7. The other feature of the national character of the Americans to be noticed is their romantic kindness to strangers. This has been an abiding good disposition of theirs, and has perhaps increased with their wealth and prosperity. It was praised by Sydney Smith in his festive style, and it may be praised by the greatest humorist of the day in the same pleasant manner. Americans are justly proud of their boundless hospitality, and the various orders of their society literally vie with one another in showing kindness to strangers. Of this fact I was made sensible by a variety of cheering incidents. On being introduced by a minister to the General in charge of one of the largest, if not the largest, Ammunition Depots in America, he almost instinctively said :—"Sir, you have come from a distant country, and we must offer you the hospitalities of the place." An order was instantaneously issued, and I was conducted through the store rooms, so full of uniforms, arms, insignia, tents &c., forming the boundary apartments of a quadrangle tastefully laid out. I entered a shoe-store at New York, and selected a pair of boots, the price of which was said to be five dollars. I asked if any reduction was made, as in other stores, for preachers of the Gospel. He took my companion aside, had a quiet talk with him, came back, and said :—"I will deduct five per cent for your being a preacher, and five for your being a stranger !" I was shivering in a Railway car on account of a sudden attack of fever. A gentleman saw me in this condition, brought a number of seats together, made a nice little bed for me, asked me to make one of his valises my pillow, and made me as comfortable as under the circumstances I could be. When we both reached our terminus, my kind unknown friend would not even bear to be thanked. He took back his valise, paid me a compliment, say-

ing that from my very look he could find that I was a gentleman, and walked off. I once got into a street car, asked the conductor to have the kindness to show me, a stranger, a particular railway station or "Depot." When I reached the spot, he stopped the car, jumped out, showed me the proper by-path, and then took leave. Innumerable proofs of such kindness were showered down upon me by all classes of people. And it would take a volume to enumerate the varied tokens of kindness lavished upon me in the almost innumerable houses in which I was entertained as a guest, at all times, but specially when I was ill. But American hospitality has a limit; and woe be to you if you are mistaken either for a Negro or even for a Chinaman! I shall have, when speaking of American politics, to refer to the Negro and the Chinese questions; and I shall not prematurely call up *skin* discussions, the keenest of any discussions known to human beings. Let me conclude with the remark of a kindhearted Minister of the Gospel on the subject!—"We are as a nation disposed to be kind to every body but a Negro!"—a remark which elicited from me the response—"just as English people and Americans in India are disposed to be kind to every body but a poor native of India!" The white and the dark man may occasionally *meet* on excellent terms of friendship, but unless radically changed by religious influence of the most potent type, they can not *live* together in peace. And yet the world is said by the optimist to be in a *natural* condition!

THE amount of General Intelligence, intelligence among the lower as well as the higher orders of society, noticeable in America is a marvel, especially to a traveller from a dark Asiatic country. But why talk of orders and grades in a country where "one man is as good as another and a great deal better"? In America there are no boys and girls, and no lower orders of society. No boys and girls! what can my meaning be! why it is simply this—Children, as soon as they can articulate words and talk decently enough, are treated in America as if they were ladies and gentlemen, not girls and boys. In one of the rising cities I visited, and in the house of a kind-hearted, humble-minded minister of the gospel, a little girl, not higher than the table, was introduced to me as Miss So-and-So! and her bearing towards me showed clearly enough that she felt proud of the distinction thus conferred upon her, and was determined moreover to act the part of a lady of calm, dignified manners. Children in America are systematically taught good manners, as well as other more important things; and as a consequence they behave as if they were something more than mere boys and girls. And so children in America are prematurely developed ladies and gentlemen, and the stranger cannot but admire their orderly behaviour, even though he may be disposed to smile at the airs they sometimes put on. In America, moreover, there are no lower orders of society. All are ladies and gentlemen, young and old, rich and poor, the President and his wife in the White House and the humblest cobbler and his own dear *lassie* in a hovel. At a place in the neighbourhood of New York city, I accompanied a gentleman, belonging to a very respectable and influential family, into the workshop of a common Hatter; and the first thing the man did was to stretch out his hand, all smutched, and shake that of my companion with astonishing familiarity. I was then introduced, and the shaking operation was repeated in the same manner. But

this was not all. Pointing to a large, corpulent woman in soiled clothes, engaged in what may be called a dirty portion of the job, her hands all black and her face not free from the black marks of her work, he said, "this *lady* does the cleaning." My oriental, old world sense of propriety was shocked; but I had not been in America long, ere I was forced to acknowledge that if broad intelligence were looked upon as the essence of genteel breeding, the poor day laborers I came across could not legitimately be debarred from its privileges and honors. Nay I may go further and state that the terms, Ladies and Gentlemen, can be much more appropriately applied to many of the representatives of the working classes in America, than to ignorant and conceited dolts who in other countries are never tired of boasting of their pedigree. Of this fact I was assured, while going round a Book Binding Establishment along with a factory girl at Cincinnati. I made her acquaintance in a religious meeting, the singing of which she conducted along with a number of other ladies, and promised to visit her in her factory on the following day. I fulfilled my promise and stood before her while she was engaged, with her apron and sleeves on, dressed in a fashion very different indeed from that in which she had appeared on the previous night, in her humble work of folding up sheets of Newspapers by means of an iron contrivance. She took me round, showed me the various processes of binding, printing, engraving and other work done, and explained each with commendable intelligence. She then introduced me to some of her lady friends engaged as she was; and their conversation, together with their respectable appearance and pleasant and yet refined manners, convinced me that if any young women in this world deserved to be called Ladies, these certainly did. I was surprized, and somewhat humiliated to find among these "factory girls" an amount of intelligence and good breeding I had not noticed among many of my own class, the educated natives of India.

The marvellous measure of intelligence is to be traced to the action of two revolutionizing forces, Schools and Newspapers,

and to these I wish to call attention. I must first speak of schools, the existence of which makes the general appreciation, if not the very existence of Newspapers, a possibility. There is a school in America within the area of almost every square mile of territory in it; and if I had spent my life there I could not possibly have seen all its Educational Institutions. Nor am I in possession of documents, such as may enable me to present a correct estimate of the merits and demerits of the system of National Education, of which the Americans are so justly proud. I can only do one thing, *viz.*, give an idea of the whole by presenting a glimpse of one of its most important parts. I visited the Educational Institutions at Cincinnati, where I spent a month; and as the system at work there may be represented as the grand National System in miniature, the reader will have in my account of what I saw of it a telescope through which he may behold the entire galaxy of schools at work in America to diffuse light and intelligence.

The school system of Cincinnati may be represented as a pyramid rising on a broad basis of primary schools to its crowning apex of a University, which in the variety of the subjects taught, and the strictness of its examinations, is scarcely surpassed by any within the borders of the Union. The Primary, better known by the name of District Schools, are 32 in number, 26 for white children and 6 for the colored. The number of pupils attending these institutions was about the time when I visited them 24,553, males 11,308 and females 10,245. The number of Teachers was 64 males and 452 females, or about 16 Teachers per school, each teaching about 40 pupils on an average. The average daily attendance was about 96 per cent, better than realized in any school in India. These thirty-two schools are each divided into Five Classes called Grades, beginning with H and going up to D the highest. The subjects, taught in Grade H or the last class are Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Spelling, Singing, Grammar Object Lessons and Drawing. Instruction in German is also

imparted when desired, by the parents of the pupils. In Grade G composition is added to these subjects, and in Grade F particular attention is paid to Grammar, as in Grade E Geography is specially taught. In these classes instruction in Grammar and Geography is imparted orally rather than through the medium of text-books. But in Grade D suitable text-books on these subjects are introduced and taught. A great deal of attention is paid in all these classes to Object Lesson, which is nowhere better taught than in American schools, nay, nowhere so well taught as in American schools. You enter one of their class rooms, and you see nice little seats arranged behind nice little tables in rows receding from the doors and terminating where the back wall puts a stop to their backward march, and brings them to a halt. The seats towards the right are perhaps occupied by the boys about 25 in number, while those towards the left are occupied by the girls nearly as many. All the boys and girls are neatly dressed, and presentable, while the whole room with all its appurtenances is a model of neatness, a fact attributable to the arrangements being supervised by Lady Teachers. A pretty broad strip of blackboard goes round the walls, attached thereto, and its glossy black displays in varied forms the skill of the one or two female Teachers standing in front of the pupils seated. On one part you see an excellent map of the Continent of America, or of Palestine drawn, not only with a piece of white chalk, but with pieces of cylindrical colored sticks, to which the blue, and yellow and purple strokes, by which the map before you is beautified, are to be traced. On another part you see some sums of rudimentary arithmetic worked with perfect neatness, the different steps indicated by means of varieties of colors as well as varieties of position. Again on a third you see a nice frog or a pigeon or a lamb drawn with wonderful accuracy, and the object lesson based on one of these pictures carefully taught at a time. The mechanical portion of education is nowhere more carefully supervised or rendered by careful supervision more thoroughly

successful. The samples of writing and arithmetical operations shown are literally marvels of neatness. And progress in this department is secured by no means at the expense of the more intellectual portion of education. The pupils show remarkable smartness in their replies to the questions put; and the useful knowledge with which they migrate from the lower to the higher schools, is in breadth and accuracy superior to what is imparted in our Indian schools of a corresponding grade. Promotion depends on the results of yearly and semi-annual examinations, and a pupil must obtain a fair percentage of marks. I believe 75, in these tests before he or she is promoted. Usually the course is finished in five years, though an unusually bright pupil may be pressed through in four. The school hours are between 9 and 12 noon, and 1-30 and 4 P. M., excepting the Grades G and H, which have short hours. The Session lasts from the first week of September to the last week of June, leaving a holiday of two months annually for mental relaxation on the part of both pupils and teachers, the last by the way, not paid for the interval. There is moreover an age limitation which obviates the inconvenience arising from the disparity in age among the pupils noticeable in Indian Schools. Besides the general subjects taught by the general corps of teachers, there are special subjects taught by a special Professorial and Teaching staff. These are music, drawing, penmanship and German, and trained Professors to supervise these elements of education are appointed.

These thirty-two District schools are feeders to six Intermediate schools, four for white and two for colored pupils. These schools were organized, or at least some of them in 1854 to obviate what in India is called "waste of teaching power," or to secure by a well-devised scheme of centralization a full complement of pupils to each teacher. Before the completion of this organization, sometimes a teacher wasted his strength on a class of only five pupils; ever since, however,

a class with less than forty pupils has been an exception. The number of pupils in these schools, and in the Intermediate Departments attached to some of the District schools, was, about the time when I visited them, 2,003, males 1,008, females 995, taught by about 29 male and 39 female teachers. The course is one of three years, but completed in the case of exceptionally bright pupils in a year and a half; and it includes History, particularly of the United States, Geography including map-drawing, Arithmetic, both mental and written, Algebra up to Equations of the First Degree, Literature, Physics, Book-keeping, and special subjects such as music, drawing, penmanship and German, which last is optional. A great deal of attention is paid to reading, and elocution and declamation are carefully taught. Composition occupies a prominent place in the curriculum. The Intermediate schools are stepping stones to the High schools which are three in number, and which had 849 pupils, 382 males and 467 females, taught by about 14 male and 14 female teachers. The courses are three, each of four years, and are called Classical, Technological, and General. The Classical course consists of Greek, Latin, Algebra, Ancient and Modern History, Grammar, French, Physiology, Drawing, Geometry, Trigonometry, Botany, Chemistry, Music, Physics, Elocution and Composition. The Technological Branches, which are for "specialists," are mathematics in the higher branches, Astronomy, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Chemistry, Metallurgy, Natural History and the ordinary subjects in addition. And the General course embraces German or Latin at the option of the pupil, Algebra, Ancient and Modern History, Physiology, French or Rhetoric (optional) Geometry, Trigonometry or Botany (optional) English Literature, studies of the Constitution of the United States, Chemistry, Mental Philosophy, Surveying, Book-keeping, Drawing, Composition, Elocution, Physical Geography and Physics. Examinations are held, as in Intermediate and District schools, semi-annually and annually, both written and oral; and promotion depends on the attainment by the pupil of a fixed ratio of marks,

about 70 per cent. The High Schools annually send out, upwards of a hundred graduates, either to begin life or to go up to the Cincinnati University of which something will have to be said by and bye. In addition to these there are thirteen night schools at work, which had 2,675 male pupils and 516 females, taught by about 31 male and 35 female teachers. These schools are graded as the High Schools, and have almost the same courses of studies. The centre of all these varieties of schools is the Normal Institute in which 92 young ladies were being trained as Teachers under the guidance of two male and one female teachers. A Deaf-mute school with 50 male and 13 female pupils, taught by two teachers, completes the list of the Public Schools of Cincinnati. Their proverbial efficiency is to be traced to the following facts:—

1. They are placed on a sure financial basis. To render them centres of attraction as well as centres of light no expenditure seems to have been spared. Picturesque sites have been purchased for them, splendid buildings have been raised, furniture of the best kind has been secured, and conveniences, comforts and even luxuries have literally been heaped up. Trained Professors and Teachers have been appointed on a liberal, though not princely, scale of salaries, and officers of various grades below them have also been appointed on a similar scale. And they are all placed under the guidance of a Board of about fifty members, who are represented by a superintendent whose salary amounts to about Rs. 6,000 a year. The salaries of the Female Teachers range between Rs. 1,300 and a little less than Rs. 2,000 a year, and those of male Teachers and Professors from Rs. 2,500 to about Rs. 5,000 a year. The total expenditure of these schools, and of the Public Library attached to them, which had about a hundred and fifty thousand volumes divided into eleven classes beginning with Philology and ending in Polygraphy, was in the year ending August 1879 dol. 74,127,4 40 or about 17 lacs of Rupees, less by only 3 lacs than the entire sum expended for the education of the North West Provinces including Oudh

or of 50,000,000 human beings, the entire population of America. Our Government thinks that it is working stupendous miracles, when actually it does not expend for the education of a population as large as that of the United States so much as Cincinnati with its Public and Private schools, which last will have to be briefly noticed, expends for the education of three hundred thousand people, the roughly estimated population of that city! The schools are well located, well built, well furnished, well officered, well supervised, and well controlled; and hence their astonishing efficiency. With the exception of the High Schools, which are called by the names of the philanthropists by whom they were endowed, and which derive a fractional portion of their support from their endowments, the Public Schools are supported by taxation; and the authorities at Cincinnati never have the presumption to say that they are educating the people "at their expense." Nothing is more fitted to bring a contemptuous smile on our lips than the ludicrous folly with which some Englishmen say, "we are educating the people at our expense" as if the money expended for our education were taken out of their private pockets. A trifling portion of the revenues of the country, is set apart for education, and the pupils educated at properly speaking their own expense or at the expense of the country, are represented as *Eleemosynarists*!

2. Cramming is systematically avoided. Broad culture is the object in view, not mere preparation for an examination requiring a disproportionate development of memory at the expense often of the higher faculties of the mind. The number of subjects is by no means limited, but the number of lessons taught weekly, about 18 in number, or about .3 daily, is by no means large enough to load and encumber the intellect. And besides the subjects themselves are taught in a pleasant, instructive method, not in the vicious mode adopted in our schools here. History for instance is taught through the medium of short, entertaining biographical sketches in of course a chronological order, rather than through a text-book bristling with names and dates crammed into the head

with the help of note-books ten times more repellent, except in size. The imagination is developed and brightened by means of these vivid sketches, as well as by selections of the choicest kind from poetry or general literature. And the habit of private reading is cultivated by "Exercises in General Information" proficiency in which is prized more than the feats of memory to which our Indian graduates owe their splendid success at their examinations, and their ludicrous failure in after life. And lastly to the sterner elements of education, which are shorn of their repulsive character as far as possible, are added the *accomplishments*, music, painting and the other ingredients of æsthetic culture; and the consequence is a pleasant variety rendering transitions from the disagreeable to the agreeable frequent, and thereby making the exercises of school life on the whole delightful.

3. Discipline of the strictest kind is maintained, and that in a very pleasant manner. Every school in America, as almost every refined home, is a house of music and song. Every school has a grand central hall furnished with a sufficient number of seats arranged in front of a platform. The most conspicuous object between the seats and the platform is a grand piano, which sends forth rich strains of music, when the boys are assembled and when they are dismissed daily, besides rendering all grand occasions or "celebrations" unusually festive and attractive. The pupils begin their more or less irksome work, as soldiers begin their butchery in the battle field, amid spirit-stirring music; and they forget their toil when they are marched out amid a repetition of the same treat. The uproar at the commencement and the close of every day's session in Indian schools is not merely unknown in America, but would be regarded as an indubitable proof of untrained savagery. Agreeable breaks in the day's routine work are, as it were, links of discipline, and order is maintained more by kindness than by severity, oftener by fervid appeals to the higher elements of the pupil's nature, than by fearful demonstrations of punitive authority and power.

4. And lastly the schools owe their success to their public character. The American Schools are public in a sense in which Indian schools are not. They are watched over, not only by the Board entrusted with their management, not only by the authorities civic or municipal, but by the people at large, who are more interested in their success than in that of many political institutions, which owe their existence and continuance in life to their joint vote. The examination seasons in these institutions, are seasons of great gathering. The parents of the pupils are invited as well as the members of the Local Press. Professors and Teachers from neighbouring cities and states are also invited; and the results of academic labor are displayed under the public gaze. Concerts are held, such as that in the Music Hall referred to in a foregoing paper, to set forth the skill with which music is taught; pictures drawn by pupils, as well as samples of penmanship, are presented for inspection; orations are delivered and recitations given, all to show that the School Master has not been abroad in vain. And the loud cheering with which proficiency on the part of any of the champions on the stage of intellectual gladiatorship is greeted, is not merely a reward of past labor, but an incentive to future industry and success.

Before I make a few additional remarks on the system of Education, I must notice in a short paragraph the Private Institutions which work side by side in this city with its Public Schools. Foremost among these is the Cincinnati University, which is beautifully situated on a small hill, and which I have taken the liberty of describing as the apex of the pyramidal system of Education at work within the "precincts of the city from which it derives its name. It has a Laboratory, a Museum, an Observatory, and the usual complement of chairs, besides one on pedagogy, a new science almost systematically taught with the help of such books, as "Bain's Education, as a Science" and "Spencer, on Education." The lady element disappears entirely in the Professorial Staff here, and

is far less prominent in the classes than in the schools of which it is the head. Then there are Conventual Schools maintained by the Franciscan Brothers, the Sisters of Mercy, the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, and the Sisters of Charity. There is a grand College also maintained by the Roman Catholics, who, by the way, own the grandest Churches in this, and all the other cities of the Union, their Cathedral at New York being the grandest ecclesiastical building in America. The Cincinnati Wesleyan College for young Ladies is a superb building and has a Drawing Department somewhat like the School of Design attached to the University. The Young Ladies' Institute on Mount Auburn is also a grand building, from the tower of which one could have a complete view of Cincinnati. And the Lane Theological Seminary, consists of clusters of buildings beautifully situated, and is worthily represented by efficient Preachers in America, and able Missionaries abroad. Let me repeat with emphasis that the money expended for the education of the people of Cincinnati, estimated in round numbers at 300,000, exceeds by several lacs the money expended by our Government for the Education of Oudh with its eleven millions, and the North West Provinces with their thirty-eight or forty millions of souls. And yet our Government sanctions its education budgets most reluctantly and grudgingly, and loud cries are raised by senseless writers as a rule against its so-called system of Eleemosynary Education! A child born at Cincinnati can pass through its schools of various grades, go up to its University, and enter the world with all the advantages of a liberal education and broad culture *free of charge*; and he or she would simply look upon the man presumptuous enough to call in question the propriety of educating boys and girls at the expense of the state as only fit for an Insane Asylum!

Before I let fall my concluding observations, I think it advisable to call attention to what may appropriately be called the festive elements of school-life in America. The day I was able to devote to visiting the schools of Cincinnati, under the

guidance of their very intelligent and kind-hearted Superintendent, happened to be very propitious to my object; as the High School pupils were having "a little celebration" in honor of Emerson. They were assembled in a large hall before a long and a pretty high platform, the young gentlemen occupying the seats towards the right and the young ladies those towards the left. Besides the seats occupied by the Teachers and a couple of tables, there were on the platform a large piano, and, I believe, some other musical instruments. The business of the afternoon consisted of a number of solos sung by expert lady and gentlemen singers, a number of selections from the writings of the "Inspired Madman" whose birthday they were celebrating gracefully recited; and a number of orations fitted to raise him to the skies delivered. The Superintendent closed the exercises by making a nice, impromptu speech, in which the main facts of Emerson's life were briefly noticed, and his position as a literary and philosophical writer indicated. Between the exercises of the pupils and the closing address of the Superintendent I was called upon to speak, and my countrymen will be proud to hear, every word I said pierced like an arrow the susceptible hearts of my hearers. When I said that a meeting like that before me could not possibly be convened in our country, the etiquette current in it being dead-set against anything like a free intercourse between the sexes, they felt unusually interested. When, moreover, I said that in India it was not considered respectable to play upon musical instruments and sing in public meetings like the one before me, they thought that I was a wonderful repertory of amusing information. And when I said that in India boys five years old were married to girls three years old, convulsions of laughter were the result, and perhaps the conviction that I had come down from heaven to entertain American audiences. Need I say that the heaven-born orator from "distant Ind," after having presented such interesting items of original information, sat down amid loud and prolonged cheering. If you, dear reader, wish to have

a cheap reputation for oratorical power, go to America, and dwell in the simplest language on the commonest occurrences of your national life.

While at a small, but beautiful town called Bucyrus, I witnessed the Closing, called by a strange anomaly of language, Commencement Exercises of the flourishing High School there. The forms in the big hall, arranged in front of a platform were literally crowded with visitors, well-dressed ladies and gentlemen. The authorities seated on the platform were education officers and the Alderman of the Town, while the seats below the platform immediately towards the right, were occupied by the members of the Town Band. The business commenced with soul-stirring music given by the Band. This over, a lady graduate of rather a slender frame, but amiable features, walked up to the platform, stood before the assembled visitors, bowed gracefully, and delivered a speech of welcome in the style rather affected in vague in America. The speech was a repertory of fine sentiment, and its delivery was accompanied with jesticulations which certainly were graceful, though theatrical. Then came music and song, and then a recitation, and then another oration delivered in a little more affected style by a gentleman graduate, and so on. When the exercises were over, the graduates, eight females and two males, were made to stand in a row on the platform facing the chair occupied by the Alderman or with their backs towards the audience. Short addresses were delivered by the school Master and the Chairman to the graduates, and the diplomas were then distributed to them. The band struck up music, a parting song was given, and the meeting was dismissed;—but before the final parting took place, the heroines and heroes of the afternoon, the graduates, had their hands enthusiastically shaken by the public at large, and their brows encircled, to speak in the American style, with the garlands of praise and congratulation.

I had the privilege of witnessing the varied closing exercises of the Ohio-Wesleyan University at Delaware, a small

town in the state from which that institution derives its name. The first meeting I was present at in this place was that held in the spacious hall of the Ladies' College, attached to the University and forming one of its integral portions. The arrangements were not materially different from those I had noticed elsewhere,—rows of seats, separated by an aisle, and receding backwards from a high and long platform. The Hall was literally crowded, and the music and singing were of the finest kind. Some recitations were given, and the papers read, one of which, that on the Woman Suffrage question, appeared in a foregoing number of the *Bengal Magazine*, were of considerable merit. The diplomas were distributed in the usual manner, and an address to the graduates, delivered by the President of the College, closed the proceedings. Then there was a rush towards the adjoining studio wherein the nice pictures drawn by some of the young ladies were presented for inspection. Two or three days after these proceedings, a grand concert was given by the young ladies in this hall. The audience was as large, and the cheering with which the pieces sung by individual ladies and choirs were received was loud and enthusiastic. One young lady succeeded in cutting a brilliant figure. Her appearance on the platform with her face uplifted and her hair clustering in graceful ringlets around her neck, was a signal for loud cheering, and her sweet voice raised in songs of exquisite pathos extorted loud bursts of applause from the appreciative audience; while the innumerable vestiges of taste and refinement I noticed around me, were a source of agreeable surprise to me, a barbarian from Asia!

The University exercises were more varied, and consisted besides a series of special sabbath meetings, of a Boat-race, Athletic Sports, a Promenade, Exhibition Meetings and a farewell Reception. These I will notice in the order in which they came off. First of all, however, I must speak of the quiet sabbath meetings. The first was a love feast held in the Central Hall of the University, and rendered unusually inter-

esting by the rich talk of the pupils, which showed that the formation of a character of exalted piety was aimed at over and above intellectual culture of the boardest type. The second was a special service held in the Opera-House, the largest hall in the place, presided over by the President of the University, who delivered a sermon directed against Agnosticism, and apparently fitted to vindicate the questionable position that all that man needs to make him happy is belief in the existence of a God, a Moral Government and a Future State of Rewards and Punishments? The President is an able speaker and a good Christian man, and I believe he was obliged by the tenor of his argument to leave unsaid what, if said, would have filled the yawning gaps in his otherwise excellent discourse. In the afternoon in the same Hall a Missionary meeting was convened, and of course the converted heathen within reach was obliged to throw in his talk as a sort of bad interjection between well-cut and well-rounded orations gracefully delivered by ladies and gentlemen of superior education. The Boat-race came off on a fine morning. The Banks of the small river, on which the Town stands, were literally ablaze with groups of gaily dressed ladies and gentlemen, standing with their eyes fixed on its rather stagnant watery surface. On the opposite side stood a band ready to announce victory by sweet strains of music; while the racers were engaged in slowly rowing up their bannered boats towards their starting point. When the rival vessels were ready for a move, the signal was given; and oh! what grand exhibitions of muscular strength on the boats, and what feverish excitement on the banks! All eyes are fixed on the moving vessels, all voice is hushed, and every body is in a trepidation. The boats dart along the waters with extraordinary speed; they almost jostle each other, and the goddess of victory seems to tremble in the balance. The flag of the one seems to have got a few inches beyond that of the other. Marvellous feats of rowing are performed by the apparently defeated party, but all in vain. The forward vessel crosses the terminus line, the by-standers send up peals of applause, the band strikes up

triumphant music, and congratulations flow in thick showers upon the victors from all quarters. Several such attempts are made and then the crowds retire to the University grounds to witness foot-races, high jumps and other varieties of gymnastic exercises. The promenade is thoroughly an American institution, and it is not unlike the pyrotechnic exhibition with which the annual examinations of some schools in Calcutta used to conclude, when Lord Cram did not destroy all relish for healthy sports and amusements in school-going youngmen. The University grounds were brilliantly illuminated by rows of Chinese lanterns flaring along the walks and around the seats and by a grand electric light centrally placed. A booth was raised on one side to offer shelter and sweets to the loungers who might step in for refreshments, of which, in the shape of ice-creams, cakes and fruits, there was a splendid supply at hand. The students, male and female, about to part for the vacation, strolled along the illuminated walks in pairs and in groups, the gentlemen holding the ladies or ladies hand in hand; had their *quantum sufficit* of parting talk; exchanged jokes and reparties which evoked ringing laughter then and there, and were to occasion radiant smiles when recalled amid the plenitude of holiday enjoyment afterwards, and took leave of one another by hearty shakes of hands, and where community of sex or existing relationship justified tender kisses of love. The exhibition meetings were held, in the morning and afternoon of one and the same day under the canopy of the skies, on the grounds, a portion of which was fitted up for the purpose, that is furnished with long rows of seats arranged before a very long and a very high wooden platform. All Delaware was present in its gala dress, the distinguished visitors occupying the seats on the platform and the "smaller fish" occupying seats below. Some of the graduates came forward, one after another, and entertained the audience with essays and orations on the whole well-written and well-delivered. The subjects treated of in these, such as "The Future of Italy," "Fidelity to the Present," "Defects of Philosophy," were fresh, rather than hackneyed,

fitted to concentrate attention on the present, not to bury it with the dead past. A paper on the classics appeared to me particularly sensible, being entirely free from the maudlin sentimentalism which sees nothing but beauty and grace in the literature of ancient Greece, and nothing but deformity in that of modern Christendom. A band was ready to interject sweet music between these demonstrations of scholastic attainment. The graduates stood in two rows before the audience, had a thrilling speech addressed to them by the President, had, moreover, their diplomas handed to them, and retired amid showers of congratulations flowing thick and fast from all quarters. The evening was the time fixed for the President's reception, and a nicely furnished room in the Ladies' college the place. The President's lady was there early to receive the visitors, who were the graduates of the year, the ministers of the Town, the Professors and ladies and gentlemen specially invited. These moved backwards and forwards talking, jesting, laughing amid the freedom of jovial intercourse and refined merriment. Nor, did they even in the midst of such unrestrained hilarity, forget your humble servant, dear reader, who had to stand volley after volley of questions about all sorts of things in his country. "Are you not tired of being made lion of?" asked a kind-hearted young lady. "Madam—they are so kind!" was my simple reply, though I felt disposed to say that I would give anything to be left alone for a few moments. Refreshments in the shape of the inevitable ice-creams, fruits and cakes were brought in, and a very pleasant evening was spent by the graduates, who were perhaps never to come together again within the walls of a College or any other building. No caste distinction between the Professors and the pupils, such as prevent feelings of mutual love and confidence from growing up between Professors and pupils in India, caste-distinction, I mean, religious on the side of the pupils and social and artificial on the part of the Professors!

This is one of the best universities in the West, if not in all

America, and its Professorial staff is adorned by men of profound piety and broad scholarship. One of these may justly be brought forward as one of the highest types of character reared under Christian influence, one of those types which have not their parallel in any non-Christian country, and which therefore are fitted to set forth the infinite superiority of our religion over those, which are sometimes very foolishly represented as its rivals. Imagine a rare combination of intellectual and moral excellence, a man of transcendent abilities and attainments living as near God as it is possible for fallen men to do, meek as a little child, too humble to relish the idea of being called a Doctor of Divinity, too disinterested to think of anything but what is calculated to advance the welfare of his fellowmen, too heavenly-minded to be in any way disconcerted by the crosses and disappointments of life ;—imagine, in a word, a sublime type of piety, learning, meekness, enduring goodness, peace scarcely interrupted, and joy ever glowing; and you have the great and good man who is the brightest ornament of the Professorial staff of the Ohio Wesleyan University, a jewel of surpassing brilliance among jewels. Under the training of men of such breadth of scholarship and depth of piety, men have been brought up who are distinguishing themselves, all the world over, either as ministers or as missionaries, and to whom both Christendom and heathendom are indebted for much of the good work that is now being done within their broad limits. Pious and scholarly men, like our own Doctor Scott of Barclay, are representing the excellence of its system of education, and that of those by whom it is worked out, in heathen lands. Nowhere do we come across so many specialists or men of one idea or rather one line of intellectual pursuits as within the precincts of American or European Universities. With this fact I was never so much impressed as when I had the honor of conversing with some of the Professors of this, and those of the University of Evanston, near Chicago, a University represented by many earnest Missionaries in India. You visit one of these Professors,

and you find yourself in the atmosphere of metaphysical theology, and hear of nothing but predestination, foreknowledge, divine sovereignty, human agency, the self-determining power of the will, or of the prevailing disposition determining it. Go to another, and you hear of nothing but mollusks and vertebrates; while a third is never tired of talking of acotyledons and dicotyledons. These great men live, each in his own atmosphere of thought, buried in their libraries, and far indeed above the level of the low desires and ambitions and activities of mankind in general. Even, when *not* adorned by piety, as the majority of them happily are, they are in the world, but not of the world in one important sense at least!

Now I come to my general remarks on the American system of education. Observe in the first place the *mixed* character of these institutions. They are institutions not for boys and youngmen only, not for girls and young ladies only, but for pupils of both sexes. The female element very nearly balances the male element in Schools of all grades, from those called Primary to those called High; and is overbalanced only in University Colleges. Female pupils beat male pupils in *Æsthetics*, polite literature and in the graces of composition; but they are beaten by their rivals in mathematics and mental philosophy. In the published List of graduates of High Schools, the female element is overwhelmingly preponderant; while in those of Universities it is thrown into the background by the male element. In a word the young of both sexes are brought up together; and nothing I saw in America was to me grander than the assiduity and perseverance with which members of the weaker sex seemed to compete with those of the stronger, not only in schools and colleges, but in the varied walks of life, those only excepted from which they are arbitrarily debarred. But mere sentimentalism must be set aside, and the important question raised—how does this mixture, so to speak, of sexes in public schools work? Doctors in America take different and opposing sides as regards

this problem : and when doctors disagree, who can decide
Some persons, who have had a great deal to do with schools, are loud and emphatic in their condemnation of the system, as on the whole demoralizing ; while others equally well-versed are as loud and emphatic in upholding it as fitted to humanize and exalt all the parties brought under its influence. More reliable opinion can be elicited from the pupils themselves than from the teachers ; and the testimony of two of them with whom I managed to have a talk on the subject, is by no means very favorable. It would obviously be absurd to represent the system as perfectly innocuous. Such a representation would simply be the ascription of perfection to a human institution. That the system occasionally leads to scandals of a serious character may be presumed. Young persons of both sexes cannot be together in class rooms and on pleasure grounds for hours and days and months and years without being tempted to overleap the bounds of propriety, decency, and moral rectitude : and so in American schools, where this phenomenon is realized as nowhere else on the surface of the globe, billets and love letters are exchanged frequently, marriages take place rarely without the intervention of priests and ceremonies, and even scandalous elopements are not unknown. But it must be observed that propriety is the rule and scandal the exception. If the system were now introduced into India, the result would be the reverse of what is displayed on the other side of the Atlantic scandal would be the rule and propriety the exception. Such is the wide gap between the state of morality here and the state of morality there ! In the growth of exalted sentiments of morality, and associations and traditions that make unrestrained intercourse between the sexes in and out of schools a source on the whole of blessing, rather than curse, we see, as in so many other things, the infinite superiority of our religion over those prevalent in heathen countries like our own. Opinion is, however, gravitating towards condemnation on the whole of a system of education, which does not shield parties

inclined to be wild from influences of a demoralizing character ; and so other nations ought to think twice before imitating America in its rage for mixed schools and colleges.

One great defect of American schools and colleges is their tendency to foster an artificial style of speaking and writing. "Babu English" is nowhere in vogue so much as in America, and almost every oration I listened to, and every sermon I heard, reminded me of the fustian which passes for good English amongst our educated countrymen. But "Babu English" is not half so unendurable as the affected, theatrical style of speaking or oratory taught in American institutions. About a quarter of a century ago, we used to hear in Calcutta youngmen delivering what they called "speeches," modulating their voices according to the nature of their deliverances, accompanying their utterances with appropriate gesticulations, and going through in a somewhat sing-song voice what might justly be called theatrical performances. That style of speech-making is now happily out of date ; and a natural tone and earnestness of utterance are taking the place of theatrical accents and rhetorical flourishes. But America in this respect is behind the age, behind even the stage of progress which this backward country has reached under English guidance. There elocution is taught as a science, the pomposity in style and affectation in delivery, from which educated people recoil in horror, are the order of the day. The essays read by young graduates of both sexes, may be brought forward as specimens of bad taste ; and as to the orations,—don't mention them !—they are marvels of affectation both in style and delivery. The young lady speaker modulates her voice, causing it to rise or fall as her argument is sublimated or brought down, and shows her oratorical skill in varieties of gesticulations, now moving her hand, then thrusting forward her right foot, and anon raising her eyes heavenward, as if lifted above herself by some irresistible gush of heavenly feeling. Such gesticulations, however, when accompanying the sweet utterances of a niece-

looking young lady, or even of a nice-looking young man are pardonable; but when a middle-aged speaker of an ungainly exterior and ugly face attempts them, they become positively ridiculous. I was impressed with this fact when I listened in a small town to an oration delivered by a foolish minister of the gospel on the Soldiers' Decoration Day, or the Day when flowers and garlands are formally scattered over the graves of those patriots, who died in the last war, fighting for the restoration of the Union to its pristine glory. A man of dwarfish stature, somewhat corpulent, with a huge protuberance beneath his chin, was the orator; and he simply made himself ridiculous. He changed his voice about a dozen times, causing it to range between the low notes of sorrow and the glad swell of victory and triumph,—he went through a series of gesticulations seen nowhere outside the stage of a third-rate theatre,—he stooped, he crouched, he stretched himself forward, he heaved backward, he walked to and fro, he stamped on the floor; in a word he did what would in England have led to his being hissed off the platform. But if these orators were to confine theatrical performances to the school-platform and occasions like the one on which this gentleman distinguished himself, much mischief would not be done. But they sometimes carry them to the pulpit, and sermons are sometimes converted into exhibitions of mimicry and tom-foolery. "Why are so many Americans prone to waste their strength on mere rhetoric and show?"—I once put this question to an able preacher who seemed averse to this sort of eloquence. His reply was characteristic—"An average American congregation like these things." America needs at least half a century of training to come up to the standard of excellence attained by youngmen in Cambridge and Oxford,—youngmen who are systematically taught to avoid all ostentation and pedantry, never to make use of a superfluous word, and never to bring in an irrelevant thought. But these youngmen, whose sermons are short and sweet, perfect models of good taste and sound logic, can

not influence the masses, who long for a little of that rhetoric and that digression, which they scrupulously avoid. Hence their preaching is not accompanied with results which ranters secure by a turgid style, incongruous metaphors and harsh transitions. What are they to do? Are they to come down and pander to the vitiated taste of their audiences? This their education makes it impossible for them to do ; and hence they must embrace the ranting fraternity as their allies, and not look down upon them. The time will come, when ranters will be exposed, and their excellence perceived but till such time come they may, and, I think should try and steer a middle course between the theatrical displays of American oratory and that standard of practical eloquence which is a little too lofty for ordinary people.

SOCIAL LIFE IN AMERICA.

It is desirable to set forth the effects of the comprehensive system of national education described in our last paper as embodied in social life in America. It is certainly a fact that social life in a country is the resultant of a great variety of forces, not merely of those at work in its educational institutions; but it must be confessed that it receives its color and complexion more from its general system of education than from any one thing or any dozen things put together that can be named. Take for instance, a country like America, which can justly boast of a system of education more comprehensive than what is carried out in the most advanced of the other civilized countries in the world. Its social life is the outcome of all the moral forces at work within its precincts,—its current traditions and associations, its religion, politics, principles of moral excellence and ideas of etiquette. But all these forces are found in miniature, so to speak, in its all-embracing system of education, and so its social life may in one sense be represented as the result of that system. At all events it is desirable, after having feebly attempted to give an insight into its nature, to pause and set forth its influences in the type of social life of which it is the main, if not the sole, productive cause. But before its results, as thus embodied, are set forth, let us make one or two preliminary observations. The first refers to the great importance attached to technical education in America. An American gentleman's education is scarcely considered completed till he has learnt a trade. The industrial element in education is almost as highly prized amongst our Trans-Atlantic brethren as it was amongst the ancient Jews, who had amongst them a proverb to the effect, that if a father neglected to teach his boy a trade his guilt was as great as if he had made him a thief! Some of the Missionaries, who have come out to our country from America, are men of superior education; but amongst them one scarcely comes across a

person who can not make good chairs and tables as well as write good sermons and lectures; while regarding a few American Missionaries it may justly be said that the chairs they make are decidedly better than the sermons they deliver. To their admirable appreciation of technical education, and practical arrangements for diffusing such education, are to be ascribed some of those grand elements of the national life of the American people to which we shall have to refer by and bye. Meanwhile let us observe in the second place that the intelligence spread by the educational institutions of America, both public and private, is broadened, if not deepened, by its wonderfully productive journalistic Press. No country on the surface of the globe is so rich in Newspapers and Periodicals as America. The papers of "the day" or of "the hour"—as several editions of some of the big newspapers are issued in the course of a day—are to be seen here, there, everywhere; in street-cars, railway carriages, petty shops, grand stores, ordinary dining saloons, magnificent hotels,—in public houses of all descriptions as well as in almost every private house. And they spread not only current news, but information on almost all conceivable subjects; insomuch that persons, who are immersed in business, and who therefore can not read anything else, derive from their contents a great deal of general knowledge and pass for *savants*, even among individuals distinguished by breadth of scholarship. But it must be confessed, and it is confessed even by sensible editors in America, that in this quality, that is in its fitness to diffuse general knowledge, its Newspaper and Periodical Literature is behind that of other civilized countries, specially Great Britain. But American papers beat their rivals in other countries in the excellency of their arrangements for collecting and circulating news of the freshest kind. Each of them has, not only a batch of editors determined to make the best of the materials placed at their disposal, but a host of reporters, who move heaven and earth, and would, if necessary, go down to hell to glean items of news fitted to edify or vivify

its readers. And the proprietors, be it mentioned to their praise, never spare themselves the expenditure, or any portion of the expenditure needed to crown their journalistic enterprizes with complete success. Telegraphic wires, for instance, are as a rule resorted to, at what can not but be represented as a great cost, not only for the purpose of transmitting items of important news, but even for the purpose of flashing backwards and forwards short notices of meetings of all descriptions, scientific, literary, social, religious, as well as political, and abstracts of the speeches delivered therein. On a Sunday afternoon I delivered a discourse on mission work in India in the Opera House at Delaware or in a large meeting of the Professors and Pupils of its University, as well as of its inhabitants : and on the following Monday very early I read a short notice of it in the paper which came from Cincinnati !

The " Editor's Devil" is a redoubtable personage everywhere, but specially such in America. His obtrusiveness and impudence are proverbial ; but the amount of brass he displays in the States is surprisingly fearful. The stories I heard of the audacity with which he trenches upon the sacredness of private life, and publishes what ought always to lie concealed took me by surprise. A lady for instance once gave a private reception for the entertainment of a few select friends, and of course made some special arrangements for it. A Newspaper reporter stepped into her house, and expressed a wish to see her. He was ushered into the parlour fitted up for the approaching reception, and, before the lady appeared within its walls, he made out an inventory of all the articles of furniture before and behind him. He managed also to note down the names of the principal guests before he left. Who can describe the lady's chagrin when, on the morning following the night of reception, she saw in paper a detailed account of what she had looked upon as a strictly private affair ? No sphere of life is too sacred for the redoubtable reporter, nothing too private for him. He would proclaim from the housetop the

secrets poured by the husband into the ears of his wife, if he could by any contrivance get hold of them? And as to public speakers, they are entirely at his mercy. He never dreams of reporting their speeches exactly as they are delivered, except of course when they chime in with his own whims and crotchets, as they rarely do. He not only mis-hears, and unconsciously misrepresents; but he sometimes, if not invariably, modifies the speeches made by weeding out what appears to him objectionable and putting in what he thinks should have been said, or by carefully performing the work of excision and interpolation. If you, dear reader, ever go to America, and speak in public meetings, let me advise you most earnestly never to allow Newspaper reports to disturb your equanimity. Be sure that these reports have been in all cases, and will be in yours, coloured by the variable and changing humors of the reporter. If he is in a pleasant mood, all is right,—your features are handsome, your gesticulation graceful, your delivery admirable, your language astonishingly correct, and your sentiments fresh and stirring. But woe be to you if the reporter happens to be in bad humour—then you are almost as dark as a Negro, your accents foreign, your language in some portions of your discourse, if not throughout, rather dark and unintelligible, and your ideas stale and uninteresting! It must however be admitted that as a rule this formidable authority is disposed to be generous towards foreigners,—to puff them up by fulsome adulation, rather than to mortify them by slashing criticism. But the amount of cheek he shows at times is really astonishing. In a large meeting at Philadelphia a reporter came to me after I had given full exercise to my lungs in an hour's talk on an Indian topic, and in an imperious tone asked me to sit down and dictate to him the heads of my discourse. I was tired, and I respectfully declined to obey his mandate. "How is your speech to be reported?" he asked in a somewhat excited tone. That I respectfully submitted was his look-out not mine. "You *must* sit down and give me the heads of your discourse : I can not go to the

Editor with empty hands !” This I thought was too much of a good thing ; but I was a stranger in a strange land, and so I humored the fellow, and got rid of him as quickly as I could. This was by no means the worst piece of effrontery I came across, or had to swallow quietly in the States. In a railway carriage I had to maintain my gravity in the teeth of a bit of impudence decidedly cooler and more ludicrous. A Book-vendor brought me a copy of a railway guide book, and after a little parle sold it for 50 cents. After, however, I had purchased the book, I saw the price marked on the title page—25 cents ; and so when the honest vendor returned I asked him if he had sold me the book for 50 cents. And on his indicating assent by a nod, I pointed out the price marked : he saw no way of escape, and so he returned the balance, and tried to convince me by a long private talk that the fault was mine, not his ! I of course penitently acknowledged my fault and expressed humbly a determination never to commit it again. The honest lecturer smiled, and left me in the arms of genuine repentance to mend and turn a new leaf in future !

Now let me come to the apparent influence of the system of education carried out in American schools and helped forward by American papers and periodicals on social life in the States. To this on the whole salutary influence must be traced that wonderful ingenuity of which traces and vestiges innumerable the traveller finds himself surrounded by as he travels from city to city or place to place in America. The Americans bring trained intelligence into the sphere of the trades, have proper ideas of the dignity of labor, and are never ashamed to work with their hands. Hence their forwardness in ingenuity, and the development of the useful arts amongst them. In our country the trades are left in the hands of uneducated people, labor is held in contempt, and respectable people would sooner be seen begging than working with their hands. Hence our notorious backwardness in these excellencies.

The caste system, together with the false notions of respectability to which it has given birth and almost universal currency, has invariably been made answerable, and justly so, for our national immobility specially in the sphere of the arts. But there is one cause of our backwardness in this respect to which sufficient prominence has not been given—I mean the crushing poverty of the country. America is emphatically a land of plenty, and its people have enough to eat and therefore strength to work and think. A lady once humorously said that it was not necessary for me in America to be afraid to eat a hearty meal, as people there had as a rule enough and to spare ! They could scarcely believe when I told them that there were in our own country millions of people who, in the opinion of an observant and philanthropic Government Officer, could with difficulty get one meal of the coarsest kind in forty-eight hours ! When this tremendous fact was brought to the notice of a shrewd general and statesman in America he almost involuntarily exclaimed—"Your people can make no progress under the circumstances : the best thing they can do is to die !" It is the fashion in these days with a class of writers to get up an agitation in favor of technical education, and to castigate the educated natives with remorseless severity for not taking to the trades as kindly as to comfortable berths in the Public Service. These writers certainly deserve praise for the persistency with which they speak in favor of what cannot but be looked upon as a needed reform. But they allow their enthusiasm to blind them to the existing conditions of the country, and to lead them, thus blinded, where they ought not to go. The prosperity of the useful arts in a country presupposes a large amount of wealth and a high stage of civilization within its borders. Civilization must first create a number of wants, which are not known to barbarians, and then develop resources fitted to ensure their legitimate supply, and when the wants have been created, and the resources developed, the arts will necessarily thrive. In India the necessities of civilized life have not been conjured

up except in a very narrow circle; nor has that profusion of wealth which is needed to slake a general thirst for superfluities and refinements been realised; and consequently a general devotion of national energy to the cultivation of the useful and ornamental arts, such as we notice in Europe and America, would be premature. The trades in India do not pay, except within very narrow circles, wherein a demand for the refinements of life is happily created, and wherein the amount of wealth fitted to meet that demand has been realised. If, for instance, our M. As and B. As were to give up *en masse* their almost universal scramble or scarch after the loaves and fishes of the Government service, and take to making chairs and tables or spoons and forks, what would be the consequence? Their manufactures would not find a market in the country or out of it, and they would simply have to bemoan their folly amid the horrors of starvation. The country is poor, and the wants of Indian life are few; and this is one main reason why our national ingenuity lies completely dormant. Let us denounce the cast-system in the strongest terms possible, along with the false notions of respectability which have emanated from it;—but let us not forget that a great deal of the state of backwardness, in which the trades confessedly are in the country, is to be traced to its crushing poverty.

But we must return to our text—the effects of the American system of education noticeable in social life in the States. The most prominent among these are the habits of industry noticeable in American homes as well as in the busy marts, where they are specially noticed. American gentlemen, and even American ladies of superior education, are not ashamed to work with their hands. At Cincinnati I stopped in the house of a gentleman, who was fast becoming, if he was not already a millionaire, and who was the owner of a large soap concern. One evening I walked into his factory, and I was surprized to see his grown-up sons, who had received a splendid education, and had completed it, orthodox-fashion,

in extensive European tours, superintending its business in blue jackets, and working with their own hands when necessary without the slightest hesitation. One night "the alarm clashed", indicating fire in the quarter of the town in which this factory was situated; and who can describe the eagerness with which the whole party, the father and sons hastened to the spot, threw down their coats, took up lanterns in their hands, and appeared ready for the emergency which, however, disappeared almost as soon as it appeared in consequence of the rapid approach and vigorous action of a couple of fire-engines! At Delaware I stopped in the house of a gentleman who had served as a military officer, as well as in the capacity of a secretary, under General Grant, and who in consequence was one of the most respected of the inhabitants of that small town. One day I was surprised to see his eldest boy, a young man of about twenty, engaged for hours in mowing an extensive field with a big scythe, and removing the grass thus heaped up, with the help of his brother, to his father's stables. Young men of the highest families, excepting in the South, where notions of etiquette similar to those current in our country obtain, devoting the bulk of their time to study, and their leisure hours to manual labor of a productive stamp appeared ordinary phenomena in the places I visited. Nay youngmen of respectable families did not seem unwilling to oblige their guests by doing such menial work for them as brushing their shoes &c. Respectable men there make no more ado about working with their hands than we make here about eating with our fingers, the well-known and universally utilized spoons and forks of Adam and Eve. Nor are respectable ladies behind their male competitors in this matter. They work with their hands as cheerfully, and with as much honest pride. Nothing indicates the difference between the ideas of the dignity of labor current in America, and those current even in civilized England, than the following anecdote related to me by a very respectable American lady. An American lady was spending a season of recreation

in England, where she came across a refined English lady who took pains to describe a high-born English lady as a person who would never condescend to work with her hands. The Trans-Atlantic sister almost impatiently exclaimed,—“We have such ladies in America, but we call them *tramps*!” I saw refined ladies working in the kitchen or at the wash-tub, or obliging their guests by doing menial work for them, not only without a blush, but with honest pride. It must be admitted that the conditions of their social life demand peremptorily the currency and prevalence of such ideas of the dignity of labor. It is no joke to have a servant in America, a person being called upon to spend about 30 or 40 Rs. a month for a maid and about 50 or 60 Rs. for a male servant; and where labor of all kinds is dreadfully dear, ideas of respectability fitted to raise it above contempt necessarily prevail. How very different are conditions of life here, and how completely American ladies and gentlemen give up their habits of industry and bow to the fashion of all lounge and no manual work as soon as they come to this country! Man is emphatically a creature of circumstances: and if only the conditions of our country could be transferred to America, ideas of respectability, very different indeed from such as make an educated lady proud of her work, when she is actually engaged in washing the panes of the windows of her house, sweeping its floor, or in acting the part of a waitress to her guests assembled along with her male relations around her dining table, would prevail! And so our censors have no right to take us to task for our national aversion to manual labor!

The freedom of intercourse between the sexes, another effect of the system of education in vogue, would appear a marvel to persons, who like our countrymen are accustomed to see their female relations safely lodged in iron chests. Girls and boys, young ladies and gentlemen, nay older ones of both sexes have their sports and amusements together, are seen dancing together in ball rooms, walking together on side-

walks, sporting together in parks, fishing together on the margin of small sheets of water, and boating together on the bosom of extensive lakes. Scarcely a meeting, religious, literary or convivial, comes off wherein the sexes are not seen talking, laughing, jesting together;—scarcely a public place, a hotel or a dining saloon or an ordinary store or a big warehouse where this by no means repulsive spectacle is not presented. While in fashionable places of resort, theatres and operas, one is sure to be dazzled by grand exhibitions of the beauty, taste and adornments of either of the sexes, as well as astonished by the unrestrained freedom of the intercourse maintained between both. Nor is the slightest fear entertained as a rule as to the foreseen consequences of such almost boundless intercourse. Things, such as would create, a horror in India, are taken coolly there. In a public resort where the persons assembled of both sexes as usual were promenading along illuminated walks, I asked a very respectable gentleman to tell me where his son was and received from him the strange reply—"I don't know: the last time I saw him, he was after a young lady!" This youngman was simply a student, and yet not the slightest fear was entertained by his parents even when they saw him running, albeit with honorable motives, after a young lady with their own eyes. He would in India be made the butt of a tremendous lecture, and confined within a narrow cell under his father's roof till unmistakable signs of repentance had convinced his guardians of the utter impossibility of his repeating the offence. At a public table a young lady used to sit between two youngmen, and of course to exchange flashes of wit right and left. Another lady, who occupied a conspicuous position at some distance, and who needed help, being unable single-handed to reply to the volleys of pleasantries aimed at her, said to her in my presence:—"Why don't you come up to my rescue?" "Why?" was her reply "do you expect me to give up my two youngmen?" If a young woman here had spoken in this strain, what would have been her fate? She would, though only guil-

ty of making use of a pleasantry, have been thrown into a well, and the shaft closed up with heaps of rubbish, and crowned with a pillar fitted to repeat the warning —Remember Lot's wife!—in the hearing of distant generations! To touch "another man's wife" is a sin in India,—not to touch a woman under particular circumstances is a sin in America. It is ungentlemanly or positively ungallant not to offer your arm to a lady while walking along with her; while not to stretch out your helping hand to a lady when she stands in need of it would simply lead to your being looked upon as a savage. To hand a lady is the privilege of her superiors or equals in rank; but to extend a helping hand is a universal privilege or one enjoyed and availed of by all sorts of men having of course brave hearts and brawny arms. What would a full-fledged M. A. of the Calcutta University think if a Police Constable were to pass his manly arm around the thin waist of his wife, and conduct her with devotion from one side of a dangerously crowded road to another? Or what would his humbler brother, the typical B. A., think if his sister passing through the budding glory of "sweet seventeen" were helped down the giddy stair-case of a huge vessel by the right hand of a rough sailor supporting her in a manner not unknown to him! Ladies elbowed in the streets, ladies squeezed through crowds blocking up the doors of theatres and operas,—it will be long indeed before our notions of etiquette will tolerate such spectacles, common in America, common throughout Europe, in India!

The modest yet daring enthusiasm with which the members of the weaker sex fight the battle of life side by side, or rather in competition with the stronger sex is perhaps the most glorious fruit of the system of education in vogue in America. Nothing I saw in that distant land extorted my admiration so decidedly as this enthusiasm, it being a phenomenon new to me, or so very different from anything I had seen in my life-time. One sees it in operation in the Schools and Colleges, wherein under its influence ladies work as earnestly and as persistently as the strongest of our sex, or

work till the bloom of health on their cheeks fades into death-like paleness. It is seen at work in public offices, such as the great Treasury office at Washington, wherein ladies show a measure of business ability of which the first rate business man of a first rate business establishment might be proud; in manufactories where in processes needing delicate and skilful manipulation they even surpass their competitors of the stronger sex while in nothing they lag behind; in Public Libraries the business of which they seem to have monopolised so decidedly that a male Librarian is as strange a creature in America as a female book-keeper in India: in stores, big and small, wherein their aptitude to attract customers and make bargains is obviously prized more than that of male shop-keepers;—in a word in abodes of learning, houses of business, palaces of manufacture, hives of industry, marts of commerce, here, there, every where we see our delicate sisters abreast of the strongest and bravest of our sex in the race for the great prizes of life. And in the abodes of pleasure, such as theatres, operas, concerts; their pre-eminence is universally recognized. American ladies are not so helpless as our sisters here. These are utterly helpless and must be supported either by their parents or by their husbands, or by their children or by their relations more or less distant. Their support must come from *without*, they being as a rule incapable of earning their livelihood by honest labor; and to them marriage is a necessity as great as a situation is to a needy applicant. The alternatives before them are marriage or starvation, and it is a fortunate circumstance that matrimonial arrangements are made for them even before they are able to think. The prospect before our sisters of respectable standing in society is a dreary season of dependence or premature death brought on by starvation silently endured in the dungeons of the zenana. Who can calculate the number of respectable females who being cut off from all sources of support, and unable to support themselves by their own exertions literally perish amid the horrors of starvation in the seclusion of abodes the privacy of which can not

be violated even in seasons of famine and pestilence ! What a relief to turn from this gloomy picture to the condition of women in progressive America ! There women have something very different indeed from a life of perpetual dependence before them. They have by their industry and perseverance opened varied spheres of useful toil before them, and when necessary they earn their livelihood with as exhilarating a sense of independence as is the privilege in our country only of educated men in respectable circles, and the hardy laborer out of them. They distinguish themselves as teachers in public schools, clerks in public offices, book-keepers in mercantile "Houses," librarians in libraries and book-stores, skilful workers in manufactories, and operatives in busy hives of industry. And they are opening even grander spheres of usefulness before them. The doors of one of the learned professions they have opened as it were by force, and lady doctors are in cities, and towns, large and small, enjoying a celebrity which their male competitors would gladly have. The sacred Professorial Chair has been taken possession of by learned ladies, and the platform often resounds with their eloquence. The Pulpit, the hustings, the senator's cushioned chair and the representative's, scarcely less honored seat—all will before long lie as conquered territory beneath their feet. For they are as a rule following the right method of obtaining rights and privileges from which they have been on the whole unjustly debarred. Excepting a few noisy agitators whose conduct tempts an array of sarcasms by no means complimentary, they are trying to rise, not by means of turbulent demonstrations, but by quietly proving their fitness to do so. By admirable industry and perseverance for the possession of which they never before got credit, they have been, demonstrating their fitness for the posts from which they were excluded : and these in consequence have been one after another thrown open to them. One of the instances of such commendable persistency I came across in a Book Bindery at Cincinnati. A young lady therein had by devoting five years

of intense application mastered a species of steel engraving, and opened a career of skilful industry before her sisters. In the higher departments of life cases of quiet and persevering toil crowned with brilliant success are too numerous to be referred to in detail. American ladies know their position, know very well that they cannot fight, and compel their opponents at the point of the bayonet to give them equal rights; and so they try to obtain them by quietly proving their fitness for them. And their gentle policy has been crowned with remarkable success. One by one the varied doors of useful toil, preferment and honor have been opened, and the few still closed will before long yield, so to speak, to the irresistible logic of proved ability and obvious fitness. Their success is calculated at first sight to animate us, Indians or Indian subjects of the British Empire, with hope. We can not fight, and compel our rulers to grant us the privileges to which we have an inalienable right, and the only way in which we can obtain them is not by getting up clamorous demonstrations, but by quietly exhibiting our fitness for them. But the cases are very different indeed. Because beautiful ladies, obtain by means of the resistless argument of gracefully proved fitness certain desirable rights and privileges from their husbands and brothers, are we, black devils, to succeed in our necessarily rougher encounters with persons, who from the pedestal of their real and fancied superiority look down upon us as inferior animals? The best thing *we* can do is to die!

A word about the Woman's Rights women in America may here be appropriately said. Every body is aware of the dashing torrents of sarcasm poured every where on the devoted heads of these poor women. *Punch's* cartoons fitted to occasion a laugh at their expense have for a long time past been the theme of many an after-dinner talk or pleasantry. "Are you a Woman's Rights woman, Madam"? asks a burly usher. "Yes" replies a neatly dressed lady with a countenance bespeaking a decision of character by no means feminine, "Then please sit amongst men!" was the curt and incisive

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reply. "Are you a woman's rights woman, Madam?" the question is put under similar circumstances to a similarly looking lady. "Yes" is her reply, "Then please stand among men: the chairs are reserved *only* for ladies!" Jokes innumerable of this description have been cracked at the expense of the progressive "blue-stockings" who in America specially are agitating for the extension of the suffrage to them, along with certain other privileges from which they have been unjustly debarred. And it is a matter of fact that they are not popular even among their own sisters on the other side of the Atlantic. Ladies as a rule, specially those who may be represented as relics of a by-gone school of belief and thought, are opposed to their position and attitude, and their efforts do not by any means elicit feelings of gratitude even among those whom they are so well fitted to benefit. But there is properly speaking nothing strange in the attitude they assume. On the contrary their position is the legitimate outcome of the condition of things in their native land. They compete with the male sex with commendable success in many of the varied walks of life; and they march alongside of their stronger competitors up to an arbitrarily fixed line, but when this terminus is reached they are forcibly brought to a halt. Under such unreasonable restraints they show, and cannot but show an impatience similar to what our educated countrymen show when the ruling powers seem determined to check, their natural rise from a lower to a higher order of appointments. The policy of communicating an impetus to the human mind, and then checking its onward march by a line of demarcation arbitrarily drawn, is a mistake both in the case of males and females. It is creating heart-burnings and disaffection here among educated natives, and feelings by no means of the most amiable type among our progressive sisters on the other side of the Atlantic. The difference however is obvious. American ladies will before long triumph; the inevitable results of "the situation" will be displayed; and they seen marching victoriously alongside of their defeated

but generous rivals in the few walks of life from which they are excluded arbitrarily, rather than reasonably. The hustings will before long resound with the eloquence of lady candidates, the congress will see lady members engaged along with those of the stronger sex in legislating for the good of their beloved country, and lady statesmen—shall we say stateswomen? vying with statesmen of the rougher sex in pushing forward its executive business in its varied important departments. Their possession of the privileges they are agitating for is only a question of time, but as to ourselves, the best thing we can do is to die !

Let me mention in this connection that I had not the privilege of coming across many Woman's Rights women in the new world ; but I did meet one here and there, and intercourse with the few, I came across, convinced me of the general accuracy of the principles they are striving in a quiet, rather than tumultuous manner, to have recognized. One very intelligent lady I saw in one of the progressive New England States left a very favorable impression upon my mind. She listened with very great interest to what I said regarding the condition of her sisters in India, and when about to take leave she said :—“When you introduce reforms for the benefit of our suffering sisters in your country, do not be content with half measures : we are by no means so well off as you think, the best of the universities of the country, Harvard, is not open to us, and the best of careers closed against us !” Intimately and almost indissolubly connected with this question, I mean the woman's suffrage question, is another even more vexed and less likely to be settled soon, the woman's ordination question. An attempt was made to have it debated in the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the North ; but it was defeated by what may be called the silent conservatism and the ill-concealed fear of the majority of its members, and specially of its Bench of Bishops. The Conference, however, sustained a defeat in a matter affecting the rights of women in the Church, rather than in the state. Miss Willard, the great

temperance lady, who is one of the two brilliant female orators whose fame the best specimens of Parliamentary eloquence in and out of America cannot eclipse, appeared in conference as a fraternal delegate, and the question on the tapis was whether she was to be received with due formality, and allowed the privilege of addressing the members from the platform occupied by the presiding Bishops. An animated debate was the result, but the marked conservatism of the Body had to yield ; and a resolution allowing her the privilege of speaking for ten minutes was carried in its teeth. The worthy lady however gracefully declined to avail herself of what she called "the hard-earned ten minutes," and so we lost a grand opportunity of hearing one of the two most finished lady speakers in America, the speaker one of whose orations was pronounced by one of our venerable Bishops in my hearing "one of the finest and best he had heard in his life-time."

The mention, incidental though it is, of the greatest lady champion of the cause of temperance in America leads me by natural transition to speak of the varied careers of philanthropy which educated ladies there, those of them specially who do not find it necessary to earn their livelihood, have opened for themselves. If the enthusiasm of ladies in the sanctuaries of liberal education extorts our admiration, their intense activity in the sphere of humanitarian self-sacrifice calls forth our veneration. This feature of female progress was incidentally alluded to in a former paper, and will have to be taken notice of in a coming number of the *Magazine* ; and so it may here be dismissed with the remark that in the varied departments of philanthropic toil, as in almost all the walks of life, ladies may be seen working side by side with the members of the stronger sex, or engaged with them in mitigating human distress, alleviating human sorrow, and calling wanderers living in sin and shame back to the sheltered fold and the loving Shepherd. Go to a missionary meeting, and you are sure to see amongst its great champions a few ladies of eminent piety and broad philan-

thropy stirring up missionary zeal either by public speeches or, as is oftener the case, by private efforts, and swelling missionary collections by personal benefactions or those obtained through their instrumentality. Go to a Sunday school, and you will find almost the greater portion of the good work done in it in the hands of ladies, young and old, married and unmarried, who, not only do not receive any remuneration for their toil, but give their money as systematically, and as often as what may be called their teaching ability. Go to a Work-house, a Penitentiary or a Hospital, and one of the most prominent things you notice is the enthusiasm with which ladies appear engaged in charming away pain and distress, and trying to bring in under God's blessing genuine peace and holiness. The talents locked up in the female head, and the susceptibilities concealed in the female heart are unfolded and utilized as decidedly as those of the male head and the male heart. This is perhaps the highest glory of America; and in this respect its progressiveness is a contrast to our backwardness. We fail to develop and utilize the vast resources of our country; and we never dream of developing and utilizing the intellectual and moral resources buried in the Zenana. Oh what a waste here! The intellect and the moral power of the lower orders of society or the bulk of the population of the country wasted, together with the intellect and moral power of *all* its female inhabitants! What wonder the country is poor, wretched and degraded!

I have little space left for enlarging upon the influence of the system of education so often referred to on domestic life in America. That system, as has already been mentioned, has its defects as well as its excellencies, being on the whole more brilliant than solid in its results. When separated from genuine piety, as it unhappily is in most cases, it brings forward results of a very questionable nature within the sanctuary of domestic life. American ladies under its influence become lovers of dissipation rather than of domestic felicity. They have indeed "elegant" homes for

purposes of ostentatious display ; but they properly speaking have their meals in hotels, and live in houses of pleasure. They of course get married as soon as they possibly can, but they deliberately thrust aside many of the salutary restraints which married life is calculated to bring upon them. And they literally curse themselves, their husbands and all associated with them, besides heaven, earth and hell, when they have children, because the mischievous little ones stand so decidedly in the way of their devotion to out-door sports and amusements. And as to the idea of *obeying* their husbands, they laugh at and scowl upon it with supreme contempt. In this however they are backed by the worthiest and the most pious of American ladies, so much so that ministers have as a rule had to strike the words "obey you" out of the marriage service. "I would not marry, if I were compelled to repeat those obnoxious words," said a young lady of an exceedingly amiable disposition in the presence of her father, a venerable minister of the Methodist Church, and her mother, a mother in Israel. The father said, half seriously and half-playfully, that he had given up compelling brides to repeat those words, as he did not like to make them utter lies under the most solemn of circumstances, for even when they did promise obedience, they never fulfilled their promise ! But all ministers are not so sensible. Some display a sort of savage delight in compelling the ladies to be wedded to repeat with emphasis the obnoxious monosyllables. But the ladies are quite a match for them. One of those over-orthodox ministers assured a young lady about to be married by him that he was determined to make her repeat the words "obey you" most distinctly. She quietly said he would be disappointed. The ceremony began, and when the objectionable words had to be repeated by her, she said—"New York *Bay you*," the first two words inaudibly, and the last two distinctly. The religious ceremony over, the social one of cutting cakes began. The Minister with an air of triumph spoke of his success ; but he had to hang down his head when the trick by which he had been victimised was

diselosed by the victorious bride ! In another matter there is not much difference between the best and worst ladies in America. The husband's right to prevent the wife going out when she chooses to do so is pooh-poohed by all classes of ladies in America, good, bad and indifferent. A Doctor of Divinity playfully said of a minister in the presenee of his wife—"Mr. A does not allow Mrs. A to go out at all"! Mrs. A's reply was eharacteristic—"When Mrs. A wishes to go out, she *goes*!" In so simple an affair anything like what Americans are led by their notorious love of abbreviation to eall "permit" is not needed. Indeed one of the staple pleasures of American ladies, speeially wives, is "marketing," and as soon as the first portion of their daily domestie work is over, you see them going with nice little baskets in their hands towards the well-stored bazars and shops, ehatting all the way to and fro, and reereating themselves by seeing the rarities of the world tastefully arranged. They would no more allow their husbands to rob them of the pleasure of a loitering walk along streets skirted by lines of glorious shops, or a lounge amid groups of beaux and belles in a publie park, than our oetogenerian female devotees would allow their grand children to deprive them of the privilege of visiting well-known plaees ef pilgrimage !

But when eonjoined with piety of a genuine type, the system gives birth so to speak to homes in the glory of which you see one of the grandest trophies of Christianity. It is not possible for me to present in the fag-end of an artiele a glimpse of the many bright homes into which I had an insight in the eourse of my travels in America and Europe. Let me however call attention to a couple of them, one of modest competence and the other of crushing poverty. In one of the few out-of-the-way towns I visited, I had the privilege of being a guest in one of the most glorious homes of Christendom, the home of an intelligent and devoted Minister of very moderate means indeed, but of a large heart. His family consisted of a wife, a mother indeed in Israel, a grown up

daughter accomplished in the best sense of the term, one of more tender age, and a lad of about seventeen, the very type of courtesy and good manners. His manse a modest structure of durable wood consisting of a couple of upper rooms and a few lower ones with a subterranean cellar appeared a model of neatness, the floors neatly tapestried, the ceilings and walls covered with many-colored paper, and the apartments tastefully furnished. The wife seemed determined to live for the good of the husband and the children, and cheerfully did the work of a maid-of-all-work to keep things in presentable order as well as to secure the blessing of a good, substantial, though by no means sumptuous table. Her domestic work occupied the bulk of her time; and yet she could find leisure to maintain a large correspondence, as well as to study select works on the intricate questions of metaphysical theology. The daughters appeared determined to walk in her footsteps, and the boy gladly helped the father in his efforts to make both ends meet by a little outdoor labor of a menial kind. The love seen impressed, as it were, on every countenance, the joyousness visibly typified in every domestic occurrence great or small, the sweet songs of Zion appearing in so many forms to chase away the monotony of life, and the deep but cheerful piety exhibited in the morning and evening devotions as well as in the daily walk and conversation of the happy inmates—all these combined to make it a home not many steps below that one of cloudless sunshine toward which all true christians are marching forward.

I was even more impressed with the unutterable excellence of our religion when I noticed an unusual amount of cheerfulness in a home of poverty, sickness and distress. The family circle represented by this home consisted of an elderly woman left by the death of a husband to struggle unaided in sickness and want, another under similar circumstances, and a blind girl of about twenty. I entered the small room occupied by this girl, and was struck by the air of neatness presented;—the bed on one side resting under a nice piece of counterpane above a

small but polished bed-stead, the settee on the other looking down so to speak upon a wooden-floor thoroughly washed and cleansed, and the small harmonium between the doors, the inside and the outside, with its small cushioned stool standing on a small piece of carpet, ready under nimble fingers and a sweet voice, to convert a house of poverty into an abode of joy and gladness. The neatness of the little chamber appeared as nothing compared with the exuberance of peace and joy depicted on the countenance of its blind occupant. She had been brought up in the grandest of the American Schools for the blind; and she read the Bible with raised letters in our hearing almost as fluently as we read a book with ordinary letters, and her knowledge, specially of religion both theoretical and practical, appeared extensive and deep. But singing was her forte; and light as lark at morn she sang away sorrow and sang in joy, while the distressed souls about her felt communicated to them the warmth and vivifying influence of a sunshine that seemed ethereal. "She is so good" said one of the miserable inmates feelingly, "she makes us forget our misery by her songs of gladness and joy." I instinctively felt a respect for her which deepened into reverence as I entered into a little conversation with her. "You seem very happy" I said. "Yes I am, thank God: the Lord has been very merciful to me!" "Do you at times feel tempted to murmur?" "Yes, at times I do." I felt specially drawn towards her in consequence of this frank answer, as it discovered in her a weakness peculiarly human, a weakness I had myself groaned under and therefore fitted to be a chord of sympathy between her and myself. In the methodist Church I have had the questionable privilege of associating with people who really occupy a higher plane of piety than I do; and in their company I have felt, as if cut off completely from such sympathy as man in his present state of weakness stands in need of. But I found in this blind girl that sympathy which I had been longing for, though her plane of piety appeared so far above what I could ever expect to reach. A home like hers, completely destitute of the

luxuries of life, wanting even in its ordinary comforts, but rich beyond description in the sublime enjoyments of piety and godliness, has not its counterpart in a heathen land, and may therefore be cited as an indisputable proof of the infinite superiority of our religion over those prevalent in heathendom.

AMERICAN POLITICS.

I begin my paper on American Politics with the preamble with which I began my talk in the only political meeting I had the privilege of attending in America. That meeting was a crowded one, held in behalf of the Temperance Movement in the most spacious hall of a small town, called Stamford, Connecticut; and it evinced not a little of that ferment, which is the most characteristic feature of political gatherings on the other side of the Atlantic. I had been asked to speak for a few moments, and I appeared in my national costume, greatly altered to obviate a rude rebuff, among the champions on the platform. When my turn came, I began my off-hand talk with some such words as these;—"I have no desire to plunge myself into the whirlpool of your politics: you yourselves do by no means cut a very dignified figure therein; and your attitude, when dropped in, shows that a stranger like myself can not get in without being instantaneously drowned!" I do not wish to hurl myself, and the gentle reader along with me, into the seething, boiling, tumbling whirlpool of American politics, a subject mastered by no body out of America, and by only a few persons in America. But happening to be in the United States when they were passing through the unutterable excitement of a Presidential Election, I wish by a simple reference to what I saw and heard to present glimpses of the ubiquitous, all pervading spirit of agitation with which it was accompanied. A remark or two on the broad features of the American constitution would be an appropriate introduction to the pictures of political fermentation to be presented.

The American Government is not merely a Republic, but a Federal Republic, or a Republic, formed by the union of a number of Sovereign States, and Territories gradually rising to the dignity of Sovereign States. Its Legislative power is vested in its Congress, which consists of the

House of Representatives and the Senate, and which therefore presents that balance of power which is secured in Europe by a hereditary nobility acting as a counterpoise to democratic influence. The House of Representatives is composed of two hundred and thirty-three members elected directly from the people and directly by the people, the ratio between the number of electors and the number of the elected Representatives having ranged from one Representative to 33,000 people in 1790 to one to 93,000 in 1850, and consequently to a much larger number at the present time. The States therefore are represented in the House of Representatives according to their population or numerical strength. They are however equally represented in the Senate, each State being entitled to send thereto two Senators chosen by its Legislature, not by the people directly. This is an anomaly in the Constitution, as a State with a very small population is placed, as regards its representation in the Senate, on a par with a state which in population is ten times stronger. For instance, the large state of New York with a population which entitles it to send thirty-three Representatives to the Lower House sends as many Senators to the Upper, as Delaware, the population of which entitles it to send only one Representative to the Lower House. This anomalous arrangement was originally resorted to as a timely concession fitted to induce the independent States to move towards the union, or merge their individuality into a corporate national life; and its rectification can now be effected only by breaking up the larger states, each into a number of smaller ones. The Representatives are chosen for two years, and the senators for six, the latter arranged into three classes, first, second and third, so that a third portion of the Upper House is changed biennially. These short terms keep the country in a state of constant political ferment, a Parliamentary election coming once in two years, sometimes once in a year, rather than once in seven years as in England when the Parliament dies a natural death. The congress makes laws, imposes taxes, borrows money in the name of the United

States, adjusts their foreign relations, declares war, sanctions peace, enters into permanent treaties, raises an army when needed, maintains a navy, and in a word performs all those sovereign duties which are entrusted to it, those not thus entrusted being performed by the States themselves. And when there is a point at issue between a particular state and the congress, it has to be submitted to the arbitration of the Supreme Court of America, the court in which the judicial power of the country is vested. This court consists of a Chief Justice and several assistant Judges, and it discharges its onerous duties, both directly, and through the instrumentality of a number of subordinate courts, called District and Circuit Courts. It has sometimes very grave matters, matters political as well as judicial, to take into consideration; and it is by no means an uncommon thing to see its decisions running counter to those of the national Legislature in support of a local claim.

The Executive Power of the Union is vested in the President, who holds office for four years, as the Vice-President elected along with him. The President is chosen by the people, not directly, but through the medium of an Electoral College, or a number of Electoral Colleges, each State being entitled to choose as many Electors as the Representatives and Senators it has the privilege of sending to congress. The President properly speaking has very little power, as the most important portion of what he has to do has to be done with the advice and consent of the national Parliament or rather Senate as representing the national Parliament. But with such advice and consent he discharges the functions of Royalty, without however its formality, pomp and splendour. For instance, he receives ambassadors, but by no means as a monarch does, seated on a costly throne with a glittering crown and sceptre before him, and a group of gorgeously dressed Ministers and courtiers standing in mute silence around him. He holds drawing-room meetings and gives state dinners, but he

does not after the fashion of royalty issue cards "commanding" ladies and gentlemen, not to speak of haughty Barons and noble Dames, who are not allowed to exist in the new world, to attend and partake of them. He has to be plain in his dress, simple and unaffected in his manners, frank and affable in conversation, determined to shun the very appearance of formality and ostentation, and ready to live and go about as ordinary mortals, nay to shake hands with any smutched artificer who may with Yankee freedom step into his Office-room or parlour. An ordinary magistrate in India does not live and go about in the simple, unassuming manner in which the President of the United States is expected to do, and invariably does; and the very appearance on his part of the stiff formality with which even a Chief Commissioner enters a Durbar Hall would make him an object of universal ridicule, among the people, who, as his electors and supporters, watch his every movement with an ever-wakeful vigilance. But I am flying from my text, which is the power of the President. He has the power of returning a Bill passed by congress, and submitted to him for signature, with his objections stated; but if the congress pass it once more, it becomes law in spite of his veto. When therefore the President is an obstacle in the way of progress, as Andrew Johnson was, the congress has simply to pass Bills "over" his head," as the common saying in America is. The President has a large amount of patronage in his hands; and this it is almost impossible for him to dispense without bringing in unworthy men, or intriguers, who, because they have been instrumental in securing his elevation, expect special favors from him. And this is one reason,—if not the reason, why so many unscrupulous men are thrust up to responsible posts, and so much corruption disgraces official ranks. But of this I shall have to speak by and by. If the President dies or is incapacitated before the expiration of his term, the Vice-President takes his place, as Andrew Johnson did when President Lincoln was assassinated on the lap of victory. And if both the President and his

assistant die or are incapacitated, the President of the Senate becomes President pro-tem.

Each State has an organization similar to that at work for the government of the whole country ; and with a view to catch a glimpse of it the reader has simply to reverse the order in which he formed some idea of the national scheme of education carried out in America. From the little he had then to march up to the great, but now he will have to come down from the great to the little ; or in other words he had then to expand a system in miniature in order to get an idea of the whole, but he will now have to contract a gigantic system into one in miniature to get an idea of a part. The national government contracted and shrivelled is the State Government. Each State has a Governor corresponding to the President, a Legislature corresponding to the Congress, and a court of judicature corresponding to the Supreme Court. Each State is its solo Master as regards its internal affairs, and exercises and performs those powers and functions of Royalty, which it has not delegated to the National Government. Each State moreover is subdivided into Townships &c. each of which may justly be represented as an autonomy ; and it therefore is a union of independent units as the Federal Government is a conglomeration of Sovereign States. Nothing can be more beautiful in theory than the American system of Government, which owes its origin and existence to the people represented in conventions, as no other government does ; but it must be confessed that its wheels move rather clumsily at times. The absence of a central controlling authority tends to lead to overt acts of villany in some of the States, while the presence of a disturbing element in the population of not a few of the towns creates internal disorder. It is a notorious fact that thousands of Negros have been murdered in the Southern States, and no body has been punished for these murders of the most deliberate and villanous type ; and it is equally notorious that laws framed by Town Councils are systematically set aside and violated by persons whom because

of their numerical strength the authorities can not control. When at Gallion I heard that its Town Council had issued an order prohibiting the opening of grogshops after a particular hour of the night, and that the order had been converted into a dead letter by parties whom the Council could not control. The Central Government can not put a stop to negro massacres in the South, and local governments can not rectify local disorders, when these are popular or backed by a majority of the people !

President Hayes was at the head of affairs in America when I visited that grand country, and his administration was spoken of by all parties as one of the purest on record. Though not a man of shining talents, and though looked upon by the Democratic party in general as a usurper, not legitimately elected, he had endeared himself to the people at large as well by industry and assiduity in the discharge of his duties as by uprightness and probity of the highest order. His administration was set off by contrast more than by intrinsic merit. The preceeding administration, that of General Grant extending over two terms of eight years, had on the whole been a failure, being disgraced by a measure of corruption so large that some persons did not scruple to accuse the great soldier statesman himself of malversation. The majority, however, of the sensible men I came across looked upon such accusations as utterly groundless. They nevertheless maintained that Grant had been guilty of culpable indiscretion in surrounding himself with men whose corruption was becoming a proverb in America, and that his inability to know men and discriminate between characters, and his consequent proneness to work through unworthy instruments had as clearly set forth his incompetence as a ruler as his brilliant successes in the field had shown his surpassing genius as a soldier. That men like General Grant should be publicly accused of corruption appeared to indicate a low ebb of political morality ; but when in private conversation I referred to it, the answer I received was by no means flattering to good old England.

The state of political morality in England, I was assured, was even lower, only English papers dared not make the actual condition of things public! President Hayes' administration came after one which had been corrupt to the very core, and its thoroughgoing purity was set off by contrast. He was therefore a favorite ruler, though his want of brilliant talents was admitted. But the praise bestowed on his wife appeared to me even more desirable than that accorded to him. She had introduced a great reform by excluding wines from Presidential receptions, and had moreover endeared herself by innumerable acts of beneficence performed with the modesty and unobtrusiveness becoming her sex. Both the President and his lady are members of the Methodist Church, and thoroughly religious—nay in some points they seem to have been overscrupulous in the opinion even of their ardent admirers. They preferred walking to the Church on Sundays to working their horses, and they were therefore obliged to attend the Methodist Church nearer the White House than the one which is called *the* President's Church, and which has prominent cushioned seats reserved for him and his family. Mr. Hayes' term of office was about to expire, and he might have had himself re-elected, but having promised in the beginning of his career as President not to appear as candidate at its close, he kept his word and retired from the canvass. But his name is held in such universal esteem, his purity of character is so thoroughly admired, and his administration is so justly praised for its modest, if not splendid, success, as well as for its perfect freedom from what attached an indelible stigma to the preceding one, that the world may yet see him once more elevated to the Presidential chair, which he graced, as it had not been graced, since the day of Abraham Lincoln.

When the business of the General Conference was in progress in May, some degree of excitement, an earnest of what was to follow, was noticeable, and active measures fitted to

ensure the election of the right man for this exalted and responsible post were resorted to with quietude, rather than with noise. An attempt was made to ascertain and publish the views of the Conference as to the person fit in its opinion for elevation to the Presidential Chair. One morning small cards were handed to the Delegates, one to myself among the rest, and they were requested to put down the name of the candidate they were ready to vote for. This request thus proffered was not complied with by some of the Delegates; but the majority, I believe, returned the cards duly filled. I consulted my Missionary friends, as I did on all occasions on which I could come out with a ditto to Mr. Burke without compromising my conscience, and with their advice and consent I filled my card, stating that though I had not a vote I would gladly see Sherman elected. The candidates were many, but the most eligible amongst these were Grant, Sherman and Blaine. Grant had been twice elected, and should have retired from the candidature with the disinterestedness with which George Washington had done under similar circumstances. But Grant does not by any means resemble the illustrious founder of the American Republic in disinterested patriotism, as he does, to some extent, in military genius; and so he added to his growing unpopularity by appearing as a candidate, and ultimately passed through the humiliation of a signal defeat. His creatures, to whose selfish purposes he very foolishly succumbed, moved heaven and earth to have been elected, but the nation at large was opposed to what was called; "a third term," as a third term might lead to a fourth, and so on to a lifelong tenure of office, and that to a hereditary monarchy. Besides General Grant was unpopular on other grounds also, his first and second administrations having both been disgraced by overt acts of corruption and bribery on the part of his assistants, if not on his own part. Grant being set aside, Sherman was the most eligible candidate, and I could even intelligently stand up for him.

A few days after the close of the General Conference it was announced that the National Republican Nominating Convention was to be held at Chicago. It is not necessary to inform the reader that the two great political Parties in the United States are Republicans and Democrats. The Republican Party represents everything almost that is sound and good in politics, freedom, equal rights, Negro suffrage, national education, temperance, decent observance of sabbath, suppression of moral nuisances, such, as Mormon Polygamy, extension of religious influence, &c. &c. It however is compelled to be under present circumstances in favor of certain prohibitive duties having for their object the somewhat artificial protection of the vast manufacturing interests of the New England States. It is loudly represented as opposed to free trade, and its shortcoming in this line is made capital of by its sworn enemies, the Democrats, who are the greatest misnomers the world ever saw, representing as they do under a fair name everything that is abhorrent in politics. The Democrats upheld slavery before the late war, and fought for the right of secession during its continuance; and to-day they oppose with might and main negro enfranchisement, sabbath decency, temperance, moral growth and religious development. On the question of free trade they occupy the right platform, and they are always but too glad to conceal the abominable principles of their policy behind an out-ery against the prohibitive duties advocated by their opponents. Each of these contending parties holds a national convention, consisting of leading politicians elected by local conventions to adjudicate, so to speak, upon the claims of the candidates for the Presidency, representing its principle and interests, and finally to nominate one of these, him who secures the largest number of votes, for that exalted office; as well as to nominate in almost the same way a person for the Vice-Presidency. These national conventions derive their authority, not from the original constitution in which no reference whatever is made to

them, but from subsequent practice; but they are now looked upon as important assemblies; and as such they concentrate upon themselves an amount of public notice and interest, which is to us, Asiatics, a perfect marvel. When therefore it was announced that the National Republican Convention was to be held at Chicago, a thrill of agitation pervaded the whole country. Chicago became a sacred spot of extraordinary and unbounded interest, the cynosure of all eyes: it jumped out of the monotony of its daily life, and became all astir. So many distinguished visitors had to be received and sumptuously treated, so many meetings were to be held and such enthusiasm evoked, so much notice was to be taken of its provisions for grand political demonstrations, that no body could find fault with its citizens if they looked forward to the honors awaiting them with some degree of trepidation. But at the same time they could not but be sure that their beloved city would come out of the furnace of trial a gainer, not a loser. The distinguished visitors, and innumerable others not distinguished, would not come in with empty pockets, or go out with their purse-strings unopened; and so hotel-keepers, saloon proprietors, car-owners and cab-drivers promised themselves a splendid harvest of profit and gain. At last on the appointed day, June 2nd 1880, the grand Nominating Convention met under the Presidency of Hon'able Davis of Massachusetts, and began their business with prayer offered up by a Chaplain; a fact to be specially noted as fitted to show that the most tumultuous meetings in America are never backward in paying the tribute of decent respect to religion. The parties, viz Grant's men, Sherman's men, &c. &c., appeared ready for a hard fight, and a hard fight they had. Ballot after ballot was taken, and yet no decision was arrived at. Grant fairly beat all the candidates, but he ultimately failed to secure the number of votes needed to ensure his nomination; and his men, foiled in their attempt to get their chief nominated, determined to defeat the two candidates who stood next to him at the successive ballots, Blaine and Sherman.

They ranged themselves around Garfield, whom the ballots had almost left in the shade, and he finally obtained a majority of votes, and was in consequence nominated. He was "the black horse" or one of the candidates very well thought and spoken of, but not likely to succeed except by a strange and unexpected turn of the wheel of fortune ; but his nomination gave general satisfaction, specially in Ohio of which state he is a native. When a Lecturer on Electric Light, while plying the Magic Lantern for the benefit of the younger portion of his large audience in the Central Hall of the Delaware University, produced a picture of Garfield, and said—"Here is the Ohio man !" a tremendous outburst of cheering was the result. Garfield on being nominated by what might be called a freak of fortune became the most popular man among Republicans in the States, and his march from place to place was a continued ovation. But he had, like all great men in America, to pay the penalty of his sudden elevation from comparative obscurity to the giddy height of fame. He had to put down his name in a thousand autograph books sent to him daily specially by young ladies who pride themselves on their possession of the signatures of all the great men in America ; and he had to read and answer at the rate of three hundred letters a day of the most unimportant kind ! And who can number the hands he had to shake heartily, right and left, as he entered a car, or walked through a street, or appeared in a saloon ! This convention nominated Arthur as Vice-President ; and these two persons became as it were, the battle-ery of the Republican Party.

A short time after the close of this assembly, infinitely more important than the Imperial assemblage at Delhi though utterly destitute of its gorgeous appendages, the gaze of Americans of all orders of society and all ages almost, and both sexes was concentrated on Cincinnati, where the National Democratic nominating Convention was held. The character of the Convention or of the Party represented by the Con-

vention was rendered manifest by the sort of amusements and pleasures with which its session was accompanied. Drinking saloons were crammed to overflowing, theatres were open almost at all hours of the day, and a regular carnival of dissipations was held. The members of the Convention could not find a democratic chaplain to begin its solemn business with prayer; and, as they would not have a Republican Minister, they dispensed or were on the eve of dispensing with the ceremony. This story I give exactly as it was related by trustworthy men in my hearing; but I must add that lies published at the expense of a party universally disliked, if not hated, in Republican States, and *vice-versa*, are by no means uncommon in America. It is however certain that the Democrats, assembled in large numbers at Cincinnati paraded the questionable features of their political standpoint in a series of proceedings fitted to outrage decency and scandalize public feeling. Their Convention however was of a shorter duration and less divided than that held at Chicago; inasmuch as they nominated on the third ballot General Hancock for President, and subsequently Hon'ble English for Vice-President. These nominations were generally approved both by friend and foes. The intensity of interest with which the proceedings of these nominating conventions were watched, and the results of the successive ballots ascertained and discussed all over the States can scarcely be conceived by our countrymen, who see one Governor General retiring and another stepping into his shoes with perfect equanimity. While the ballots were in progress, the results were almost hourly telegraphed all over the country; and even in obscure towns you might see crowds of people pressing towards placards posted up with the names of the candidates, and the votes secured by each at the ballot which had just been taken.

Then came the elections in the various States, and either of the two rival parties moved heaven and earth to influence them in favor of its nominations. The expedients resorted to were decorations, confirmatory meetings, stump-oratory, torch-light

processions and political parades. Every city or town appeared to be a house divided, some portions in excitement in favor of the Republican Nominations, and some in behalf of the Democratic Nominations. In one street you might see a triumphal arch of paper and colored cloth, rather than of evergreens, with the portraits of Garfield and Arthur hanging below its graceful curve; while in another the same sight would be presented but with the portraits of Hancock and English. In one street you would see republican flags and republican placards hoisted up and paraded in the most conspicuous manner; while the decorations in another would at first sight convince you of its democratic influence. I passed from street to street, from town to town, and from city to city, and I had only to have my eyes open, and notice the decorations around me to see what influence was at work, Republican or Democratic, in the place I was going through. Again the whole country became a busy scene of political meetings the object of which was to confirm the nominations, and thereby get up an agitation in their favor. The Republican journals did scarcely furnish for weeks any food beside detailed accounts of the innumerable meetings held to confirm the nomination of Garfield and Arthur; and the Democratic papers threw all the important news into the background to give due prominence to the meetings held, to confirm the nomination of Hancock and English. Nor was this all. The growing ferment was fed and nourished by streams of stump oratory flowing from innumerable stands reared in conspicuous places, not only in cities and towns, but even in villages and hamlets. While passing along one of the frequented streets of New York City, I noticed a crowd of people gathered around a high stand, and listening to an inflammatory speech delivered by an orator standing thereon. I joined the crowd, and had the pleasure of listening to an oration, which in simplicity of style, relevancy of thought, and force of reasoning appeared infinitely above the sentimental essays I had heard in colleges and schools in general, and the flighty discourses I had en-

dured with Job-like patience in some Churches. The man evidently knew what he was about ; and as his object was to move the passions of his by no means refined audience, he carefully avoided every thing like circumlocution, irrevelancy, superfluity of expression and prolixity of thought. His simple and pointed speech, received by his hearers with emotions apparently stirred up and loud cries of applause, was an eloquent reproach to preachers who are in the habit of delivering in a sing-song voice sermons bristling with hackneyed phrases, languid metaphors and turns of expression as old as the world, besides being spiced with a little botany, a little chemistry and a little philosophy ! Such stands occupied by such orators, all however not so good, could be seen in every city, town, village and hamlet ; and the number of inflammatory speeches made during this election season could not be calculated, any more than that of the stars on the firmament. To these varied sources of political agitation must be added torch-light processions, one of which of very insignificant proportions I had the pleasure of seeing at Boston. This consisted of about three or four hundred persons all in a particular kind of uniform, marching in a long column, each with a lighted torch held up, and the whole preceded by a splendid band of music. The banner flaunted by the procession with the words "Solid Democratic" written thereon showed the party by which it was got up. Such processions were as common as black-berries, and hardly deserve to be mentioned in connection with the grand political parades of which the great cities became the theatres. The two torch-light processions at Washington, each presenting a column of blazing lights, broad as the broadest of its streets, and long enough to cover a mile, with their rich strains of music passing under triumphal arches of shining flags to *ratify* the nominations at a place not entitled to vote ; and the grand parades in the principal cities, such as that of New York with its army of torch-light bearers taking several hours to issue out of what might be called its fountain, the advanced columns reaching

almost the goal of a long street ere the rear ranks had fairly come out of its starting point, advancing slowly and solemnly with a series of bands dividing the marching detachments, and raising tremendous shouts of gratulation and joy when moving along-side of the lofty stand occupied by General Grant, the recognized head of the Republican party;—of these the reader can scarcely form an adequate idea from any thing of the sort he has seen in this country.

I may mention by the way that in no country could we see illuminations grander than those which on festive occasions are witnessed in America. In some places illuminations are seen every night. One of the parks in the immediate neighbourhood of Niagara is illuminated nightly by means of electric and gas lights in various forms. This park presented a regular fairy scene on the night when I visited it, special gatherings of holiday-makers having made it more than ordinarily attractive. The place was ablaze with varieties of lights, as well as with groups of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen pressing through the walks or clustering around the fountains gurgling out streams of waters, which, on account of the light shining on them through stained glasses, appeared of various colors, some red, some blue, and some yellow. But the most fascinating spectacle was the variety of colors assumed by the Falls themselves on account of the electric lights shining upon them through stained glasses. The American Fall appeared to me now a broad stream of dazzling rubies, and now a mass of sapphire stones; while, when left under the action of the mild light of the moon, it appeared a mass of alabaster hurled down by a power mightier by far than the forces ordinarily wielded by man!

But to return. The Democrats were in high spirits during most of the time when the elections were in progress. They had been excluded from office for a score of years, and they were naturally most anxious to step in. To pave their way they had nominated men who were popular, not only amongst

themselves, but even amongst their opponents ; and they were, not almost, but quite sure of a successful issue as to their own party. Here and there I came across Ministers of democratic tendencies, and they did not hesitate for a moment to prophesy the election of their nominees. "Hancock is sure to be elected." "We are sure to see Democracy in office." "No more smuggling men into the Presidentship as Hayes was"—such were the cries heard in Democratic circles. The Republicans were equally high-spirited, and laughed at the overweening confidence of their opponents. Their spirits however drooped for a moment when the State of Maine appeared to vacillate. There is a proverb in America to the effect—"As goes Maine, so goes the country," and when this State showed a tendency to side with the Democrats, there was universal sorrow, if not universal despondency in the Republican Camp. There were, however, Republicans who did not allow its vacillation to damp their spirits or impair their hopes. One of them, when reminded by me of the abovementioned proverb, simply said—"Yes ! when Maine is right, the country follows it, but not when it is wrong." I left America when the contest was undecided, and when it seemed by no means improbable that Israel should have to retreat in confusion before the Philistines. But in Europe I heard that the Democrats had been thoroughly beaten in Indiana, and that the nominees of their opponents had been elected by an overwhelming majority, not as on the foregoing occasion by one of a doubtful character. Every body in India knows that General Garfield is now the President of the United States, and that hopes of a pure and prosperous administration are universally entertained in and out of America. *

These Presidential elections are not merely seasons of extraordinary excitement and party fight of the most desperate character, but times when corruption and intrigue of the worst type are literally rampant. The ferment itself, which

* This was written before the assassination of the great and good man,

pervades all classes, is demoralizing, tending as it does to render the national character of the Americans irritable, fickle, fitful and capricious ; and even if no other evil accompanied it, genuine statesmanship would deprecate the too frequent recurrence of its cause. But the excitement is the least of the evils which the elections rake up. Party bitterness, intrigue, lying, slandering, abusing, corruption in its multifarious forms, and unscrupulousness of the most unblushing type, together with the impetus given to the current dissipations of life—all these combined generate an amount of demoralization of which an adequate idea can scarcely be formed. During the period of the late elections, the worst features of the American character were prominently brought forward, and the worst vices of the States were shamelessly paraded. The Newspapers as a rule vied with each other in publishing slanders, circulating lies, fabricating stories of the most malicious nature, and bandying abusive epithets of the most scurrilous type. The election season is properly speaking the *Holcc* season of American Editors in general ; and the gross vulgarity, which at other times would lead to their proscription, surrounds them with a halo of glory, when party bitterness extinguishes, even in the case of sober people, all sense of propriety and decorum. The stump orators swelled the stream of falsehood, calumny and abuse, which issued from the journalistic Press. The electors followed suit, and greedily swallowed and eagerly circulated the lies that had been manufactured and published through editorial columns and platform speeches. Then as to the putrid mass of intrigue and corruption at work at all electioneering centres, why it was vast enough to shake all confidence in the glorious doctrine of universal suffrage ! In a word all the most combustible, as well as all the most infernal and execrable elements of American social life are brought up to the surface once in every four years ; and a change of administration means a regular revolution in official circles. If the Democrats had triumphed, and their nominees had been elected,

upwards of sixty thousand employes would have been thrust out of their appointments, Washington, the great emporium of placemen, would have been shorn of its present population, and every centre of official influence would have been revolutionized. Officers and Officials in America are appointed by the party in power only for four years, and are liable to be ousted out of their comfortable berths as soon as the party in power is superseded by its rival. And they therefore make the best of their short tenure of office, and unscrupulously enrich themselves by all sorts of means fair or foul; and hence the measure of bribery and corruption which confessedly disgraces official ranks in America is shocking indeed. The whole political apparatus is so thoroughly demoralizing that unscrupulous intriguers frequently come up to the surface, and good men as a rule keep aloof from electioneering centres and official preserves. Nothing can be sounder in theory or more glorious than the American constitution; but the materials on the proper working of which its success must be based being bad as a rule and good as an exception, it has in its practical development proved a source of great demoralization!

But the world, which watches with interest the great experiment of a Republic in course of practical development needs not despair. A system of checks and counter-checks is being devised fitted to hold down the jarring elements; while a comprehensive scheme of national education is at work to purify them, assimilate them to each other, and weld them into a homogeneous mass. The great problem before the Great Republic is the problem of political fusion. America is to the world what the cave Adullam was to Palestine, when David fled from the presence of Saul, and made it his rendezvous. America is the receptacle towards which streams of men "in debt," "in distress" and "discontented", and characters even ten times more desperate are flowing. All the combustible elements of the populations of the various civilised countries of the world, the Fenians of Ireland,

the chartists of England, the communists of France, the socialists of Germany, the nihilists of Russia, and intriguing Jesuits from all quarters of the globe have found, when shaken out of their own lands and homes, and are finding refuge within the precincts of the Great Republic. And the result is an agglomeration under its shade of almost numberless varieties of disturbing elements. It is not affirmed that the streams of emigrants, which have been for years flowing into the New World, or this portion of the New World, have all been leaving on its soil a sediment of blackguardism and rascality, or in one word, of disturbance. The majority of the colonists, who emigrate from the various countries of Europe towards the golden West are precious acquisitions indeed. A large number of Norwegian colonists sailed in the same vessel with us from Liverpool; and we could not listen to the religious songs by means of which they whiled away the tedium of a disagreeable voyage amid a series of gales without being led instinctively to exclaim—"they will add to the piety, strength and grandeur of America!" But along with the good, a great deal of the bad finds shelter there. Even young Americans remember the day when the Jesuits as a body were turned out of Mexico, and moved *en masse* into their prosperous country. A Mexican Editor is said to have bidden them farewell in some such words as these!—"Go away, ye intriguing Jesuits whose mischievous doings have made this land worse even than it was in the time of the heathen Montezuma: we are glad indeed of your departure, we are only sorry for the land which you are going to curse with your presence!" Such are the inflammatory elements of which the American population is composed; and the great work before American politicians is to fuse them into a symmetrical whole.

This composite, as well as complicated problem of fusion dissolves itself into a number of distinct questions which must be thoroughly studied before the tangled skein of American

politics can be unravelled. To a few of these, I shall make a very brief reference.

1. The first is that which has for its object the fusion of the South with the North. The South is to the North what Ireland is to England, a scene of discontent, disaffection and disloyalty. The South as a whole regards the North, not only with dislike, but with positive hatred. The current feeling in the South was indicated by a lady in one of the Southern States, when pointing to her innocent baby rocking in a cradle she said with emphasis: "I will teach that boy to *hate* the Yankees" (Northerners.) The bone of contention between the two portions of the Republic, that which led to that protracted and sanguinary civil war from the effects of which it has not quite recovered, has not been abandoned by Southerners as a body. Our countrymen need not be told that the cause of that great war was not slavery, but the assertion on their part of what they called "state right" or the right of every state to secede from the Union: slavery was afterwards intermixed with it, and the Emancipation Proclamation was issued as a manœuvre of war, rather than a measure of philanthropy. President Lincoln said at the commencement of the fratricidal struggle that the Union must be maintained "either with or without slavery;" and when in its protracted course he found that the complete extinction of that monster evil would further this end, he had no hesitation in ringing its death knell. The war came to a close, but the blood with which the country had been deluged had not washed away the rebellious principle, to which its occurrence, its magnitude and its vindictive and sanguinary character are to be traced. Nor have the years of peace that have followed succeeded in mitigating it in some, if not all, quarters. The north, when victorious, fell into the mistake of being over lenient towards the South; and it is to-day reaping the consequences of its indiscreet clemency. Rebels who should have been hanged, are abroad, each propagating disaffection and disloyalty within his sphere of influence,

by reviving the subdued but not extinguished principle of state right. Jefferson Davies was reported to have said in a public meeting that every child born in the Southern States "rooked the principle of state right in its bosom." And besides the South is nothing but a great confederation the object of which is to neutralize systematically, by means foul fair as well as the humane policy of the North in all its development or practical outgoings. The hardest work before the Union is to tame the rebellious spirit of the South, to spread education and intelligence where there is Egyptian darkness within its borders, to beget a proper appreciation of the blessings scattered by the American Constitution in spite of innumerable drawbacks, and finally to evoke and mature that loyalty to the Union to which all local interests and predilections in the North are evidently subordinated.

2. The problem which has for its object the protection and the elevation of the Negroes or the communities coming under the head, the colored population of America, is one of nearly as great importance as that of the conciliation of the South. The colored people are the most unfortunate people in America, and perhaps one of the most unfortunate peoples on the surface of the Globe. They are, it must be admitted, treated in Southern States with a great deal of patronizing kindness when they deliberately give up all idea of asserting the rights which they have recently acquired, or which have been recently bestowed upon them. But when they move out of this sphere of self-abnegation, or when they have the presumption to assert these rights, they are regarded as objects of universal abhorrence, and treated with shocking barbarity. They are scowled upon, they are hooted at, they are abused, they are beaten, they are imprisoned, and they are massacred in cold blood. A general of America assured me that twenty-five thousand Negroes had been murdered since the close of the war, and nobody had been punished; while a benevolent lady related in my hearing the story of a shocking

murder perpetrated by a Southerner in a vessel on the waters of the Mississippi in the presence of a hundred of his countrymen, who had not lifted up their little fingers in aid of the unfortunate Negro victim. During the elections Negroes by the thousand were compelled by threats of persecution and murder to vote for the party whom they had every reason to dislike, if not hate; and all political demonstrations got up by them in favor of the Republican nominations were, as a rule, forcibly stopped. In one of the cities in the South a number of Negroes met to confirm the nomination of Garfield; the whites gathered around them with clubs and guns, dispersed them by force, and held on the spot a meeting in favor of the Democratic nominee, Hancock! The south seems to have been utterly brutalized by slavery,—rendered ignorant, lazy, cruel, sottish, licentious and ferocious. But how are the Negroes treated in the North? Not certainly with cruelty and barbarity, but with supercilious contempt; as our countrymen are as a rule by the members of the dominant class. And as in this country, the antipathy with which the inferior race is treated grows in intensity as you go down from the higher to the lower orders of society, and becomes positively intolerable where the races are alike in every respect but in color. Nor are reasons for treating the Negroes with contempt and dislike bordering upon hatred wanting. They are a very inferior race! The capacity of their crania and the lightness of their brains prove that they belong to the order of "Primeval Man," or are intermediate links between the Chimpazee and "modern" man! How is it possible to treat them as equals and brothers? The Americans were very kind to me, except when they mistook me, as in some hotels and public places they did, for a Negro or a Chinaman; and they would often say to me—"You belong to the same stock with us; but we can't treat Negroes as we are treating you: they belong to a different stock!" "Sir" I would say "trace the line of pedigree further up, and you will find them also belonging to the same

stock." But alas arguments can not remove race antagonism decending from father to son, and permeating a whole race! "We are disposed to be kind to every body but a Negro" said a kind-hearted Minister of the Gospel. "We do not like the Negros simply because we have injured them: we never like people whom we have injured!" said another. Some such reason, I suppose, is at the bottom of the dislike with which Europeans in India regard us as a rule. The argument which I made use of in America is applicable here also. The Americans I said, had no right to bring the Negroes from a far distant land to their own simply to remind them of their inferiority; and our conquerors have no right, excepting of course that of might, that which the tiger exercises when it eats up a live goat, to take possession of our country simply to remind us of our inferiority. The Americans are bound by the relationship into which they have voluntarily entered to the despised community to raise its members by one and all the appliances of civilisation; and our rulers are bound by similar considerations to elevate us as a nation, and place us on a par with themselves, as regards political rights and social privileges.

3. The Chinese question is assuming gigantic proportions, and becoming one of the burning questions of American politics. Chinese emigrants are pouring into the Western States specially in almost endless streams; and their ever-increasing number, their heathenish ways, and their readiness to demoralise labor are causing what can not be represented as an entirely groundless alarm. China could easily send to America a hundred millions of its inhabitants, that is a population twice as great as that of the United States. But what would be the consequence of their presence therein? Why the march of civilisation would be impeded, the nation would be demoralized, the resources of the country would be drained, and the Union would literally be swamped! The objections raised to Chinese emigration or rather immigration are these. They are in the first place a dirty people, and introduce

filth and squalor where but for them there would be cleanliness and refinement. Their town for instance at San Francisco is the very type of dirtiness. They are moreover unwilling to be naturalized citizens, their object being to remain as strangers, to earn all the money they can, and to send it to their own country. They drain the wealth of America, and do not add to it. They are in the third place demoralizing labor, that is underselling the work of their hands. Their mode of living is much cheaper than that of American laborers, and they in consequence beat their whiter competitors by accepting wages which the latter could not possibly accept without killing themselves. They are in the fourth place introducing heathen forms of worship and heathenish ways into a Christian land, along with opium-smoking and gross immorality. These arguments were stated and triumphantly exploded by Dr. Talmage in a sermon delivered in his crowded Church at Brooklyn amid the plaudits of his almost innumerable hearers. I listened to his sermon with great interest, and the only objection I had to it was that, being a sprightly political discourse on a burning political question, it was out of place in a church on a Sunday. This and other addresses delivered by persons, who might be justly represented as the champions of the weak against the strong, appeared to me ominently fitted to put down the spirit of antipathy which the presence of Chinese emigrants had conjured up; though at the same I could not but feel that some wise measure calculated to limit and restrict Chinese immigration was called for under the circumstances.

The other questions connected with American politics I must set aside to take into consideration one which the reader may put to me. Where, he may ask, are the ameliorating influences of Christianity in a country where alien races are simply on account of their color treated with execrable barbarity? This is a legitimate question, but its solution is by no means difficult. The brutal treatment to which the Negroes and the Chinese are subjected in America is to be traced, not to Christianity, but the human nature which civilization may

polish but can not regenerate. In countries called Christian there are millions of people who are no more under the influence of our holy religion than the majority of so-called christians in our own country; and human nature in these, unsubdued, unreformed and unregenerated, breaks out in deeds of violence specially towards the weak; thus showing that our nature in its unregenerate state is the incarnation of that law of the survival of the fittest, which in all parts of the animal Kingdom leads the strong to prey upon the weak, and of which the best exponent in the country is the *Pioneer*. It is a relief to turn from what human nature has done and is doing to deepen and intensify the degradation of the down-trodden races of the word, to the elevating influences by which they are being raised, and of which the great source is Christianity. Look at the present condition of the Negroes in America;—emancipated from slavery, enfranchised, brought under the influences of a liberal system of education, fed, clothed and trained as civilized people are, raised not merely intellectually but morally and spiritually above not only their former selves or their countrymen but nations and peoples much more advanced than their own, placed where they are distinguishing themselves as Congress Members, responsible Officers, well-to-do Merchants, honest Tradesmen, respected Teachers and revered Ministers of the Gospel. There is much that is good in their condition along with much that is deplorable, the bright side attributable to Christianity, and the dark to human nature. The present condition of the colored population of America is therefore an irrefragable argument in favor of our holy religion, as it is a standing reproach to human nature.

RELIGIOUS ACTIVITY IN AMERICA.

As has already been said, Not a few of our educated countrymen have come to the conclusion that Christianity is dying in Christendom, even as Hinduism is dying in this country, and the other superstitions of the world are dying in the varied places in which their sway has for ages untold been paramount and undisputed. Their belief as to the present condition of our faith may be thrown into the following syllogistic form :—No type of superstition can possibly live where modern civilisation spreads the fulness of its light and glory : Christianity is after all a type of superstition, however refined : *ergo* Christianity can not live in countries thoroughly civilised, that is in the very countries in which its sway has for ages remained undisputed, or all but undisputed. This conviction on their part is ludicrously unfounded ; but it is not at all difficult to trace it to its source. According to prophetic utterances in the Bible, the mystery of iniquity works side by side with the mystery of godliness in Christian lands. There is however a marked difference in the modes of operation in which the energy of these two antagonistic principles is exhibited. The growth of the one, the mystery of iniquity, is accompanied with pomp, ostentation and noise ; while that of the other, the mystery of godliness, is neither demonstrative nor boisterous. Christianity is in reality making greater progress in these days than it ever did ; but its progress has nothing singular about it, nothing fitted to attract notice and elicit applause ; and consequently though in reality unprecedented, it passes, if not unnoticed, at least unadmired. Infidelity makes a little progress and a great deal of noise ; and the ignorant and the unwary are victimized by its singularity and obstreperous character. Our countrymen are placed, both physically and morally, where it is impossible for them to notice the quiet unostentatious manner in which Christian

piety is leavening the mass of humanity in Christian lands ; but they *are* placed where they can not but hear the loud noise made by blatant and, as a rule, empty-headed infidelity. Hence the ease with which they are beguiled into the conviction that the jaunty and noisy scepticism of the day is not only making greater progress than Christian piety, which is always of a retired, unassuming character, and the progress of which never has been, and never will be accompanied with what is in the New Testament called "observation"; but that it is really swallowing up its rival ! Our countrymen in thus allowing themselves to be deceived forget the time-hallowed proverb of the country, viz, the clouds which thunder are not always the clouds which rain. Infidelity roars and thunders, but the progress it can legitimately boast of is the least considerable where the noise it makes is the most grating to the ear. It is not at all difficult to prove this by an array of stubborn and indisputable facts. But my present task is different, viz, to prove by chapter and verse, or by means of carefully compiled, and therefore perfectly reliable statistics, as well as by cursory notices of a few of the innumerable vestiges of religious activity I noticed in the United States, that our holy religion is making what may justly be represented as extraordinary progress there. But before I begin my very agreeable task I must point out very thankfully the source of the statistics by which I hope to be able to strengthen my arguments or rather to demonstrate my position. One of the great men I had the honor to come across in America is Dr. Daniel Dorchester, the prince of American statistis ; and at my special request he very kindly placed at my disposal a document embodying statistics which he had compiled after years of patient toil, and at a great cost to himself, of not only time and labour, but also of money.. This document I shall utilize, and certain statistics, which that veteran statist has since my interview with him published in the *New York Christian Advocate*, the best conducted and the most influential Methodist paper in America, if not in the whole world.

Let me begin with Church Edifices. One proof of the decadence of Hinduism is to be found in the fact that the number of Hindu Temples has not been perceptibly increased since almost the beginning of the century. Some men of a sanguine temperament, but by no means of proper discernment, have gone so far as to state that even a single Hindu Temple has not been reared in India for many years past, and that even old ones are allowed to crumble into ruins. Such statements are exaggerated as they are off-hand ; but it is an indisputable fact that the number of Hindu Temples continues what it was twenty or thirty years ago, if not at the beginning of the century. The history of Church Edifices in America tells a very different tale. Says Dr. Dorchester :—

“The following statistics of Church Edifices in the United States are from the United States census :

	1850.	1860.	1870.
All Evangelical Churches	34,537	48,037	56,154
Non-Evangelical			
Unitarian	245	264	310
Universalists	530	664	602
Christian Jews New Jerusalem &c.,	1,527	2,494	2,210
<hr/>			
Total Non-Evangelical	2,302	3,422	3,122
Roman Catholic	1,222	2,550	3,806
Aggregate	38,061	54,009	63,082
Actual Increase		1,850 to 1,870	
Evangelical Churches			21,617
Non-Evangelical			820
Roman Catholic			2,584

The Evangelical Churches increased seven times as much as all others (Roman Catholic and Non-Evangelical) put together.”

From the whole let us now come down to a part to show that the progress indicated by the above figures is the progress

not only of the entire body, but of almost all its separate limbs. The Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the North, present the following encouraging statistics in their Address to the General Conference held at Cincinnati in May 1880. "In 1875 there were 15,633 Church edifices and 5,017 parsonages, valued at dolls 81,081,862. In 1879 there were 16,955 Church edifices and 5,689 parsonages valued at dolls 70,955,509. This shows an increase in the number of Churches of 1,322 or more than one Church for every working day in the four years; and an increase of 672 parsonages, or more than one for every two working days in the same period. The estimated value, however, instead of being increased has been diminished. This results from a change in the value of real estate throughout the land. The number of new Churches and parsonages will not show the full work of the Church, for during that period many Churches have been remodeled, enlarged and rebuilt."

But increase in the number of Church edifices does not prove in itself, or apart from other considerations, anything like an exuberance of spiritual life. They may have been raised by questionable means, as some of the magnificent cathedrals on the Continent of Europe; and like these cathedrals they may be weeping over the paucity of those assembled within their walls, or in the habit of assembling for purposes of worship. An increase in the number of ministers and congregations, and specially in that of communicants or those who may be called enrolled members, must correspond to an increase in the number of Church Edifices, before conclusions of a cheerful character can properly be deduced. Such an increase is shown in the following statistics of the Evangelical Churches in the United States—"collected," says Dr. Dorehester "almost entirely from official documents. All the later statistics are from official sources. Some of the earlier have been obtained from the chief ministers of the denominations, as the only present sources."

Year	Churches or Congregations.	Ministers	Enrolled Members or Communicants.
1775	1,918	1,435	—————
1800	3,030	2,651	364,872
1850	43,072	25,555	3,529,988
1870	60,148	47,709	6,731,396
1879	82,807	67,265	9,500,450

Dr. Dorchester wishes us to observe that in the List of Ministers, Licentiates and Local Preachers are not included, and that statistics for 1830 could be only partially obtained when the above table was very kindly made over to me. But to continue our progressive march under the guidance of the veteran statist :—

POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

1775	2,640,000
1800	5,305,925
1850	23,191,876
1870	38,558,371
1879	47,000,000 (Estimated)

RATIO OF COMMUNICANTS TO THE POPULATION.

In 1830	one communicant to	14.50	inhabitants.
„ 1850	„ „ „	6.57	„
„ 1870	„ „ „	5.74	„
„ 1879	„ „ „	4.95	„

RELATIVE PROGRESS.

1800 to 1879, population	(8.8) 9 fold
„ „ „ Communicants	26.1 fold
1850—1879 population,	102 per cent
„ „ „ Communicants	169 „

ACTUAL INCREASE OF COMMUNICANTS.

1800 to 1850	3,165,116	in 50 Years
1850 to 1870	3,201,408	„ 20 „
1870 to 1879	2,769,054	„ 9 „
1800 to 1879	9,135,578	„ 79 „

These figures bespeak not dead but living Churches. But it may be affirmed that the Non-evangelical Churches give as many indications of energy and vitality as the Churches called evangelical. They do not, simply because they never enroll members or publish lists of communicants. Like our Brahmo friends, they merely publish lists of their parish organisations, but do not publish anything fitted to indicate the real strength of each of these organisations. For instance, the Brahmo year book gives the number of Churches connected with the Brahmo movement, but says nothing about the number of members enrolled in connection with each of these, or all of them put together. This circumstance makes the statistics in the year book somewhat misleading, inasmuch as many of those establishments dignified by the name of Churches are merely individual units. The Church, for instance, at Dehra Dun had, when I visited that place, only a couple of fully enrolled members, and one only half-enrolled; while a respectable gentleman, himself a Brahmo, assured me at Lahore that there was only *one* thorough-going Brahmo, or a Brahmo who had shaken off the fetters of caste, in that city. The year books of the Brahmos show anything but the strength *in esse* of Brahmoism, though they are brimful of statements fitted to indicate its strength *in posse* as they estimate it.

Let us, however, present the statistics of the Non-Evangelical establishments as far as they can be, though their incompleteness makes it impossible for them to sustain any conclusions of an encouraging character. Says Dr. Dorchester:—

“UNITARIAN SOCIETIES OR PARISH ORGANISATIONS

IN THE UNITED STATES.

	1830.	1850.	1870.	1880.
In Massachusetts	147	165	176	184
„ New England	177	206	226	236
Out of New England	16	40	102	105
Total in United States	193	246	328	341

UNIVERSALIST SOCIETIES OR PARISHES.

	1835	1850	1860	1870	1880
Massachusetts	90	150	168	105	111
New England	393	501	506	304	323
Out of New England	260	568	758	613	626
Total in United States	653	1069	1264	917	950"

What a difference between the rate of progress in these establishments and that in the living Churches called Evangelical ! We will conclude this portion of our subject by presenting an extract from the Bishops' Address already alluded to, fitted to show that the progress exhibited is that of each of the separate limbs, as well as that of the whole body. "The statistics for 1875 show 10,923 travelling preachers, 12,881 local preachers and 1,280,559 members, including probationers. The statistics for 1879 show 11,636 travelling preachers, 12,475 local preachers and 1,700,302 members and probationers. This exhibit gives an increase in the four years of 713 travelling preachers, and 119,745 members, and a decrease of 406 local preachers. This general increase, though not so large as during the preceding quadrennium is nevertheless gratifying and encouraging to the Church. " We must also take into consideration that during that time there have died 512 travelling preachers and 78,520 members. These must be added to the increase of four years to show the actual number of members which had been received. While we have lost that number from the Church Militant, we rejoice that the Church Triumphant has gained, and the great mission of the Church has been accomplished, in so many precious souls, nearly all of whom have, as we have good reason to believe, died in peace."

The same rapid and astonishing progress is shown by the statistics in connection with the leading benevolences of the Evangelical Churches. But before we speak of them, we consider it desirable to make a few general observations with a view to show that the very existence of these benevolences is a proof of the superiority of our religion over those, which are at times represented, though very unjustly, as its rivals. In a

former paper we spoke of the patriotic enthusiasm evoked by the late fratricidal war in America. We are tempted to set forth its intensity by an example, which we should perhaps have adduced elsewhere in corroboration of our statements with reference to the commendable patriotism of the American people. When, in consequence of the reverses the champions of the Union had to sustain while passing through what may be called the incipient stages of the war, the country was in a very critical position, one of our lady Missionaries, then in America, showed her public spirit in an act of self-sacrifice, so heroic that we, Asiatics, can not think of it without amazement. A brother of hers was in the field and another brother was engaged in looking after the little property belonging to her father's family. The country in her opinion and that of an unmarried sister of hers needed the services of the brother thus engaged; and they both went to him and spoke somewhat like this—"the country needs your services: you go to the field and we will look after the property"! Their brother obeyed the call of patriotism thus gently whispered into his ears, and the sisters having made the heroic sacrifice tried to supply his place in the family with such help as they might secure by spending a little extra money. But patriotism of this type, however sublime, is by no means a peculiarity of Christian lands, and can not be brought forward as a proof of the superiority of the religion professed in these lands. It existed in non-Christian countries in ancient times, such as Greece and Rome, and it may justly be represented as an edition by no means improved of a virtue, which had existed and had almost been brought to perfection long before Christianity made its appearance in the world. But patriotism appears in Christian lands not only in acts of self-sacrifice, similar to the one referred to, but in such as are decidedly sublimer than any of which the great classic lands of the ancient world could boast. Patriotism appears in Christian lands, not only in the voluntary, cheerful surrender on the part of men and women of what is most prized by them for the preservation of national life or the de-

fence of national independence, not only in measures of wisdom in the cabinet and feats of valor in the field, but in efforts of the costliest kind systematically put forth to succour the poor, raise the fallen, and bring the wanderer back to God and happiness. It certainly did appear in the classic lands of antiquity in types sublime enough to call forth our admiration, but it never appeared in these lovely as well as glorious forms ; and in the currency and prevalence of the moral ideas to which they are to be traced, we see the infinite superiority of our religion over those, which, while they evoked a passionate love of independence, manifesting itself in sublime acts of self-sacrifice and heroism for its maintenance, failed to call forth the spirit of humanitarianism, which in Christian lands is reproducing what the Lord Jesus Christ did when he went about doing good.

This spirit of humanitarianism or, to adopt a term less technical, practical benevolence appears in America in various forms, foremost amongst which are the colossal establishments seen in various parts of that vast country for the benefit of the deaf and the blind, the sick and the infirm, the widow and the orphan, the children of poverty and the children of vice. The institutions for the deaf and dumb and those for the blind, take the foremost place among the marvels of modern civilization, as well as among the grandest results of Christian benevolence. It is impossible for an Asiatic to visit them without being convinced, that there is a gulf un-passable between the traditions and ideas to which their success is to be traced and those by which he finds himself surrounded in his own atmosphere of thought and feeling. I visited several of these institutes, but I can not give an account of what I saw in them all without transgressing the limits prescribed to me. Let me therefore be content to give the reader an insight into what I saw in the great Institute, for the deaf and dumb at Indianapolis which next to that at Columbus, the capital of Ohio, is the most colossal establishment of the sort in America. It is a magnificent pile of architecture standing in the centre of several acres of ground very tastefully laid out. It is surmounted by an ornamental dome, is adorned by grace-

ful colonnades, and consists of a dining-hall, a chapel, class rooms, workshops and dormitories, all of colossal proportions. In the copy of the Report handed to me by its Lady Superintendent, the Annual Report for the year ending October 31st 1879, the following summary is given of the real and personal property belonging to it :—

REAL ESTATE.

One hundred and four acres of land	dolls 200,000 00
Buildings thereon	257,510 00
	<hr/>
Value of real property	457,510 00
Value of personal property	30,868 39
	<hr/>
Value of real and personal property	481,378 32
The summary of expenses as given in the aforesaid Report is as follows :—	

ORDINARY CURRENT EXPENSES.

Receipts from all sources	dolls 60,649 03
Disbursements	55,855 36
	<hr/>
Balance in Treasury October 31, 1879,	dolls 4,793 67
Paid into Treasury from sales of hides, tallow &c.	76 22
	<hr/>
Total of balance and amount paid in	dolls 4,867 89

EXTRAORDINARY EXPENSES.

Specific appropriation	dolls 12,000 00
Expended for improvements	5,420 66
Balance October 31, 1879	dolls 6,579 34

I quote these figures only to show how huge the establishment is, and at what tremendous cost it is maintained. It can give shelter to, and educate about 400 of the unfortunate persons for whose benefit it has been reared. The numbers given in the Report are :—

Number received during the year	392
„ dismissed	51
„ Remaining	341

The following classified statement of the number dismissed is given in the Report.

Graduated from Academic Department	13
„ „ Primary „	17
Left on certificates of honorable dismissal from grades	12		
Discharged for leaving the Institution without per-			
mission and not returned	5
Discharged on account of physical and mental			
inability	3
Discharged on account of incorrigibility	...		1
<hr/>			
Total	51

It is not necessary for me to add that a large proportion of these pupils are of the female sex. The industries connected with the establishment are shown by the work-shops, cabinet shop, shoe shop &c., a sewing establishment, farming and gardening. But the academic education given within its walls is a marvel. When I visited this gigantic Institute I was conducted first into a large room, where a few girls were being taught to articulate sounds by means of some symbols on a black board, symbols very different indeed from the letters of the Alphabet utilized for similar purposes by teachers in ordinary schools. A few of the deaf and dumb can articulate, though in a very out-landish manner, a few sounds; but the majority of these unfortunate persons can not articulate a single expressive sound even in the most imperfect manner. Those in this institution, who were likely to succeed, were being taught by a female teacher, whose patience seemed worthy of the highest commendation. We were then guided into the highest class consisting of 7 grown-up girls and youngmen. These were told by means of signs to write their names on the black board behind their backs, and they did so with admirable neatness. They were then asked to write down their studies, and they wrote down such subjects as algebra, philosophy, history, rhetoric, composition &c., subjects which showed that in intelligence they

were not behind the undergraduates of the Calcutta University. The wonder was how they could be taught so many subjects by means only of signs ; but that ceased when I saw one of them carrying on a pleasant conversation with the Lady Superintendent through the medium of her fingers and hands, rather than of her tongue. She went on as fast almost as a speaker gifted with a valuable tongue, and as she plied her nimble fingers and moved her trained hands, her eyes beamed with intelligence, the smile of information received and communicated played upon her lips, and the changes of color in her face, showed that she was drinking in as well as imparting fresh ideas. When I noticed the varied indications of intelligence given by the countenance of this poor dumb and deaf girl, I could not but think of what her condition would have been but for the enlightened philanthropy to which colossal institutions like the one under consideration are to be traced ;—how her eyes would have remained dull and inexpressive, her mind an abode of unutterable darkness, and her soul a stranger to the joys, and let me add, sorrows of intelligent piety. We were then conducted into a lower class, and herein a girl repeated the Lord's prayer by means of signs ; and it is a matter of fact that she did not take more time in going through the operation, than a girl, not afflicted as she was, would have taken to repeat it in the ordinary way. Let me add here that the services in the chapel we looked into are all conducted from beginning to end by means of signs of fingers and hands moved with unutterable dexterity ; and that such repeating religious movements as revivals and conversions are not unknown to the pupils of this and similar institutes. The writing and exercises shown seemed characterized by the neatness in which American schools beat all others in the world. Let it be borne in mind that this is not the biggest establishment of the sort in America, there being one at Columbus of proportions even more gigantic.

Let me, before concluding this portion of my subject, state

what I saw in the most gigantic institution for the education of the blind in the States, that at Columbus, which city, though smaller than third-rate cities in America, beats all its rivals, the largest not included, in the grandeur of its philanthropic establishments. Its expenditure as given in the copy of the last Report handed to me by its superintendent is as follows :—

APPROPRIATIONS ASKED FOR 1880.

Current Expenses	Dolls	43,000	0	0
Salaries	„	12,000	0	0
Repairs and Improvements	„	4,000	0	0
Furniture	„	1,500	0	0
Improving grounds	„	525	0	0
Musical instruments and apparatus	„	1,500	0	0
Additional land (Parsons lot)	„	25,000	0	0
Total		„	87,525	0 0

The Report does not show the amount of real and personal property connected with the establishment, but it is considerably in excess of that connected with the Indiana Institute already referred to. The number of pupils enrolled was males 110 and females 92, and the subjects taught represent almost all the branches of a liberal education. A very large class was being examined when I visited this Institution ; and I could not but admire the systematic method in which the questions were put by a blind teacher and the accuracy of the replies elicited from the blind pupils. The instruction seemed to have been mainly oral, though books with raised letters were occasionally utilized. The pupils seemed well up, not only in the varied branches of a liberal education, but in music, both instrumental and vocal. Music was taught through such instruments as the Piano, Organ both cabinet and large, violin, &c. I heard a number of girls play and sing, and the sweetness of their trained voices as well as that of the music brought tears into my eyes:—and who can enumerate or express adequately the varied thoughts that crossed my mind as I looked

into the varied parts of this establishment, and saw the varied specimens of the work done by the poor pupils, who had received a mechanical as well as an academic education, and who had attained proficiency in cane-seating, broom-making, hand-sewing, machine-knitting, bead-work, crochet work &c. I have with me a beautiful bead basket worked by one of the girls of this establishment, a basket of which a girl with eyes as good as they can possibly be would be proud. It is impossible to look at this basket with its beads of various colors arranged in the most tasteful manner without putting the question, which has baffled so many metaphysicians, viz, how do persons absolutely blind distinguish colors ?

It is impossible for me even to name, far less describe, every benevolent institution I had the privilege of seeing in America—but it is happily not necessary for me to do so. The innumerable establishments in that country for the benefit of the suffering and the fallen, some of which are institutions of colossal dimensions, are proofs in brick and mortar of the superiority of Christianity over the other so-called religions of the world. But they are more or less connected with the government, and they therefore do not properly indicate what benevolence is effecting in America. This is seen in the grand work that is being carried on by what is called Home Missions, the grand work carried on within the precincts of that country by the noble army of Missionary ladies and Missionary gentlemen, who are chasing sin, misery and wretchedness from the abodes of the poor and the fallen. The statistics showing the vast sums of money raised for this work in the United States are full of interest, but a word about Foreign Missions ought to be said before these statistics are presented along with those relating to Missionary work carried on by the Protestant Churches of America in non-Christian lands.

A picture of religious life in America, which does not show the full measure of what may be called the cosmopolitan enthusiasm by which it is regulated, must needs be incomplete. While endeavouring to measure its religious activity we must

rise from its patriotic to its cosmopolitan earnestness. The leap from the one to the other is broad indeed. The poetry, philosophy and religions of the ancient world did foster some types of patriotic enthusiasm. They however failed, as has already been remarked, to call into existence and mature the higher types of patriotic earnestness which are represented by Home Mission work in Christian lands. And they miserably failed to evoke and nourish any spirit higher than a species of patriotism narrow, selfish on the whole, though fitted to lead to noble sacrifices and heroic achievements. The spirit of cosmopolitan love, which is one of the glories of Christian lands was not called into being and nursed and cherished by the poetry, philosophy and religions of the ancient world. This circumstance explains the absence from the New Testament of any direct exhortations to patriotism. An objection against Christianity or the teaching of our Lord and His Apostles has now and then been advanced by persons who look upon such absence as a great defect. But these objectors forget that the Lord Jesus Christ taught what was needed by the people around Him, and did not do what might be justly represented as a work of supererogation. Patriotism in the sense in which the term is employed by these objectors did not need an impetus in the days of Christ, and Christ did not therefore communicate an impetus to it. It had been petted and pampered, fed and fattened by a host of historians, philosophers, poets, tragedians, orators, heads of political corporations and superintendents of religious establishments ; and it was necessary therefore to throw this much lauded and glutted virtue into the background for a time. Observe again, patriotism had been pampered at the expense of the much higher virtue with which it should always be associated, the virtue we have called cosmopolitanism. Indeed the great peoples of antiquity were taught to love their own countries, and hate those belonging to others—to exhibit in their corporate life an odd mixture of patriotic love with cosmopolitan hate. It was therefore the duty of a religious teacher in the

time of Christ, not only to throw an abused virtue into the background, but to give birth to and nurse and cherish a virtue which did not even exist, but which was of much greater importance to the world. It is then a wonder that our Lord said not a word directly about patriotism, but imparted instructions suited to evoke and mature cosmopolitan love or missionary enthusiasm ! All this may be said with reference to the objection advanced against the moral teaching of Christ by writers like John Stuart Mill. It has been said that our Lord gave prominence to the passive virtues, but showed in his moral teaching no proper appreciation of the active ones. But it is forgotten that the active virtues did not need an impetus when our Lord began his career as a public Teacher ; and He therefore did not attempt what might justly represented as a work of supererogation. The passive virtues, however, did need an impetus ; and He communicated an impetus to them.

The Missionary enthusiasm evoked by our Lord did not perish with Him or with His immediate disciples. On the contrary it has been often perceptively, though at times insensibly, making progress in the Church ; and to-day it is exhibited in Christian lands in forms which take the world by surprise. The Societies to which it has given birth, the innumerable varieties of meetings it convenes, the vast amount of Missionary information it circulates through the media of pulpit sermons, platform speeches, Newspapers, Magazines and well-written books, the museums it has called into existence to show by collections of idols worshipped in heathen lands their need of a better faith, the innumerable missions it has established in these lands, each with an array of establishments too numerous to be enumerated, the marvellous activity it has evoked in and out of the Church and the noble lives consecrated and sacrificed under its influence—all these combine to show that it never presented an aspect more promising than it does now. The flourishing condition of the benevolences of the Churches is an index to their vitality. Dr. Dorchester has published in two numbers of the *New York Christian*

Advocate, that for January 27th, 1881 and that for February 3rd, 1881, statistics fitted to prove to a demonstration that the benevolences of the Protestant Churches in America have increased in a manner which the most worldliminded man can not but regard as the most wonderful. He begins his articles embodying these figures with the following words:—"We learn much by comparisons. In the light of the past, we can more clearly see and determine our present position and relative progress. The progress of pecuniary benevolence is an interesting and instructive line of enquiry and one of the best crucial tests of religious advancement." Let us not detain the reader any longer by general remarks, but give him an opportunity of applying this test to the state of the Protestant Churches in America.

Dr. Dorehester says—"During the last ten years I have been gradually collecting from official sources statements of the receipts, year by year, from all sources, contributions, legacies, &c., of the Foreign and Home Missionary Societies of all the Protestant Churches of the United States from the origin of each Society to the present time, or rather to the close of 1879. Arranged in a table, they constitute an interesting object lesson, but it is too large to insert in a newspaper. I have therefore taken the summaries by decades, and propose to present them, and deduce some lessons from them." Here is the first presentation—

Table I.

Aggregates of money raised in the United States, for

Foreign and Home Missions (1880-1881) Inclusive.

For Foreign Missions, For Home Missions Total

1818—1819	Dolls	206,210	Dolls	———	206,210
1820—1829	"	745,718	"	233,826	979,544
1830—1839	"	2,185,809	"	2,248,015	5,133,854
1840—1849	"	5,035,044	"	2,890,224	7,925,270
1850—1859	"	8,342,627	"	7,826,195	16,167,822
1860—1869	"	12,924,541	"	20,584,953	33,509,494

1870—1879	„	21,740,056	„	26,921,625	48,661,681
Additional	„	525,000	„	6,113,481	6,637,488

Total Dolls 52,405,025 Dolls 66,816,828 119,221,363
 The rate of progress is exhibited in the following two tables :

Table II.

The average yearly amount raised for Foreign Missions rate.

1820—1829	Dolls.	74,571	7
1830—1839	„	288,583	28
1840—1849	„	503,504	50
1850—1859	„	834,262	83
1860—1869	„	1,292,454	129
1870—1879	„	2,174,005	217

Table III.

The Average yearly amount raised for Home Missions rate.

1820—1829	Dolls.	13,382	5
1830—1839	„	224,801	22
1840—1849	„	289,022	28
1850—1859	„	782,519	78
1860—1869	„	2,058,496	205
1870—1879	„	2,692,162	269

“These tables show,” remarks Dr. Dorchester, “that where there was dolls 7 raised for Foreign Missions from 1820—1829, there was dolls 83 raised from 1850—1859, and dolls 217 raised from 1870—1879 ; and where there was dolls 2 raised for Home Missions from 1820—1829, there was dolls 78 raised from 1850—1859, and 269 raised from 1870—1879.”

The rate of progress is shown in another form. Reducing the rate of increase at the starting-point in each table to the standard of unity, we have the following exhibit of the relative increase of each :—

Table IV.

	Foreign Missions	Home Missions
1820—1829	Doll 1	Doll 1
1830—1839	„ 4	„ 10
1840—1839	„ 7	„ 14

1850—1859	„ 11	„ 33
1860—1869	„ 17	„ 88
1870—1879	„ 29	„ 115

“The Foreign Mission Receipts have increased twenty-nine fold, and the Home Mission Receipts one hundred and fifteen fold.” I will quote three more tables to show that the astonishing progress indicated is the progress not only of the whole but of parts generally.

Table V.

Communicants of twelve Denominations.

Denominations	1850	1870
Presbyterians (O. S. and N. S.)	347,551	446,561
Congregationalists	197,197	306,518
Methodist Episcopal Church	693,811	1,376,327
Protestant Episcopal Church	89,859	207,762
Reformed (Dutch) Church	33,780	61,444
Northern Baptists	296,614	495,099
Southern Baptists	390,193	790,252
Evangelical Association	21,371	73,566
United Brethren	50,450	118,936
Disciples	118,618	500,000
Southern Presbyterians	————	82,014
United Presbyterians	————	69,805

The above table shows that the number of communicants has increased remarkably during the last twenty years in one and all the branches of the great Protestant Church of America. The two following show that the benevolences of the Church show as a rule a proportionate increase in one and all its branches.

Table VI.

Average yearly contributions per communicant for Foreign Missionaries.

Denominations	1850—1859	1870—1879
Presbyterians (O.S. and N.S.)	Dolls 0 86	Dolls 0 96
Congregationalists	„ 0 84	„ 1 51
Baptists (Northern)	„ 0 36	„ 0 50

Baptists (Southern)	„ 0 6½	„ 0 4½
Methodist Episcopal Church	„ 0 12	„ 0 25
Protestant Episcopal Church	„ 0 62	„ 0 53
Reformed (Dutch) Church	„ —	„ 1 02
United Brethren	„ 0 9	„ 0 26
Evangelical Association	„ 0 14	„ 0 18
Southern Presbyterian	„ —	„ 0 53
United Presbyterian	„ —	„ 0 77

Table VI.

Average yearly contributions per communicant for
Home Missions.

Denominations	1850-1859	1870-1879
Presbyterians (O.S. and N.S.)	Doll 0 47	Doll 0 99
Congregationalists	„ 1 10	„ 2 08
Methodist Episcopal Church	„ 0 23	„ 0 25
Protestant Episcopal Church	„ 0 51	„ 1 04
Reformed (Dutch) Church	„ 0 41	„ 0 45
Baptists (Northern)	„ 0 15	„ 0 44
Baptists (Southern)	„ 0 7	„ 0 3
Evangelical Association	„ 0 56	„ 0 72
United Brethren	„ 0 18	„ 0 53
Disciples	„ 0 2	„ 0 12
Southern Presbyterians	„ —	„ 0 50
United Presbyterians	„ —	„ 0 46

To sum up the results—the statistics presented prove to a demonstration that in connection with the great Protestant Church of America, the number of (*a*) Church Edifices and Parsonages, (*b*) of Congregations, (*c*) of Communicants or enrolled members (*d*) of Pastors and Office-bearers, has increased wonderfully during the last twenty or thirty years; and that the benevolences of the Church, as represented in its Home and Foreign Mission work, have shown a proportionate increase. Statistics may be presented to show that the third leading benevolence of the Church, that represented by the work of publishing religious literature, has kept pace with the other two. The amount it has raised and expended for this purpose

is dolls 100,410,448. The three leading benevolences stand thus :—

For Foreign Missions	Dolls	52,405,035
For Home Missions	„	66,816,328
For Publishing Religious } Literature	„	100,410,448
Total		219,631,811.

Of this fabulous amount 83 per cent has been raised since 1850. Observe that this amount does not include the sums raised for City Missions and the current expenses of the Church. In the teeth of these significant facts, who will stand up and say—Christianity is dying in America! The Church statistics of England, Scotland and Germany will show that it flourishes in these lands as it does in America, and that the parties who speak of its supposed moribund state do not know what they talk about!

I had an insight into the flourishing condition of genuine Christian piety in America, long before I had an opportunity of studying the statistics embodied in the article. The vestiges of religious activity I noticed in person were enough, apart from or previous to anything like a careful examination of statistical figures, to show clearly the erroneousness of the conclusion, to which not a few of our educated countrymen have come with reference to the present state of Christianity. This activity seemed ubiquitous, noticeable among little children, old men and women, and persons of various ages intervening between these two extremes. The seed-plot or nursery of the growing piety and benevolence of the churches in Christendom is the Sunday School. Every Sunday School embodies two ideas unique of their kind, ideas which have not their counterparts in non-Christian lands. The first of these ideas is that it is possible for little children to have as thorough a knowledge of the vital truths of religion as is attained by grown-up persons, or persons of maturer judgment and cultivated minds. Children in non-Christian

lands are not systematically taught in the truths of religion, because they are believed to be incapable of attaining such knowledge of them as is likely to do them good. The religions professed in these lands have their vitality, so to speak, in bodies of occult truths which men of profound learning and penetrating intellect can not comprehend and master. How is it possible for little children to attain anything like a fair and satisfactory knowledge of them ! Christianity, however, differs from these religions in this respect—it is emphatically a religion of facts, and its vitality hinges upon its facts. Of course elaborate systems of doctrines are associated with it ; but it is the facts of Christianity, more than doctrinal explanations of these facts, by which Christian piety is generated, fed and strengthened. And consequently it is possible for little children to master the vital truths of Christianity, which are not so much systems of doctrine, as facts of history, and which therefore may be as thoroughly grasped by little minds as by intellects matured by years of study and thought. The second idea is that it is not only possible for little children to master the vital truths of religion, but that it is possible for them to lead a thoroughly religious life. That little children may be children of God, little champions of truth, heroes of faith and models of character, such a thing is not recognized even in dreams in non-Christian lands. When a little boy enters a Hindu temple, and prostrates himself before the principal god and goddess within, his parents and relations laugh, inasmuch as they believe that the operation in his case is a species of mimicry, and has not even a dash of seriousness about it. It is impossible for him, according to current convictions, as well to master the essential truths of Hinduism, as to be a true Hindu except in the loose sense of being born in a Hindu house. We Christians, however, do not laugh at little children, when they solemnly kneel down with us in the church or at the family altar, or profess conversion in class-meetings ; for we believe that Christianity is a religion for little children as well as for grown-up persons.

I came across in America, not merely children who had mastered the vital truths or facts of our religion, but such as had given themselves to Christ, and were leading a thoroughly religious life. I alluded in a former article to a meeting of little children, who were engaged in collecting money for missionary work carried on in India and other non-Christian lands, and who seemed to have consecrated themselves to the service of the master, who, though great, suffers little children to come unto Him. At a place called Delaware, already alluded to, a girl of about nine was introduced to me as the missionary of the place, she having for a long time past been engaged along with another of her age in collecting missionary money. And pious children, children engaged in acts of piety and philanthropy for which grown-up persons would justly be praised and even lifted up to the skies, might be seen in almost every place in America.

I can not give the reader an insight into the admirable method in which the Sunday School business is conducted in America, except by alluding to the way in which I spent my first sabbath in a Christian land. Brightly did that blessed day dawn upon me, after a prolonged season of bad weather; and as I had been desired to hold myself in readiness to speak in two different Sunday Schools, I spent its first fresh hours in prayer and meditation. After breakfast I proceeded, in company with a brother who had come on purpose to guide me, to the first of these schools in the heart of New York. The School was held in a large hall on the first floor of a two-storied pile, the Chapel being on the second. This arrangement by the way prevails in all American Churches, the halls beneath them, halls which have the appearance of large subterranean rooms, being set apart for Sunday School purposes and for ordinary Lecture-meetings. On crossing the threshold I found myself standing under a lofty gallery, overlooking the hall proper, the elevated enclosure for the choir at what might be called the head, and the low platform beneath for the Super-

intendent and the speakers, ordinary and extraordinary. The enclosure set apart for music had a large piano, and a fine harmonium, with the seats needed before them : and the platform below had a table in the centre and seats arranged in rows along the two horizontal sides. The Hall itself was beautifully carpeted, and furnished with seats arranged in rows with a passage between, and aisles on both sides. The school was broken up into classes when I was guided in, but I was most cordially received by the Superintendent and some of the Officers. The Minister of the Church of which this Sunday School might be represented as the nursery exclaimed feelingly—while shaking hands with me —“Christianity is bringing the distant ends of earth together !” While I was engaged in conversation with some of the office-bearers on the low platform, the School was reassembled by the sweet strains of the piano in a manner the quietude of which took me, accustomed to the luxury of deafening noise in Indian Schools, by surprise. The pupils I found before me were not only boys and girls, but young men and young ladies, the former occupying the back, and the latter the front seats. When they had all taken their proper places, the singing began ; and oh how unutterably sweet it was. The instruments were handled in a masterly manner ; and some hymns new to me were sung, in tunes equally new, with a sweetness and a pathos that brought tears into my eyes. I could not hear the new hymns and the new tunes without concluding that we in India are emphatically behind the age in singing as in every other thing almost. The singing over, the whole school, the teachers and the taught, repeated the whole of the 91st Psalm from memory ; and though a lot of voices were raised, there was a perfect harmony, and every word could be distinctly heard. The Indian Sunday Schools have a great deal to learn, and great progress to make before they can successfully imitate this beautifully quiet and natural style of recitation. But before I hazard a general remark I must ask the reader to accompany me to the second of the two schools I visited.

This, one of the best conducted, if not the largest in the world, the Sunday School in connection with the great Methodist Church, St. John's, on the other side of the Hudson River, is held in a magnificent hall with overhanging galleries and nice apartments around and underneath. We were in rather too early, but, as we were seated on the big platform at the head, we had a fine opportunity of looking around, as well as of seeing the pupils coming in singly or in pairs, and occupying their respective places in the most orderly manner conceivable. No noise greater than a little buzz was heard inside, and this, even was hushed as soon as the Piano and the Cornet began sending forth strains of music to call in those loitering outside. A few sweet hymns were sung and the School was broken up into classes. Seated on what might be called the vantage ground, I saw many groups of boys and girls, both grown up and little, seated in semi-circular rows around their teachers, both on the floor beneath and the gallery above, listening to the lectures given and answering the questions put without making a noise greater than the buzz I had heard before the commencement of the exercises. While they were thus engaged I walked round with the Superintendent, taking special notice of the classes in the hall and on the gallery and of the infant classes separated from the main school by a moveable screen. Going down one floor, I saw the highest class, a class of thirty grown-up young men at work. I believe a class of young ladies was at work somewhere, though I do not exactly remember to have seen it. The reading-session seemed more prolonged than ours in India, but when it was over, sweet music and song brought in an agreeable change. As soon as this portion of the business was over, the screen referred to was drawn aside with magical speed, and the little ones of the infant class appeared with a sweet song of Zion on their lips. The effect of their sudden appearance and sweet song was touching indeed; and the manner in which they jointly repeated a verse of scripture before they were again screened off and dismissed, was ad-

mirable indeed. Then came singing, recitation and catechising, all which exercises were gone through in an edifying manner. Then came the missionary collection, and the pupils gave the more liberally as they saw before them a live convert from heathenism. With the exception of Mr Moody's Sunday School at Chicago, which had about fourteen hundred pupils, this was the largest Sunday School I saw in America, the number of its pupils being about 800.

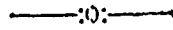
The number of Sunday Schools has been increasing with wonderful rapidity during the last two decades. Of the Sunday Schools in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church of the north, the following notice is taken in the Bishop's Address more than once referred to. "In the Sunday School department considerable progress has been made. The number of Schools is reported at 20,340; the officers and teachers 226,367; and scholars 1,538,311; being an increase in four years of 1,234 schools, 19,354 teachers, and 139,580 scholars, the increase in scholars being larger than the membership of the church. One of the most gratifying features is the report of 352,908 conversions in the four years; and it reminds the church; it must look largely to its scholars for its future growth." Let it be observed moreover that the money collected in these Sunday Schools, if not in all Sunday Schools in America, is made over to the Missionary Society, and is utilized in non-Christian lands in propagating the truth as it is in Jesus. The Sunday Schools in connection with our Church in America, contribute annually about four lacs of rupees in aid of the great work carried on by its Missionary Society. Children's associations, boys' associations, girls' associations, youngmen's associations, young ladies' associations, as well as associations of men and women of maturer years, may all be presented as offshoots of the work accomplished in Sunday Schools, where pupils are, not merely taught to live as Christ did, but brought into magnetizing contact with a Living Saviour by whose spirit their hearts are regenerated,

and their spiritual energies are awakened and thrown into the channel of Christ-like piety and Christ-like philanthropy. Sunday Schools would be mere shams if Christ were set forth within their walls as the Prince of Reformers, the greatest of the Prophets, the Model of virtue, the Exemplar of character, and not as the One Living and True Saviour, able to save to the uttermost them that come unto Him.

But to conclude. When we look at little children in the American churches, we see the spirit of piety, benevolence and missionary enthusiasm at work, bringing forth results to which nothing seen amongst the best-behaved children in heathen lands affords a parallel. When we look at grown up boys and girls in these sanctuaries, or at young men and young women, or at persons of maturer years, the same spirit is noticed, accompanied even with brighter results. The spirit of Christ-like piety and Christ-like benevolence is ubiquitous, being at work in an ascending scale of associations from those at work among little children, up to those at work among men and women hoary with age, and displaying its trophies in and out of the Church Universal, in shades of sin and sorrow in Christian lands and in the dreary wastes of heathendom ; and in the teeth of such intense moral earnestness, and in the midst of its glorious triumphs there are people foolish enough to affirm that Christianity is dying in Christendom. The progress shown by the Missionary enterprize of the age, an enterprize fitted to show an unusual degree of religious earnestness in one and all the Protestant Churches of Europe and America, is enough to give the lie to a statement so ludicrously absurd. In the beginning of the century there were seven Missionary Societies at work ; and now there are seventy ! In the beginning of the century there were only 170 Missionaries engaged in preaching Christianity in heathen lands ;—now there are 2,400 Missionaries and 24,000 native agents ! In the beginning of the century there were 50,000 converts ;—now there are 1,700,000 ! In the beginning of the century the amount

collected for Missionary purposes was Dolls 250,000 now it is over 8,000,000 !

Are not these results tokens of an unusual degree of life and activity? Will our countrymen who publish mendacious statements about the supposed moribund condition of our religion, in ignorance rather than in malice, cease to utter what can not but be represented as impudent falsehoods ?



Who can describe the pleasurable emotions with which after emerging from the frightful storm, which had made life itself insupportable to us in the Bay of Biscay, we strained our optic nerves to see the Light-house of Cushman near the French coast. The white tower and the hilly coast appeared before the shades of night fell upon us, and made further discoveries impossible. We walked upon the Deck as long as we could, having been deprived of the privilege for about three days past, and retired with the exulting assurance that on the following morning our journey was to be over, for the time being at least. We rested well, making amends for the two or three bad nights we had had, and got up early on the morning, made ourselves presentable, and appeared on the deck. "There is Portland, the English coast!"—that was the first salutation,—“Good morning” indeed! All was astir within the vessel. The crew were bringing out the bag and baggage, and the passengers were moving to and fro in quest of their trunks and boxes. Then began the toilette business of the ladies, who were determined to appear in their best dresses, and that of gentlemen who did not believe in being left behind by their “sweetie dears” even in personal adornments. By the time these agreeable operations were over, the breakfast was served; and a very hasty meal was all we cared to have. When it was over, the sight on the decks was glorious indeed! They, the quarter deck and the lower ones, were ablaze with gaily dressed ladies and gentlemen whose eyes were fixed on the lovely hills of the country which was their own. The weather was fair, the sea calm, and the vessel careered majestically on its smooth surface. By and bye the Needles, two pointed rocks detached as it were by a strong current from the Isle of Wight and England proper appeared: and the steamer splashed through them. What a lovely scene burst on our view! We moved on in high spirits between two ranges of hills covered with fresh grass, crown^{ed} with clumps of giant trees, with houses gleaming through their

rich foliage, and old fashioned English castles, ready as it were to extend their protection to us. "The Old country is smiling upon us," exclaimed a gentleman who was one of the best informed and most mannerly on our side of the deck. "It always smiles upon its children"—said his better half, a lady not likely in this world to forget her position as an English woman, albeit of the lower middle class. I was not unaffected by the inspiration of the moment. Thoughts broad and expansive took possession of my mind, and feelings unselfish and generous glowed within my heart. The great events of England's history rushed back to my mind unbidden, and I felt proud that I was a unit, albeit poor and miserable, of the aggregate population of an empire on which the sun never sets. But the dark spots of English history also came back to my mind, and I almost spontaneously exclaimed:—"a great nation like a great man is after all a heap of inconsistency and folly, and is moreover fated to remain such till the end of the chapter!" The vessel moved on slowly and majestically, regardless of the throngs of recollections, some dark and pensive, and some bright and cheerful, which were agitating the bosoms of its inmates. The grand harbour of Southampton appeared with its forest of vessels, its sparkling waters and its high embankment, and steam launches moved to and fro to take the passengers ashore. As we approached the lofty embankments, we saw crowds of porters, hackmen and operatives looking at us with intense interest, and not a few ladies and gentlemen who had come to welcome their returning relations on board our launch. The shore was reached; greetings were exchanged, tears of joy and sorrow—alas! no joy in this world unmixed with sorrow, were shed, and the passengers dispersed, leaving me a stranger in a strange land to shift as well as I could. My first anxiety was to get my luggage out of the custom house, and this was no small affair, as I had to spend several hours in the sitting room before I could once more call my trunk my own. I engaged a porter, who placed my heavy trunk on a wheelbarrow,

and walked slowly towards the railway station,—after of course having paid the toll demanded at what might be called the outer gate. My thoughts, as I moved on, were by no means of the most cheerful stamp. Where was I to go? I might be robbed in a hotel, might be robbed on the way, might be robbed by the porter, my companion and guide. If a ruffian should assault me, where was I to look for protection. A Bengalee of right orthodox type, the idea of defending myself by a right use of the weapons of defence nature has furnished me with never for a moment crossed my mind; while being a homeless wanderer, vagabond if you please, dear reader, I could not think of retreating homewards, protesting all the way that if I was once more beaten I would fall upon the aggressor like a lion! The world is in a natural condition—says the optimist. There is no harm in smoking, said one—only smoking leads to drinking, drinking to intoxication, intoxication to indigestion, indigestion to dyspepsia, dyspepsia to consumption and consumption to death, that is all! The world is in a natural condition, only when you are in a strange land, you are in constant fear of being overreached, cheated, led astray, assaulted, murdered and thrown into a ditch—that is all! I reached the station, but I was informed that I could not start for London except at a very unseasonable hour in the night—the day trains for the metropolis having all left. What was I to do? This was the puzzling question—but the solution came in the shape of a respectful porter, who advised me to stop in one of the hotels on the other side of the street, assuring me that my illustrious countryman, Dr. ——— had spent a night or some days—I don't remember which ——— in it.

I must interrupt the thread of my narrative to give some account of this august personage, Dr. ——— the champion of Calcutta Theism in America. I had the honor of seeing him in America and of getting more over an insight into his antecedents. These had by no means been immaculate. He had professed Christianity and got into a Theological Semi-

nary through the kindness of a Missionary secretary, had been expelled therefrom or proved a runaway, had been proved guilty of and punished for bigamy in Canada, had been loafing from place to place in various disguises since his release from imprisonment, and was lecturing on Indian Theism in the streets, the doors of respectable halls being closed against him, when I had the privilege of being graciously invited to see his wife at ———, an honor I felt compelled, as I had a character to maintain, to decline. Our Brahmo friends have been deceived by him, as hosts of good men in America, and they will feel obliged for particulars fitted to undeceive them. The man, a native of Madras, called himself a Doctor, and was earning his livelihood mainly by practising as such. Of course when I walked into the hotel aforementioned I knew nothing about him. At the door of my first resting-place in England, a girl sumptuously dressed, with her hair cut in the most fashionable style appeared, and most courteously welcomed me in. When I looked at her dress and adornments, and when moreover her conversation displayed manners which might be called lady-like, I was tempted to mistake her for a lady of rank, perhaps a Lieutenant-Governor's daughter and to address her as such. But I "rose to the occasion," and asked her to show me into a room, and have a little supper prepared for me. "What will you have for supper?"—was her question indisputably legitimate. I hesitated, believing that my answer was sure to bewray me; she however came to the rescue by putting another—"will you have a chop?" "If you please"—was my emphatic reply. Within a few minutes my order was executed, and a nice chop with a loaf, some butter, a cruet and etceteras, was placed on the table in the coffee-room. I finished my supper in a short time, and walked out to see the city of Southampton. Here I had a foretaste of the enjoyment I was to secure to myself by looking at the innumerable vestiges of good taste and refinement accumulated in the great cities of the civilized world, the polish or elegance noticeable in the system of streets, the ranges of the over-

hanging houses, the garniture of the shops, and the faces and dresses of the pedestrians on the side-walks, or of the more fortunate occupants of the equipages on the middle paths. And here I had a bit of experience which was to prove to me a safe-guard against one kind of molestation. Most unfortunately I left the royal highway, and entered a lane, and walked on for a few minutes. Nothing of any consequence occurred till I began retracing my steps; but when this process was fairly in progress, I found myself surrounded by a troop of urchins, some of whom took hold of my hands, crying "Jacky shake hands!" "Jacky shake hands," I found myself in a mess; but I moved on majestically shaking hands right and left, and breathed freely when I walked out of the infernal lane. But how—the reader will ask—did this bit of experience prove a safe-guard to me against one species of annoyance? A little schoolboy wrote an essay on pins, and, among other good things done by them, he affirmed that they had saved hundreds of lives! How?—the teacher enquired. "By not eating them"—the clever little pupil replied. I was saved from that sort of annoyance by never entering into a lane in the great cities I visited in Christendom, and by showing an extra amount of respect to little boys and girls! I had also the misfortune to lose my way, but being directed by a gentleman and a police-officer I returned to my hotel, within the parlour of which the young girl alluded to and a lot of girls, much younger than she, were engaged in singing love-songs with the help of a piano. They showed a disposition to ask me to enjoy the ditties—but I knew my vocation, and so I asked if they would entertain me with one or two of Mr. Sankey's hymns. They obliged me—as their object was gain. The way, however, in which they sang two or three of these well-known hymns showed that they were not quite up to the mark in the trade of psalm-singing. However my object was gained, and, introducing myself as a preacher of the Gospel I asked them to kneel down and join me in prayer. They did and, though some of them while going through the operation

laughed at my oddity, I conducted my first family service in a Christian country with a heart full of thankfulness and joy. Observe that if the party had not been a party of girls, they would not have been so pliant ; as in America on a subsequent occasion I was not allowed to go on by a hotel-keeper of the rougher sex. I retired into my room, thanked my loving Saviour on my knees again and again for my deliverance from the perils of the sea, and fell asleep believing that a power mightier than that of the Queen was my protector.

I got up early the next morning, washed and walked out to find every body asleep as if "at dead of night" and the doors fast closed. I looked out through the window casement, and the fog and the drizzling outside convinced me that I was in a country where early rising was rare, and what we here call morning walk an impossibility. I returned into my room, and kept myself profitably engaged till some stir in the household convinced me that the sleepers were up. I had a cup of tea and some breakfast, went to the station, took a third-class ticket to London, and sat down on a cushioned seat in a third-class carriage, decidedly better finished than corresponding carriages are in this country. I thought that passengers, specially ladies would shun me as a venomous reptile as their sisters here do, and leave me sole occupant of my compartment, and consequently "monarch of all I surveyed." But I was, I must say agreeably, surprized when I saw lady after lady walking in, and planting themselves on all sides, right, left and front. When all were seated, an officer came to check the tickets. I was flurried, could not lay my hand on my ticket, and expected to be dragged out as under similar circumstances I would have been in my own country. But railway officers have to be courteous thero, and the person I had to deal with simply said that I would have difficulty in London if the ticket was really lost. The ticket however was found after all and shown, and the train started. The scenery outside and the conversation inside were both of the most agreeable type. We rattled on at the rate of thirty miles an hour

through smiling fields, along green meadows, by beautiful sheets of crystal water, and under the shade of picturesque hills crowned with lovely woods. The month was the inconstant, fitful, capricious month of April, and the season was the beginning of spring. The fields were covered with green, the trees were putting forth their fresh leaves, and nature appeared clad in all the beauty of budding youth. How dreary the winter had been was shown by the ghastly nakedness of the varieties of trees on which lovely spring had not yet displayed, or had but slightly displayed its renovating power. How happy was I to be in a position to form some idea by personal experience of the contrast between the dreariness of an English winter and the loveliness of an English spring, as well as to see with my eyes the varieties of trees and plants of which I had only read! Here and there an English village or an English town appeared to rear its head above smiling fields and clear streams, while the Refreshment rooms in a few of the stations showed an amount of neatness and polish to which nothing in this country afforded a parallel. The picturesque scenery through which we passed was a source of inexpressible delight to me;—and such moreover was the conversation of my fellow travellers. They were evidently representatives of the lower middle, if not of the artisan classes; but the measure of intelligence they showed took me by surprise. The topic of their talk was the all-engrossing topic of the hour, the elections. It was my good fortune to see England shaken to its centre by a general Parliamentary election, as it was to see America convulsed by a Presidential election. My companions, who by the way, were all females and who seeing me thinly clad gave me a seat in the very midst of them, were evidently agitated, so much so that they could not for a moment conceal their political sympathies. They were liberals, and liberals of the most radical school, a fact shown not merely by the tenor of their conversation, but also by the papers they had with them. One of these by the way had an article headed by these words written

in broad characters,—“*Dizzy*,^f *Disorder*, *Disaster* and *Destruction*,” and the owner of that paper a girl of about eighteen, seemed the staunchest of them. They had an animated talk in the course of which they denounced the Tory Government about to be brought to a close most vehemently, and did not, I am sorry to add, spare even Her Majesty the Queen, whose absence from England at the time, occasioned as they imagined by her conservative leanings, they had the audacity to represent as an unworthy stratagem. Of course they denounced the Afghan and Zulu business, and seemed not to find words to express their abhorrence of the Pro-Turkey leanings of the political clique, the members of which they did not scruple to represent as opposed to morality and religion in general, as well as to England’s true greatness. They admitted that there were some Tories or Conservatives in their ranks; but they alleged the desire of such to appear above their rank in society as the true secret of their conservatism. Is not this the secret of the almost all pervading conservatism in the official ranks in India? From them I heard that the country had declared against the iniquitous policy of the conservatives, and brought their leader, who appeared in a cartoon of *Punch* seated in a chair, full of anxiety, yet unable to settle the question—To be or not to be, to a decision. The great heart of England always beats in union with truth, honesty and justice; and woe be to the chief who in England pursues a policy of spoliation even under the fair name of scientific boundary! The great heart of England cried *Mercy* when the excited press of India breathed out threatening and slaughter, not against the mutineers only, but against its innocent millions. The great heart of England expressed its deep sympathy for the North, when a political faction evinced their purpose to recognize the South, then represented by a confederation which was justly denounced as a foul confederation against justice and humanity. The great heart of England sympathized with the oppressed Christians in Turkey when they rose *en masse* to shake off the oppressive and galling

yoke of the Sultan. And the abhorrence it expressed for the underhand, tortuous policy of a statesman who wished to build the fabric of England's greatness and his own on naked falsehood and wanton aggression, can not be measured. The elections then in progress showed England's greatness and the contemptible littleness of the party then in power. I reached London, shook hands with my intelligent fellow-travellers, stepped into a cab, and got into a house, of which more will have to be said by and bye, in time to have a good dinner.

After dinner I spent about six hours in walking through the streets of this great city, giving of course rest to my wearied legs occasionally by getting into street cars, and once by stepping into a steam-vessel and enjoying a river-trip on the bosom of the Thames. I walked along one of the broad streets in East London, approached the Exchange where I halted a little to have a view of the surrounding buildings and also of the grand statue of the iron Duke in front, then passed on leaving the famous Leadenhall street towards the left and the Fleet street, the street of Editors towards the right, entered the narrow street of Book-sellers, Paternoster Row, walked through St. Paul's towards the brink of the river, got into a boat, and sailing majestically under the high embankment, the "Big Ben" of Parliament House and the grey walls of Westminster Abbey, disembarked somewhere on the strand, strutted along some of the fashionable streets of West-end, sat in a park in front of Nelson's monument in Trafalgar Square,—am I really trying the name not to say describe, all the streets along which I toiled on ere I reached fatigued and exhausted, the house in which I had found shelter some hours before? Next morning after breakfast I was again on the move from London towards Liverpool in a very comfortable carriage of a train which was represented, and very justly as the fastest train in the world. It moved generally at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and in some places even sixty. Our belief that American trains are as a rule

faster than English ones is fallacious ;—their is not a train in America which can stand a comparison, as regards rapidity of motion, with this, which completed a distance of two hundred and some odd miles in about four hours. We had to pass through several dark tunnels on leaving the station, but as the carriages were lighted as soon as we entered a tunnel and kept lighted till we had passed through it, not much inconvenience was experienced. In about an hour, however, the successive tunnels were passed through and the country burst upon us in all the pride of its returning beauty and freshness. The scenery, somewhat richer than what had regaled my eyes on the previous day, I feasted upon once more with renewed zest, having been freed from the smoke and fog of London. A remark of Washington Irving's came back to my mind, as I beheld every available little space near a private house or a public road clothed in living green and I could not but conclude that the taste of the English people was displayed, not only in the garniture of English towns, but in that of English villages and English country houses. I had the privilege of travelling with a gentleman and lady of great respectability and broad intelligence, and the places of historic interest on both sides were pointed out to me. But I will not bother the reader with their names. I reached Liverpool in the evening, spent the night in a hotel, and left England on the following morning for America.

After some months wandering in the greatest country of the New World I returned to Liverpool in a vessel considerably damaged by a series of storms. Some facts I noticed at once with very great interest. One is—*pervert*. A number of boys, shoeless, hatless, ragged and dirty, first attracted my notice : and as I had not seen their compeers in America I came to the conclusion that England was poorer than the magnificent country I had come from. The cheeks of the ladies I saw while rambling along the streets had more of the bloom of health, or in other words appeared rosier than those of ladies in America : and hence I concluded that the

Americans had deteriorated physically. And the buildings appeared much more solid and substantial than those in America, though not so fresh. And when in London among massive structures which have stood for ages I spoke to an Englishman of these contrasts between America and England, assuring him that I had noticed more stability in the health of the English people and more solidity in their buildings, he almost involuntarily exclaimed:—"You will find the same in our social and political institutions, and in the types of piety held in reverence amongst us!" This is perhaps too broad a generalization; but sensible Americans even admit that there is some truth in it. I had time in Liverpool only to see St. George's Hall, the largest in England, if not in Europe, with its colossal Lions and grand equestrian statues of the Queen and Prince Albert. From Liverpool I proceeded towards Edinburgh in a morning train; and a more pleasant railway journey I have not had in my life-time. Two seasons, the renovating spring and the glowing summer, had come and gone since my first visit to England, and nature had already begun to blush amid the richness and variety of its autumn hues. The fields were green upon the whole but their greenness was here and there tinged with gold; and the rich foliage covering the trees appeared similarly variegated. Here a tree with purple leaves, there one with such as had become completely yellow, and yonder a grand monarch of the forest looking down upon the other two in a Joseph-like garment of many colors—such varieties, added to the picturesqueness presented by an endless succession of hills and dells, meadows and downs, fields and commons, made the scenery unutterably charming. And it improved in grandeur if not in variety, as we approached the borders of Scotland. The hills appeared larger, the trees sturdier, and the fields fresher. I reached Edinburgh in the evening, and hired a cab, and took shelter in the house of a Missionary father in Portobello. I spent about a fortnight under his hospitable roof; and the kindness I received from him and his partner

in life, my mother, revered and beloved, in the faith, could not have been greater if the tie of union had been one of blood, rather than one of a spiritual character. Through his influence I had the honor of seeing some of the great men, great intellectually and religiously rather than socially and politically, of Scotland, and, though, old and infirm, he had the condescension to guide me to many places of interest, and specially to the house of the only surviving member of the illustrious band of my teachers. My *sole* object in visiting Edinburgh was to pay my respects to the Missionary from whom I had received my first favorable impressions about Christianity, and the two Missionaries, the Rev. James and Mrs. Kennedy who have been watching over the seed sown in my heart by him and his colleagues from various places during the last twenty-six or twenty-seven years. But I had nevertheless the pleasure of seeing a little of the country to which under God I owe my education and my conversion, and a good deal of the most picturesque city in the whole world.

I saw Edinburgh from various points of interest, but the view I had from Calton Hill left the most favorable impression on my mind. I stood on a vantage ground, with my back towards the unfinished structure called the National Monument and overlooked by the crowning balustrade of Nelson's Monument which is about 350 feet above the level of the sea, and beheld the Old Town stretched out in lines of buildings, some discernible and others not so, endlessly multiplied towards the left, and the New Town with its fresher structures clustering around lovely patches of vegetation, and rising above the gleaming waters of the Frith, towards the right. The Melville Monument and the coronal steeple of St. Giles' were most conspicuous among the objects visible. I of course went round the Hill, and saw its various parts and the various parts of the Town, escorted by a guide, whom I had to pay about half a shilling, and who for such consideration entertained me with a great deal of archeological information about the varied spots to which he was pleased to invite my special

attention. I beg to state for the benefit of the reader, that as a class these guides are broken soldiers who invent and retail stories which sometimes appear in the journals of green travellers as well attested historical narratives. I might have been taken in but for the salutary warning conveyed to me by my host and hostess. From the Hill I descended into the narrow lane which separates it from the famous High School, a nice-looking, academic structure of solid stone, and went towards Burns' Monument opposite. No poet has been more a favorite to me than Burns, who is by the way one of Carlyle's heroes; but I must confess I felt disposed to laugh when they showed me a plate and a spoon and a fork stating—"these were made use of by the poet!" I have not hero-worship enough to be tempted to revere such reliques, and I had peremptorily refused to see near Washington the varied articles of furniture made use of by George Washington, one of the generals for whom my heart overflows with admiration. From this monument, not unworthy of the bard of Scotland, I proceeded to the palace around which so many memories, some of a sombre character, cluster, Holyrood, walked to and fro in the long but by no means magnificent Hall now known as its picture gallery looking lingeringly at the pictures of Scotia's old sovereigns, inspected Lord Darnley's Rooms and the Tapestry Room, stepped into the apartments where Rizzio was murdered, observing with a world of scepticism in me the blood marks shown on the oaken floor, and finally honored with my visit the ricketty but beautiful Chapel Royal, where Charles I was crowned, and where in the royal vault, repose the ashes of some of Scotland's Kings and one Queen at least. I had to retrace my steps to enjoy a stroll in the gardens, which receive their beauty from the terraces covered with lawns and flower beds rising one above another, and their sanctity from the grand Monument of Sir Walter Scott. Close to these beautiful gardens are ranges of substantial buildings containing the Museum and the Picture Galleries. The museum is of an antiquarian type, and leads the mind back

through the weapons and utensils of the Bronze and Stone Periods to the time when honored Egyptian heroes and sages were embalmed in mummies, which have defied up to date the ravages of time. But in its anxiety to preserve precious reliques which symbolize time immemorial, it has not forgotten some stirring chapters of modern Scottish History, as among the mementos of the dead past it shows in very good order the stool which Geddes hurled at the chaplain who in obedience to the royal command began to read "the collect of the day" in the very heart and centre of Presbyterianism, saying in her elegant style—"The Lord collic your wham wud ye rede mass at my lug?" A paltry thing indeed—but the first link of a chain of events which demonstrated that Scotland was determined not to allow herself to be conquered religiously as well as politically, or in matters appertaining to her religion as well as in those belonging to her independent national existence. And when Scotland stands determined, woe be to the party who opposes her! The Picture Galleries present a rich collection of the master-pieces of British art, but one of the pictures appeared as strange indeed in the land of John Knox, I mean the large picture which shows the Father represented by a venerable old man bending over the Crucified Son on his lap with a countenance expressive of profound sorrow, if not with tearful eyes. In one of these galleries I saw some artists, both male and female, engaged in making copies of some of the originals on the walls. I examined one of these copies, and I must say I could discover little difference between it and the original, save in the freshness and flush of its color. The road, which separates these buildings, which may justly be represented as the outlying glories of the metropolis of Scotland, from the city Proper, is called the Prince's street, and is the grandest in all Scotland, the overhanging buildings and the beautiful shops tending, specially when brilliantly illuminated in the night, to make a walk along its side-walks an enjoyment indeed! One of the broad streets branching inward from it

leads to the University which with its adjoining Museum of Arts and Sciences, is worthy of a day's careful inspection. The university itself consists of a large quadrangle surrounded by rows of lofty buildings made of solid stone, all, excepting those towards the left set apart for its Library, one of the grandest college Libraries in the world, being utilized as Lecture-Halls. Here I saw the chair occupied by Dr. Chalmers, the grandfather in the faith of Dr. Duff's converts, and that occupied by the man who was in some respects the antipodes of Dr. Chalmers, Sir William Hamilton; and here moreover I saw the old, eloquent, but eccentric writer, Professor Blackie, whose wellknown book, *The Natural History of Atheism* I had read, with much interest and no little surprize, while recrossing the Atlantic. The museum attached to the university stands behind its own rows of buildings, and is one of the grandest in the world, and in some respects even more complete than that of London. I noticed with special wonder the innumerable varieties of smoking instruments collected in the large apartment or hall set apart for them, and said to myself that if a person could only obtain an insight into the history of each of these instruments, he could trace the art or science of the hubble-hubble from its rise through innumerable branches in innumerable countries to its present high stage of development!

I of course spent a couple of hours one fine day in the Edinburgh castle from the highest accessible point of which a beautiful view of the city is had,—saw the ancient Regalia of Scotland, how poor compared to the Regalia seen in the crown room of the Tower of London, looked into queen Mary's room in which James VI was born, and into queen Margaret's chapel, one of the oldest in that country, and beheld with immense pleasure the nasty old big cannon used at the siege of Norham Castle in 1497, called *Mons meg*. In a word I observed religiously all the ceremonies of the place, but it was when, on descending from it and walking for a few minutes along the High Road, I found myself in front of St. Gile's that my

spirit, always calm except when somebody treads upon my corns, was stirred up. The church of John Knox, the pulpit of John Knox, and the grave, supposititious or genuine, of John Knox—the thought that I was in the midst of the grandest associations of Scottish history enlarged my mind and broadened my heart. But I could not look into this sacred edifice without being convinced that a great change had come over the spirit of Scotland since the times of the Scottish reformer, and that if John Knox were to rise from his grave, said to be close by, and behold the decorations of his own church, he would stand aghast. Pictures of our Lord, pictures which might recall to his mind the innumerable works of art he had been instrumental in destroying, occupy a prominent place among these decorations; and the grim face Presbyterianism had in his day has given place to one radiant with culture and refinement. Scottish people now do not believe, as they did once, in giving the best music and the best singing of the world, as well as the master pieces of the arts of painting and statuary, to the devil; and the services in the churches of their romantic country are enlivened by lively tunes sung by trained choirs, though not as a rule by strains of sweet music. And who can measure the gap that yawns between the sermons which had their “seventeenthly” subdivided into five sections, and the polished discourses now delivered by cultured preachers from Scottish pulpits. It will be too much to say that the change realized in the spirit of Presbyterianism since the stormy times of Scottish reformation has been in every respect beneficial; but it is nevertheless true that the amenities of culture that system has borrowed, and is borrowing largely now have made it more amiable by far than it ever was. Is a happy change noticeable in Scottish Sunday Schools? Are boys and girls of tender years compelled now as they used to be, to prefer the shorter catechism to the Bible;—to gulp down definitions of justification and adoption rather than feast upon the picturesque narratives of Holy

Writ ? I am apt to believe the days of penance in this, as in other respects, have passed away—never, yea never to return ! Close to this sanctuary stands the Parliament House of Old Scotland, the grand hall of which, once resonant with lofty flights of oratory, now resounds with nothing grander than the tread of loitering barristers, who in gowns and wigs are seen pacing up and down, under its carved oaken roof, and between its rows of paintings and statues, during court hours. In the square between the Senate-House and St. Giles you see an equestrian statue on a stone slab. It is said that the ashes of the great reformer of Scotland repose beneath this slab, dedicated now to the glory of a hero, who is before John Knox on whose grave his statue stands what a pigmy is before a giant. The rumour however regarding his tomb here is not credited by many sensible men. “Why has not Edinburgh a monument to perpetuate the memory of John Knox, while it has reared so many in honor of inferior men ?”—I naturally inquired. “All Scotland is his monument !”—was the prompt reply. A short walk along the High road past St. Giles brought me to John Knox’s little house, and, though destitute of hero-worship except what has self for its object, my pace slackened as I approached it, and I stood somewhat spell-bound before its humble doorway. “Here lived the reformer who never feared the face of a man”—I kept muttering. How little I appeared to myself before the august figure my imagination conjured up ! A cup of tea graciously handed by a lady, a dinner invitation from a member of the ruling class, a smile of condescension playing on the lips of a person who is great on account more of his color than of anything else—Oh how often these trifles tempt us to a cowardly betrayal of the interests of our country ! We are not respected, nay we are despised because we are not *true* men, and refuse, solely and wholly on account of fear and self-interest, to stand by our countrymen, when such posture on our part is calculated to do them and us good. We need men of John Knox’s stamp to rouse us to a sense of our duty

to our country, and to nerve us to strenuous efforts in its straight path. Nothing I saw in Europe and America did me more good than the train of thought suggested to my mind when I stood wrapped up in meditation before the house of Scotland's austere and redoubtable reformer.

I paid a flying visit to Glasgow, but I had not time to see any of its sights, besides the grand Cathedral, a spacious Gothic structure built in the twelfth century, in the crypt of which the tomb of Mungo Park is shown, and the new University buildings on a small hillock facing one of the finest parks in Scotland. I had no time, and not much inclination to visit the scenes graphically described in the poetry of Sir Walter Scott, who has a monument in almost every great city in Scotland. I left the land of the brave, the land of the free, the land never conquered except in prehistoric times, "the land of peasant heroisms and peasant martyrdoms," with thoughts fitted to spread a blush of shame, I mean a color darker than that of my skin, on my cheeks;—thoughts fitted to set forth the contrast between the spirit of the country of which I was taking leave and that of the land I nevertheless love as my own. "Scotland has wild and grand prospects"—said a Scotchman in the presence of Dr. Johnson. The doctor's reply pierced him like an arrow. "Sir, Iceland has wild and grand prospects: the best prospect that you Scotch people have is the road that leads to England!" This was my road now begirt with iron belts; and the morning of my departure, coming after a night of storms such as had damaged the shipping of the narrow seas round about Britain and resulted moreover in considerable loss of life, was most auspicious to me. I saw, while rattling up towards London, a sight which I had never seen, but which I had longed to see. But before I allude to it, let me prepare the reader by saying that my greatest trial in Scotland proceeded from the weather, which besides being fickle and uncertain, was colder in October than it ever is in the coldest months of the year in the North-West Provinces. I used to have all the clothing with me on;

and yet I would shiver inside a warm room and beside a glowing fire. I was all right when I was on the move, walking along streets, ascending stair-cases, going up and down terraces and hillocks; and I was all right when stretched full-length in my bed under a cart load of blankets in a heated room. But when I sat down as well as when I stood motionless, my knees would quake and my body from head to feet exemplify the mechanical principle of perpetual motion. My cry was that of Dr. Duff in Scotland,—“Oh for a little of the Bengal sun!” And while shivering in Scotland and in England I was reminded of a remark made to me in America:—“If you had to spend a cold season in our country, you would go to heaven sooner than you expect!” I had, I suppose, no intention of doing that, or of going to heaven through a watery grave. A missionary on board a tempest-tost vessel became very nervous, and badgered the captain with question after question. Once, when the captain was busily engaged, he approached and enquired:—“Are we safe captain?” The captain already vexed said:—“If I do not succeed in steering the vessel in this direction, we shall all be in heaven in fifteen minutes!” “God forbid!”—exclaimed the missionary. It is curious to enquire how a natural shrinking from death consists with an ardent longing for heaven. Where has my Gossip carried me? Am I not speaking of the weather at Edinburgh. There I had all the trouble of intense cold without its compensating pleasures. I saw fields here and there covered with hoar-frost, but did not have a single opportunity of seeing hills and dales, fields and meadows, and roads and lanes covered with snow. But this pleasure I had to my heart’s content while moving up towards the British capital. The hills overhanging the straight road and the fields clustering around it were that morning, most fortunately so far as I was concerned, covered with a thin coating of snow; and as the sun shone upon them, the glitter they displayed convinced me that there were sights in cold countries for which a child of the sun like myself might long.

My companions were a family consisting of husband, wife, a blooming daughter and two little boys,—all belonging to the lower middle, if not to the artizan class, and each showing a redundancy of health in rosy cheeks and lustrous eyes. I was friends with them in about an hour; and the tedium of a long journey was whiled away by pleasant talk and stirring hymns sung by the young lady, who was frank and at the same time dignified in her manners. One circumstance convinced me that the family did not belong to the highly cultured classes. The young lady brought some bunches of fine, luscious grapes out of her wallet, and placed a couple on my knees before distributing them to her own party. This persons of refined education and stiff manners would never do. Must the truth be told? It is the poor, who in civilized countries never hesitate to share whatever delicacies they may have in their possession with their fellow-travellers in railway carriages. I noticed this peculiarity in Scotland, in England, in France, and while travelling in Italy alongside of the Alps and the Appenines. I do not affirm that the poor have larger hearts than the rich—I believe they have. But I do affirm that they are not prevented from being generous by the adamantine walls of stiff formality. I myself had a basket full of good things supplied to me by the kind-hearted lady who had received me in Portobello as a mother would have received a son, and we went on exchanging something more substantial than pleasant talk. I reached London in the evening, and drove in a cab to the house, already referred to, in which I had found shelter while on my way to America. To give some idea of the kindness shown to strangers and foreigners in England, let me mention that my generous hostess received me kindly, although she had to send out a lady to make room for me. On being apprised of this fact, I offered to remove on the following morning after breakfast; but the lady sent out or obliged to spend the night in an arm-chair was amongst the first to oppose the proposed movement. I spent about a fortnight in this house, and the refined hospitality with which

I was favored under its roof put lasting obligations on me, while the order, polish and deep piety I noticed not only in the father and mother, but in the children also, proved sources of instruction to me. A word about the young lady, who to see a stranger from a heathen land entertained, voluntarily doomed herself to an arm-chair. A French lady, a native of Alsace-Lorraine, of features exceedingly handsome and manners thoroughly polished, her talk, albeit in a tongue to her foreign, was a source of delight as well as instruction to me. She spoke of the French feeling in her own province, as decidedly hostile to German domination, and expressed her belief that sooner or later the snatched Territory would revert to France. In her opinion the French families, or men, women and children who had emigrated from it immediately after German occupation had made a great mistake; but in spite of this she assured me that the belief in its ultimate dismemberment from the German empire was general, though not apparently well-grounded. Hearing of my intention to visit Paris, she spoke of the places which I should visit; and her pronunciation of French names was of itself so fascinating that I appreciated her remark that a foreigner could not speak French well because its beauty depended on accurate pronunciation,—a remark of which I was reminded subsequently in Paris by a French lady, who after repeated attempts to make me pronounce the word *Versailles* properly gave up the business as a bad job!

How little space have I left for even a cursory reference to what I saw in London! London, the greatest city on the surface of the globe, a world in itself, the Babel of the nineteenth century.—I spent a fortnight in doing nothing but exploring its streets and seeing its sights. Yet how little did I succeed in seeing of it! A year's exploration of the City may give one some idea of the extremes which meet in it, its architectural grandeur and littleness, its inexhaustible wealth and boundless poverty, its learning and ignorance, its piety and impiety, its virtue and vice. An attempt to "do"

London in a fortnight or even in a month is simply absurd,—is somewhat like an attempt to master the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in a short school term! I saw some places of interest in and in the vicinity of London, strutted along some of its fashionable streets, looked into some of its well stored shops, lunched in some of its splendid eating-houses, rambled in some of its grand parks, examined cursorily some of its curiosities, attended service in some of its famed churches, and left the city with the feeling that it would have been better if I had not visited it at all! But I must give up philosophising and come to facts. I am a heterodox thinker, and as such I must begin by stating that I was more scandalized than edified by what I saw in St. Paul's. A great many statues, mostly of the heroes of the world, standing in rows in what is supposed to be the house of God, a corner of it given to a large monument to the memory of the Iron Duke, and the crypt almost wholly occupied by him and Nelson—I almost indignantly exclaimed—"these persons or their monuments and statues have no business here!" The Duke of Wellington may have statues innumerable in squares and parks and places of public resort; but the house of God, let that be reserved for heroes of a different type, for Wicliffes and Wesleys, Howards and Wilberforces. Or if the Duke is allowed a place on account of the propriety of his moral character, what business has Nelson, who led a questionable life and had moreover the audacity to say in his deathbed—"Doctor I have *not* been a great sinner"—and so enter the other world with a lie in his right hand—what business, I say, has Nelson in the grandest Cathedral of Christian England! But the explanation is within reach;—England is *not* properly speaking *Christian* England, and St. Paul's, like the Westminster Abbey, is more England's national mausoleum than a house of God. What however I heard in St. Paul's did me more good than what I saw. Seated under its majestic dome I had the pleasure of listening to a grand choral service from beginning to end, and its effect in my mind was a complete revolution of belief and

thought. Like all good dissenters I had been dead set against choral services, but here I noticed their propriety and elevating influence. In large cathedrals, such as St. Paul's, which can seat about thirty-two thousand people, a service conducted by a single man in natural voice is entirely lost ; and therefore it must give place to one chanted by a number of voices in unison with the reverberating sound of an organ of gigantic proportions. And in such cathedrals, while the mind is preoccupied with an idea of vastness and sublimity, a service so chanted is peculiarly suited to the posture of the soul, and eminently fitted to heighten its sense of elevation and place it in communion with realities grander than any this world can boast of. In the Westminster Abbey also I was disappointed, but my disappointment here arose not from what I saw, but from the spirit in which I saw what I did see. I walked under the fretted vaults among monuments which "epitomize a nation's history"—among kings long since dead and gone and heroes, philosophers, sages, legislators and champions of literature and science some of whose ashes are still warm—almost unmoved ! Scarcely any ideas grander than those of which I am conscious when passing up and down in an ordinary burying ground brightened my mind ; and scarcely any feelings grander than those which are stirred up by the ordinary events of life thrilled my heart. The *sang froid* with which I looked for and identified some of the clusters of monuments around me, and the perfect indifference with which I passed over those before which an Anglo-Indian would have stood wrapped up in what Grote calls retrospective veneration, convince me that I have very little hero-worship, and that the little I have I am disposed to reserve for myself. But the service I attended in consequence of a fortuitous conjuncture of circumstances within this grey pile overcame my *insouciance*. That service was also choral, and held in such a place it did what the place itself, with its grand associations and recollections embalmed in statuary and monumental inscriptions, had failed to do ;—it roused my soul from its lethargic calm, and

led me to think of the spirit-land above, and its melodious strains of seraphic music. The service was followed by a sermon by Dean Stanley, who is better entitled to volumes of posthumous praise than President Garfield whom a tragic accident has lifted up to the skies. The sermon consisted of a couple of manuscript pages written in his elegant style, and had nothing remarkable about it ; but I could not but note with interest the formality with which the great Dean walked to the Pulpit with a skull-cap crowning, so to speak, vestments of holy significance, preceded by a priest holding up his badge of office. Here was Dean Stanley, the most liberal thinker in England paying homage to meaningless forms ! Do not liberality of sentiment and narrow mindedness go together—the same man displaying independence of thought bordering upon latitudinarianism and superstitious veneration for usages at which every sensible man is disposed to laugh ? Or are we to conclude that our liberal-minded theologians, like our learned Pandits, think that, though popular notions of religion are absurd, they ought to be maintained for the benefit of the masses, who are unfitted owing to want of culture to rise above them ?

In this connection,—before passing on to lighter themes—I may mention that I made an attempt to hear Spurgeon preach. I walked several miles, found my way into the Tabernacle, managed to get a prominent seat in one of the galleries—but who can describe my disappointment and that of the thousands literally of persons congregated within its walls when the great preacher's son read his father's note expressing his inability consequent on indisposition to preach that morning. The son preached a good sermon, and, though a chip of the old block, his ability to keep that vast congregation together may justly be called in question. I heard Mr. Archibald Brown, another great preacher in London of a thoroughly evangelical type, and also the eccentric Parker who rhapsodizes from the Pulpit precisely as he rhapsodizes in his books, which, but for the devotion of his hearers, would not be sold. There were

almost innumerable lectures delivered during the short period of my stay in London, some by the notorious Bradlaugh who on one occasion had the brass to invite the committees of the Tract and other benevolent societies to a public discussion, but, as I was bent on sight seeing I could not attend any of these.

From churches to places of amusement the move is not natural except in the case of travellers, who have to get accustomed to harsh transitions, from the sublime to the ridiculous, and from the ridiculous back to the sublime. But before referring to the shrines of pleasure I saw in, and in the vicinity of, London, I must be allowed the privilege of commending in unequivocal language one prominent feature of modern civilization, its proper estimate of the market value and its utilization of female charms. The *New York Christian Advocate* in commenting in a recent issue on the low political morality of the State Capitals in America referred to the shamelessness with which influential ladies utilize their charms in compassing political ends.* But such utilization is universal in the civilized world among certain, if not among all classes of people. The owners of shops understand the value of female charms, and leave no stone unturned to engage pretty girls to stand behind their counters, and sell their goods. The hotel-keepers are aware that they can not attract fashionable, and therefore free-handed people to their establishments except by employing pretty girls, who can coquette as well as serve; and taverns—don't mention them! Even the refreshment rooms on the railway lines are in the hands of pretty girls who induce you by their good looks and pleasant conversation to drink an extra cup of tea, and, if you are not a teetotaler, an extra glass of liquor. But it is in places of public resort, the famed shrines of pleasure, that you see, the science of facilitating sales by means of bright smiles and significant glances carried to perfection. Of this fact I was made cognizant in America in various places; but nowhere more thoroughly than in the neighbourhood of the

Falls of Niagara. As soon as I had come down from the highest floor of the house on the Canadian shore overhanging Table Bay,—one of the lofty points from which the Falls are seen—a girl, one of the prettiest in America, caught hold of my arm, and took me into long room full of choice things, *souvenirs* of the sacred spot. When I looked at her beautiful face, and saw moreover her eagerness to sell something or to take me in indelibly marked on her lovely brow, I regretted I had not money in my pocket to be fished out by a display of female charms! At some distance from this fairy shop, I came across in another a pretty girl who might justly be called a woman of one idea. She also condescendingly caught hold of my arm, and urged me to take something from Niagara to my own country. “Where do you think is my country?”—I said. “Spain of course”—was her reply. “No” I said with emphasis. “What is your country?” I simply said—“Please guess!” “You are a native of Mexico?” “No.” “A West Indian?” “No.” “I can not guess: what country do you come from?” “From India.” “Ah from India, will you not take to distant India something from Niagara?” Sell—Sell—Sell—that was the all-engrossing, preponderant idea of her mind. The prettiest girls in England are to be seen in the Crystal Palace selling *souvenirs*, feeding hungry pleasure-hunters, or simply cracking jokes with the sons of fashion attracted in more by their charms than the amusements of the place, its concerts and organ demonstrations. I do not mean to say, only in the Crystal Palace, for in this respect the Alexandra palace is very successfully competing with it. Perhaps both these resorts of pleasure-hunters are beaten by the Royal Aquarium, which is really a place of amusement under the sacred name of science. Believing it to be a place of scientific interest I paid down a shilling at the gate and walked in, and, to my surprise, I found science thrust into the back-ground, and things fitted to attract devotees of pleasure in the foreground. Small shops of attractive nick-nacks under the con-

trol of beautiful girls dressed in the best style were seen clustering around a place reserved for the circus and theatrical amusements on the lower floor, while a grand restaurant with innumerable tables covered with snow-white sheets and well-dressed girls of attractive features ready to serve and to coquette occupied the main apartment of the upper floor. I approached one of these shops, and the beautiful girl, its presiding angel, immediately took out a toy-bird, plied the screw, and made it fly. "Will you buy this?" "No," I said with emphasis "I am not a little boy." She brought out a nice scent bottle and enquired if I would buy that. "No" was my reply "I have no taste for these things." "Will you buy it for *me*?" This, I thought, was very cool indeed, and so I walked away. I stayed a short while to see a Zulu war dance in an upper chamber, and while passing to and fro I could not help noticing that the chief attraction of the place, or at least one of its principal attractions was the proper value set on female charms by the owners of the shops on the first floor, and those of the hotel on the second. Meanwhile the Zulus came in all the glory of all but complete nudity, raising unearthly yells. They stood in a row in front of a Queen of love, who seemed omnipotent in charms, being as nude as they were, and decidedly uglier. They jumped and howled and howled and jumped till every body, and perhaps they themselves felt that there was after all not much difference between their amusements and these of wild beasts. As soon as their dance was over, the circus on the first floor commenced work. A brilliant assemblage gathered around the enclosure marked, sweet strains of music floated from the stand beneath a nice canopy, a little girl dressed as a fairy of sweet, attractive features stepped in, bowed to the audience, and sat on a fiery steed in full speed. By and by she jumped and stood upon its back, and began gracefully to wave her hands and shake her feet. A few ropes covered with crimson cloth were held aloft, one after another, and the little girl overleaped them, one after another, springing on each

occasion from the back of the galloping animal and coming down thercon. What a contrast between the one scene and the other ! For a moment I was tempted to doubt the unity of the race. But man in his most civilized state cannot forget that he has somewhat of the monkey nature in him and so when this feat was over, another horse was brought in, a nice-looking, fair-haired dog was placed on it, and the same operations nearly were gone through. The sight recalled to my mind a remark of Dr. Johnson's to the effect that if dancing were attractive of itself, or apart from its accompaniments, men would like to see a toad dance !

I do not for a moment intend to reflect on the moral character of all the girls employed in places of public resort, but I do maintain that their position is demoralizing ; and that those, who enrich themselves at the expense of their modesty, show a disposition contemptibly mean. Nor can it be doubted that not a few of them are of the advanced school. I came across one of these in a railway refreshment room. I stepped in to drink a cup of tea, and in course of conversation with her, to which by the way she invited me by stating that, though a foreigner, I spoke English fairly I happened to speak of marriage. She interrupted me with apparent impatience, asking in astonishment great, though by no means mute—"Do you believe in marriage?" I of course abruptly brought the talk to a close, as I did not like to enter into a controversy with a young and handsome girl on the doctrine of free love. But barring the demoralizing influences emanating from noted centres of pleasure and amusement, even the little I saw of London was enough to convince me that it is a dangerous place for young Indians who have their characters yet to form. You have not to seek vice, but vice seeks you in the metropolis of Great Britain and Ireland, the greatest city of Christendom, and of the world. Men and women ready to solicit, and women ready to address are to be met with in every street on every day and at almost every hour ; and strangers are particularly

approached, as their wealthiness and gullibility are assumed at first sight. But the amount of vice in the shape of drunkenness and debauchery noticeable on Sundays is fearful indeed. The grogshops are closed during morning hours, but when the services are about to be over, they are opened; and streams of persons pour in and out in endless succession till the late hour in the evening. And then—why respectable people never dream of going out! The best explanation of this rampant vice was given to me by a revered Minister, who has for years striven to stay the putrid stream by means of wholesome Gospel preaching. There is not, he said, more vice in London than in other cities, but its population being large, as large in short as that of Scotland, all the vice of an ordinarily large country is presented here within a narrow area: hence its conspicuousness. But vice is not the only thing one sees in London. Piety and philanthropy exhibited in ecclesiastical establishments and benevolent institutions, in Bible and Tract societies, in city and foreign Missions, in homes which remind us of those above, and in characters the excellencies of which even angels behold with admiration and wonder, are in some of its parts as noticeable as vice in others. And while the latter is seen in all its ghastliness in our cities in India, the former are not seen in the lofty types but for which a city like London would be a veritable hell! So long as disloyalty to Christianity exists in Christendom, vice cannot but exist, but its existence does not affect our argument in favor of our religion inasmuch as it hinges on the fact that loyalty to it has raised types of piety and benevolence which have not their counterparts in non-Christian lands.

WHEN a dark fellow like myself speaks of the Continent, the reader has every right to conclude that he is to be teased to death with endless accounts of rotten kingdoms and effete nationalities. But I am glad to be able to assure him that his first thoughts in this matter are by no means the best. A Bengalee gentleman of the old school feeling aggrieved by what he could not but look upon as an act of gross injustice sought redress in a queer manner. He literally had his face whitewashed, and entering his office began to work at his desk without the slightest symptom of sorrow or shame. His office master passed by, and, observing the coating of white solution over his face, enquired :—what's the matter with your face, Babu ? “Master !” said the Babu in his broken English, “I keep there books and he (pointing to a European gentleman) keeps one book : you give me one hundred rupees, and him three hundred, because he is white. Now I am white, give me three hundred rupees, and I be satisfied : I not want nine hundred !” I have been “home,” and so I am white without the solution made use of by our friend ; and therefore the Continent I speak of is progressive Europe, not stationary or rather retrogressive Asia. Some degree of preparatory education is needed to enable a man to enjoy a visit to Europe ; and a little of this may be secured by a few days' stay in London and a careful inspection of some of its well-known places of resort. Some knowledge for instance of architecture may be hastily picked up in the Crystal Palace where in more than one of the side rooms you see models of pillars, windows and gateways representing different ages and styles of architecture ; Doric or Ionic pillars, Norman or early English doorways, Gothic and Decorated windows, capitals of the Tudor period, and arches belonging to the age called Transition, all in miniature. Some insight into the mysteries of painting may be obtained in the picture-galleries, particularly the National, wherein one sees not only the master-

pieces of English Art, but also imitations of the noblest specimens seen in the world-renowned picture galleries of Italy. In a similar manner a little knowledge of statuary may be picked up,—picked up not only in halls of statuary, but even in such places as the studio of a photographer, wherein photographs of the precious relics of Grecian and Roman Art as well as those of the choicest products of modern times may be bought for a trifle and carefully examined. With a good handbook in your possession and your eyes open, it is possible for you, in the course of a few days' stay in the metropolis of the British Empire, to pick up a knowledge of the fine arts enough to make your visit to the continent profitable as well as pleasant. But I left London one cold, but fine morning for Dover, Calais and Paris without even a particle of such knowledge; and therefore the reader may rest satisfied that he is not to be worried with crude criticism on continental palaces and cathedrals and the grandest picture galleries of the world. Gossip—gossip unmitigated and unmitigable, is what I purpose retailing “in my graphic account” of my travels in Europe.

I left London, as I have already said, one fine morning—fine in the London sense of the term, that is a morning with fog enough to prevent your right hand from being visible to you—I left London one fine morning before I had thoroughly recovered from the fever I caught on the Lord Mayor's day, while witnessing the grand procession consisting of things new and old ranging between nice-looking fire-engines, the inventions of the hour, and mounted knights in armour, or men appearing in masks fitted to bring back the oddities of a by-gone age, in progress along a crowded street, under balconies draped with crimson cloth and decorated with flags, and amid shouts of joy raised by bands of little boys and men, who, if the Lord Mayor elect had been unpopular, would not have hesitated for a moment to show their displeasure in hisses, yells and varieties of unearthly sounds! What a difference between the spontaneous demonstrations in free

countries and the Police-got-up demonstrations in India ! I noticed nothing remarkable in my journey from London to Dover, but I had a foretaste of hell while crossing the channel, which was, as it generally is, very boisterous. It is said that hardy sailors, whom the big swells of the Mediterranean, the dashing waves of the Bay of Biscay and the frightful billows of the Atlantic cannot affect become sick while crossing this narrow channel in a vessel, which because necessarily small reels and staggers when it becomes furious even more than bigger vessels in broader seas. All my fellow passengers, without almost an exception, were sick ; and I had to sit in the midst of a company of people who were *all* engaged in operations, which while they made me exceedingly squeamish, could not but lead me to think, of the sufferings of the infernal regions. What a relief when we completed the passage, and found ourselves seated in a railway carriage on French soil ! The most difficult portion of my journey was now before me. I did not understand a word of French or Italian, and I had not a friend to help me on. I had furnished myself with Cook's coupons, and continental coins, and I had in my hand a guide book presented to me by a kind friend in America ; and with this equipment I pressed on with confidence as if I was travelling in my own country. Months of travelling in foreign lands had made a hero of a timid Bengalee, and the degree of coolness I had failed to show while walking in the streets of Southampton was now natural to me. What I saw of France while journeying towards its beautiful capital convinced me of two well-known facts, *viz.*, that it is a rich country, and that its wealth is more or less agricultural. Fields rich with waving grain and tinged more or less with purple extending around hamlets composed of substantial dwellings, and showing like cornfields in our own country, women at work oftener than men, appeared one after another in endless succession as we rattled along a road cut through a country which seemed perfectly level. The hamlets of course differ

from our own in appearance as well as in their possession of certain places which show the prevailing tendency of French life in all its universality to festivities and amusements such as hotels, cafes and theatres. Within our carriage I saw nothing remarkable till a priest entered with a young lady and a gentleman. There was something strange about their appearance, something that seemed to indicate some anxiety in the minds of the triumvirate. They got in and remained for about an hour in the carriage, but they seemed absorbed in thought so decidedly that they did not exchange a single syllable with one another; and they did not seem aware even of our presence in the carriage. Some plot seemed at work in their minds, very likely in behalf of the Church now universally despised in France, as the priest by his devotions showed himself incapable of cherishing a plot with a meaner object. When the prescribed moment of prayer came, he brought out his string of beads, devoutly kissed the cross attached to it, closed his eyes in secret prayer, counted off the round balls muttering a prayer over each, kissed the cross afresh, closed his eyes in secret prayer once more, and put the precious treasure back into his pocket. He did not take more than a quarter of an hour in going through the whole operation; but his attitude showed that he was determined not to be guilty of an act of omission in the matter of saying the prayers prescribed by his order. I reached Paris at about six in the evening, had my baggage passed through the Custom House with very little trouble indeed, engaged a cab, and drove into the hotel where I purposed remaining during the few days I was to spend in the most beautiful city on the surface of the globe, the Queen of cities.

I began my business of sight-seeing on the ensuing morning, which happened to be a sabbath morning. My first wish was to get into the famous cathedral Notre Dame and see a regular Roman Catholic service held within its massive walls. In consultation with the manager, who spoke English, I made out a list of the places I might see after service, sallied out and

got into a street car of the color mentioned previously by him. A street car in Paris is in keeping with the general beauty of the city, and is decidedly superior to anything of the sort you see anywhere else on the surface of the globe. It has like the London Busses cushioned seats inside as well as on the top. My object being to see the city I went up, communicated my wish to be dropped near Notre Dame to the conductor by signs and gestures—by simply repeating the word Notre Dame and striking my own breast—and occupied a top seat. As the car rumbled on I had my first view of the city, and, I must say, my expectations were more than realized. Streets overhung with ranges of buildings which appeared faultless in their uniformity, beauty and polish, shops adorned as shops nowhere else are, squares spreading around central chandeliers, occasionally a magnificent building interrupting what might justly be called a monotony of beauty. What I saw was in every respect worthy of the unrivalled reputation of the city, the plan and garniture of which will ever display the genius and taste of Louis Napoleon. The streets of Paris radiate from “stars,” which have varieties of names given them, such as Place-de-Havre, Place-de-Bastille &c., and are so broad that the wellknown expedient of barricading which enabled the Parisians so frequently to defy the Government is thrown beyond the confines of possibility. Each street is overhung on either side by a range of buildings which appears one single structure of the same height, the same color and the same proportions, and which terminates on either extremity in a rectangular corner of a peculiarly lovely appearance. The transitions from beauty to ugliness, from magnificence to coarseness, such as offend the eye in cities like London and Calcutta, are unknown here; and if there is a monotony in its appearance, it may, as I have already said, be called the monotony of beauty. The broader and the more glorious streets are the famous boulevards of Paris, and as you walk along one of these you see the beauty and fashion of the gayest capital of the world moving in procession along the

sidewalks, or gathered around the innumerable tables placed thereon by the owners of restaurants and cafes. London lives in homes, New York lives in hotels, and Paris lives on the boulevards ; for nowhere else do you see groups of beaus and belles, not only moving along in endless procession, but sipping their coffee or wine on the streets, seated around small tables spread there on. But to resume the thread of my narrative, the conductor dropped me near the famous cathedral and at the entrance I saw played one of those tricks for which holy shrines in India are distinguished. From a little distance I saw a man in the garb of a devotee laughing and jesting with a person, but when I approached the man changed his attitude, closed his eyes, appeared absorbed in meditation and prayer, and stretched out his wallet to give me a poor sinner, an opportunity of benefiting myself by throwing in a silver piece. I however treated his counterfeited devotion with the contempt it deserved, and walked in. And as I walked through the vaulted aisles, and round the nave and choir, I felt edified more than I had been while moving to and fro within the walls of St. Paul's in London. The statues and pictures I saw now were calculated to stir up my devotional feelings, not merely to remind me of the bloody scenes of Trafalgar and at Waterloo. Here a faultlessly beautiful statue of Mary with the newborn babe in her stretched-out arms within a niche opened in a profusely decorated pillar ; there a number of Jewish women with the virgin mother at their head bewailing over the lifeless body of the crucified Saviour under the spread-out wings of angels looking down with intense interest and evident sorrow ; here a dying Archbishop commending himself to the mercy of God with folded arms and uplifted eyes ; there a weeping saint praying earnestly on her knees for pardon and for grace—such images combined with paintings similarly redolent of holy associations, and the many chapels, each glowing under a flood of light emanating from the many colored candles above the raised altar, beautifully covered with a piece of crimson, gold-embroidered and

gold-fringed velvet, could not but attune the mind naturally vagrant, and the heart naturally wayward, to that worship, spiritual doubtless but not the less formal, for which the House of God is reared in this world. Notre Dame, though it has statues of two of the Louises of France, Louis XIV and Louis XV,—which however I did not care to see—and the coronation robes of Napoleon concealed in the Treasury, can not in any sense be called the national mausoleum of the French people. It is emphatically a church, and its associations are such as are proper in the House of God, not such as are calculated to mar devotional enthusiasm by recalling scenes of fratricidal struggle and carnage. When I got into this cathedral, mass was being read in several of the side chapels, and in that specially behind the choir; and I saw small groups of people gathered behind the robed priests engaged in the holy exercise. The service in the choir had not yet begun, and so I had an opportunity of walking round, and taking in as much of the sacred adornments of the huge building as I could. Beside the Madonnas innumerable, the statuary and pictorial representations of holy scenes in the niches and in the chapels, that which struck me as particularly interesting was the form of a living female devotee bent in meditation and prayer before one of the holy shrines. What a difference between realities and representations of realities! The feeling stirred up within my bosom by the sight of one living woman engaged in real earnest devotion was intenser by far than that evoked by a dozen statues or pictures of female saints similarly engaged, though these were each and all emblems of exquisite beauty and faultless proportion. While I was walking and musing, the chairs in front of the choir or the seats on the nave reserved for worshippers were occupied and a small fractional portion of the cathedral was filled. By and bye a band of priests came in a procession and occupied the seats reserved for them within the choir. Then began the grand singing of the service, the wearing of vestments, the genuflections, gyrations, the washings, the ringing of bells, the holy

exercises in a word culminating in the elevation of the host, and what may be called the prostration of the assembled devotees before it in silent adoration. I watched the countenances of the worshippers seated around me, and the scenes noticed in Protestant churches seemed re-enacted in this Romish Cathedral,—the majority careless, indifferent, utterly regardless of what was going on, engaged either in exchanging whispers and smiles with their next-door or rather next-chair neighbours, or in cherishing day-dreams of the wildest stamp; but the minority, the chosen few manifesting, unconsciously of course, the deep feelings of devotion, stirred up within their bosoms by the choral service in progress in their faces. The service over, many of the sincere devotees remained to visit the side-chapels and that behind the choir, and to benefit their souls by lingering among associations so pre-eminently fitted to stimulate piety and philanthropy. I am no admirer of Romanism, and I never scruple to express my abhorrence of the fundamental errors of doctrine and practice associated with it. But I am decidedly of opinion that Protestantism has erred, and erred grievously in ignoring those elements of our nature to which special appeal is made in the Romish Church, and in effecting an unnatural divorce between religious and aesthetic culture.

I had a desire to see some of the other great churches of the city before returning to the Hotel; but though I got into several street cars and halted at several of those connecting stations called *correspondences*, I could not make myself intelligible to the conductors and alight at the proper places. So being disappointed and chagrined I signified my wish, by means of signs of course, to be dropped near the *Champs Elysees*, or the Elysian Fields, as they are called, which may be represented as the choicest portion of the choicest city of the world. What Paris is to the other cities of the world, that the *Champs Elysees* is to the other portions—*districts* shall we say?—of Paris. Almost all the grand sights of Paris cluster around these picturesque fields so beautifully inter-

sected by broad avenues, and so beautifully dotted with choice enclosures and gay booths. The *Tuileries* with the magnificent quadrangle behind, called the *Louvre*, and the gay gardens in front; the *Palais Royal* with its court yard surrounded by galleries full of beautiful shops, restaurants and cafes; the *Place-de Concord* with its mono-obelisk, grand fountains and colossal statues; the *Hotel des Invalides* with its glittering dome supported by graceful columns and rising above the tomb of Napoleon, a massive sarcophagus lying beneath a majestic altar and amid marble statues of the most finished order; the Palace of Industry with its rich collections of the most beautiful specimens of industrial art, beautiful statuettes, beautiful clocks and watches and beautiful objects of various kinds and various prices; the small *Arc-de-Triomphe* modelled after the arch of Severus at Rome, but far more elaborately decorated, and the grand *Arc-de-Triomphe-de-e' Etoile*, the loftiest and the grandest arch in the world; the *Bois-de-Boulogne* with its broad acres, its shaded avenue and its groves innumerable of beautiful trees;—why half the beauty of Paris clusters around the *Champ Elysees*, which are ablaze every evening with groups of gay pedestrians, and made festive every night with concerts held in illuminated parks and groves, and varieties of amusements which one must see in order to appreciate. I visited the place for the first time on the evening of the Sunday, the best portion of which I had profitably spent among the hallowed associations of the grandest Cathedral of France, and one of the grandest cathedrals of Europe. Passing through the *Place-de-la-Concord* I walked into the gardens of the *Tuileries*, which were literally gay with groups of loungers clothed in all the glory of the fashion of the hour, promenading along the walks, gathering around the statues, or crowding before the booths set up for refreshment. The avenues between the aforementioned square and the lofty and profusely decorated Arch of Triumph presented the same gay spectacles. Sunday evenings see the public resorts in all Contin-

tal cities rendered specially gay and attractive by groups of fashionable people rambling within their precincts; and this may justly be said of all American cities the parks of which are specially seen in all the glory of their festive garments on these evenings. It is only in Scotland that out-door recreation is prohibited on Sundays, and that the sabbath wears a mantle of quietude which places it in marked contrast to the days of work, or those days which are called weekdays, or days of work in contradistinction to the day of rest hallowed by God Himself.

I saw Paris out of, not in season, and therefore not in its gayest garb. The gay people were as a rule out of town, and those who were in were prevented from displaying their gaiety in the resorts of beauty and fashion by the nastiness of the weather. Bois-de-Boulogne presented what might be called a scone of desolation, clumps of trees, bare, leafless and therefore dreary-looking, and lawns destitute of the freshness which is their peculiar glory. The appearance of the city was in some respects of a piece with that of its most extensive and magnificent park. The buildings and the streets were of course the same, but the glory derived from the presence and amusements of the devotees of fashion and festivity was to a great extent, crippled. But yet theatres, operas, circuses, and other places of public amusement were in full swing, and the boulevards presented a gay spectacle when the weather permitted. I had made up my mind not to leave Europe without trying to find out the secret of the boundless popularity of famous actresses. These persons had appeared to me the heroines of the hour, goddesses universally worshipped; and their pictures I had noticed oftener in America than the pictures of the President elect, oftener in England than the pictures of Royalty itself. My illness had prevented my getting into a theatre in England, and I had made up my mind to do so in Paris, and pry into the quality which places actresses above princesses of the blood and high-born devotees of fashion in popularity. My

conscience had never wavered in the matter, but I had been impelled by curiosity to ascertain the views of a lady of deep scholarship and profound piety in London; and I had been agreeably surprized to receive from her the following reply—"By all means get into a theatre and see all that is worth seeing." I walked one evening towards the grand Opera House which stands crowned as it were with its colossal eagles of glittering bronze, at the head of the broad avenue, which is the only street on the surface of the globe illuminated by two rows of electric lights. I ascended the grand staircase in front and got into what might be called the great ante-chamber. Here I saw crowds of people gathered around the closed doors anxiously looking forward to the moment when they were to be thrown open. The largest of these crowds, or the crowd consisting of persons who had bought the lowest class ticket, were placed in what might be called marching order, or were made to stand in a long column before the door through which, when opened, they were to march in. The eagerness manifested by them to get in, and the inconveniences to which they voluntarily submitted to secure to themselves the pleasure they expected to have within took me by surprise, and led me to say to myself—"If these men were as eager to go to a church as they are to get into a place of amusement they might secure to themselves such pleasure as is not followed by pain." I joined this long and lengthening column, as I could not, though content on gratifying what I could not but regard as proper curiosity, conscientiously pay more than two francs and a half for the purpose,—the lowest rate, the highest being twenty francs. We were conducted in, and led up to the highest gallery through a staircase somewhat spiral. I occupied a seat favourable to my purpose, and looked around. A beautifully carpeted pit overlooked by a great stage, and overhung by ranges of galleries rising one above another to a great height, all covered with velvet cushioned seats and adorned with nice-looking hangings and fringes, the whole building illuminated magnificently by a

central chandelier of gigantic proportions, and a row of lights surrounding the graceful curve of the stage as with a gay festoon,—such was the scene that burst on my view. In a few minutes the seats on the galleries and on the pit were almost all occupied by the devotees of fashion and of pleasure, and the fascinating business on the stage commenced. The Play was one of Egypt, and Egyptian scenes, passed one after another before our eyes, Egyptian scenes *Frenchified*, and therefore thoroughly improved,—Egyptian dances, Egyptian bands, Egyptian crowds, Egyptian grandes, an Egyptian palace and an Egyptian host in motion. These were all imitations, but imitations better by far than the originals. The most interesting parts were played by a young and beautiful actress in Egyptian costume, and the imitative powers she displayed were miraculous indeed, and showed a genius eminently fitted to explain the unparalleled popularity of famous actresses. She had an audience, nearly as grand almost as that addressed by Burke when the accusation of Warren Hastings was begun, but far more appreciative, inasmuch as it consisted mainly of *connoisseurs* of both sexes who had for years breathed the atmosphere of theatres, and who therefore could detect and expose the slightest flaw which her utterances and gestures might show. And besides her movements were narrowly watched by a number of celebrated actresses, who were looking at every thing she did with intense interest through eye-glasses and binoculars. But she was in every respect equal to the occasion, and acquitted herself so creditably that loud bursts of applause greeted her while she was acting, and prolonged cheering was her portion when the curtain finally dropped. She evidently played the part of a faithless wife suddenly and unexpectedly called to account by a husband generally complaisant but rendered vigilant by some opportune disclosures, and her determination apparently was to compose him by means of specious explanations to the sleep so very favourable to the accomplishment of her vicious purposes. With this object in view she sung, she walked to and fro, she whispered to

her maidens, dropped down with a shriek, she wept, she sobbed, she appealed with tears in her eyes and a voice broken by cries—in a word she acted so well that the whole thing became a reality, and the audience almost forgot they were in a theatre looking at a mere play. I could not understand her words, but her action was so expressive and so life-like that I had no difficulty in obtaining an insight into the plot she was engaged in developing. But what surprized me most of all were the changes I noticed in her face, the anxiety, the sorrow, the depression and the ultimate triumph pictured in it as she passed through the successive stages of the story she was engaged in enlivening or realizing. She however appeared in every respect a French lady in Egyptian costume, her utterances and gestures being regulated by the approved rules of highly civilized society, and not marred by the roughness and the effects of the disposition to overdo from which they could not possibly have been freed if she had been really an Egyptian woman. Her genius was undoubtedly great, but, exerted as it was in gilding vice, and making that amiable which is in reality loathsome, I could not but look upon it as misdirected and misapplied. Apropos of theatres I may point out the marked difference between those at work in Christendom and those at work in India. Indian theatres, judging from the specimen, so to speak, I recently saw in Calcutta, are not very far behind second or third class theatres in Europe and America in the beauty of their scenic representations, and the astonishing effect of the imitative powers displayed. But they seem at first sight to indicate a purer moral atmosphere. They bring on the stage characters, which in Europe would be laughed at as incongruous with the ideas and associations, to which theatres owe their immense popularity. A young woman personating a faithful wife, and kneeling down on the stage to offer up prayers to God;—such a character recently brought on the stage in Calcutta, would be considered a monstrosity in Christendom. When I mentioned this recently to a few young friends, they almost involuntarily exclaimed:—

"Theatre-going people in India breathe a purer moral atmosphere than their brethren in Christendom!" But the conclusion is scarcely fair,—that, to which the difference noticed is calculated to bring us, being that grosser ideas of religion, ideas which lead the devotee to unite vice with devotion, prevail amongst our countrymen, and they in consequence are not scandalized when they see such things as devotional earnestness in conjunction with associations fitted to demoralize. My little bit of experience in the Opera-house in Paris and a Bengalee Theatre in Calcutta has brought me to the conclusion that, if the current ideas on which their success is based could not be elevated, theatres should be discouraged, and some other sources of amusement resorted to.

Of course I visited the picture galleries of the Louvre and those of Versailles, the grandest palace on the surface of the globe. I walked through the various halls and apartments of the last-named palace along with a recently married couple who were spending their honeymoon at Paris, and the remarks they almost involuntarily made while passing through them amused me not a little. When, for instance, we entered the grand hall called *Galerie-des-Glaces*, and looked at its polished floor adorned by rows of marble busts representing the worthies of French history, its beautiful walls, rendered still more beautiful by pictures of prodigious dimensions representing some of the bloodiest battles on record, and its roof profusely decorated and gilded, the gentleman exclaimed—Oh it is ger-r-rand! and the lady exclaimed—Oh it is lovely! I was determined not to be out-done in criticism, and so I called to my aid the adjective ridden to death in America, and exclaimed—Oh it is elegant! If twenty other persons had made use of twenty other expressive adjectives, all these put together and in conjunction with those we were retailing could not have adequately set forth the grandeur of the galleries which show the history of France embodied in pictures and statues, and the state apartments, in one of which the king of Prussia was recently proclaimed Emperor of

Germany. But what brought back pensive recollections to my mind was the sight of the beautiful rooms which are pointed out as emphatically those of Marie Antoinette, the unfortunate queen, whose name or memory is embalmed in this palace as that of the unfortunate Queen of Scots is in Holyrood palace in Edinburgh. The high aerial balcony from which she appealed to the mercy of the mob below with her boy in her arms, and appealed in vain, was also pointed out to me. The gardens of this palace, the grand fountains of which are made to play on particular Sundays and days of festivity, at a cost on each occasion of about four thousand rupees, we could see very little indeed of in the fag-end of a day, the best portion of which had been spent in its galleries and halls. The last thing I did in Paris was to get up to the top of the Vendôme column, the graceful column erected by Napoleon to commemorate some of his victories, and thrown down recently by the communists, who in that act showed a better appreciation of the doctrine of the brotherhood of man than the Scotch reformers showed of the spiritual nature of Christian worship when they destroyed the noblest specimens of the arts of painting and sculpture in their country. These monuments, monuments raised to commemorate victories, are indeed standing insults to the nations humiliated, and standing embodiments of that spirit of self-complacency, brag and bluster which should be discouraged. I was impressed with this idea very powerfully when I stood before a group of statuary on one of the broad avenues by which the Capitol at Washington and the gardens attached to it are surrounded. The group among other things represented the South, in the shape of a beautiful female with her hair dishevelled and her face buried in her hands, repenting of the foul rebellion from which it had been brought back to the path of loyalty to the Union by the all-conquering sword of the North, standing by it in the shape of a beautiful female looking benignantly at her once proud but now humbled sister. The group of statuary, if I have correctly interpreted it, represents

or embodies a lie, the South being by no means in the attitude of penitence in which it is made to appear. The group is moreover a standing insult to the South, and is one of those almost innumerable statues and monuments raised to commemorate its humiliation, by which the breach between the rival members of the union is being widened. If the North means peace and permanent union, as it doubtless does, let all those signs by which the South is perpetually reminded of its folly, defeat and humiliation be wiped out; let the past in a word be not merely forgiven but forgotten as far as possible. But it may be said that this argument pushed to its legitimate consequences would lead to the destruction of all records of history,—all the memorials so to speak, embodied in narrative and song stereotyped as they in this age can not but be. But there is a difference between insults hurled at you as soon as you cross the Rubicon of your territory, and the insults which you must consume your midnight oil in order to get an insight into. I am no friend of communism. When dissociated from all objectionable features, and made, as it were, to stand upon its own legs, it embodies an error of gigantic proportions; but when found in intimate association with atheism, promiscuous intercourse and the utter annihilation of moral distinctions, as it was in the case of the French communists, the most notorious of whom were shot, as if they were mere pigs, in an enclosure behind Versailles, it is positively loathsome as well as pernicious. But it was, even in the impure atmosphere in which it was elaborated, relieved by one, if not a few good ideas: and that is the desirability of destroying those costly monuments which commemorate the defeat or humiliation of peoples who ought to be spared the sight so eminently fitted to stir up the gall of their nature, by reminding them of what they naturally wish to shut their eyes to!

My journey from Paris to Genoa where I spent the intervening sabbath, was by no means of the most pleasant description. I got into the right train, and I had for my companions

a French family consisting of a husband and wife, belonging evidently to what is called the lower middle class, but with ample means, and a young Frenchman apparently poorer. They were ignorant of English, almost as completely as I was of French; but by means of signs, gestures and significant smiles we introduced ourselves to one another, and became friends enough to have confidence in one another. The family opened their wellstored wallet almost as soon as we left Paris, and offered me and the young Frenchman bread and meat and wine successively, and were evidently sorry when we both thankfully declined their offers. Then they brought out some sweet biscuits, and literally compelled us to partake of them. This ceremony at once convinced me that they were not "highborn" devotees of stiff formality; and the exuberance of genuine good nature depicted on their countenances or beaming out of their eyes, invited and enlisted my confidence; and I felt happy in their company, though unable almost to exchange a syllable with them. The day past pleasantly away, and the night did not by any means seem inauspicious; and so I laid me down in peace and slept. Next morning we found ourselves in Lyons, sallied out and enjoyed together a hearty breakfast in the Refreshment rooms, and came back to our carriage. The doors were closed, the bell rang, and when we were on the eve of bidding farewell to the grand station of Lyons, so beautifully situated over a square adorned with marble statues on all sides and a grand fountain in the centre, a person passed by uttering a sentence ending in the word "Marseilles." The man disappeared, and the train was in motion. Marseilles,—where was I going to? Ah! I had been too careless—had forgotten to step out of the train and get into another. What was to be done? I communicated my difficulty by means of signs to my friends in the carriage, and they examined my coupons, and urged me by expressive signals to set my mind at rest. When we came to the first station, after leaving Lyons, the station-master was apprized of my mistake; but he only referred us to the

station-master at the next station ; and this gentleman, when we came to it, ordered my luggage out, conducted me into the waiting room, opened his watch, showed me the hour when the return train to Lyons was to arrive, and left me a little more composed than I had been for about an hour before my speechless interview with him. I sat down or walked to and fro, now quailing before the phantoms of fear conjured up by my imagination, and now triumphing over all my troubles through the mercy of Him to whose unerring guidance I had committed myself. A few passengers walked in, and I felt a little assured. The train expected came, I stepped in, and was once more on my way towards Lyons. I have the misfortune to believe in "special providences" at a time when enlightened science makes God himself quail before the formidable inflexibility of the law ; and I earnestly prayed that I might come across on the platform of the Lyons station some person, who could speak English, understand my case, and snatch me out of my trouble. And the first person I came across when we reached that platform was a French minister of the Gospel, one of the many Protestant Missionaries sent abroad within the borders of France by Mr. Macall, whose unrivalled success is one of the moral wonders of the age. He could speak English, and we became friends as soon as we knew each other. He took me to the Station-Master, explained my case, and showed me the train by which I was to go back to Culoz where I should have availed myself of the train towards Turin the previous night. His conversation was to me instructive, inasmuch as it gave me an insight into the religious condition of his country, which like most of the countries professing Romanism, was recoiling from the extreme of superstition towards the extreme of rank infidelity ; but which under present circumstances was perhaps more favourable to the spread of Protestantism than it ever had been. This bit of information, however, I was prepared for, as I was for what he said regarding the prevailing desire of France for peace, rest, and what might be called

self-culture. The priests of course were trying to bring back the old order of things ; but their efforts were not only not backed, but opposed by the influential classes as well as by the masses of his countrymen. There is really a rebound from Romanism in France, and there is ground for apprehending that a leap on her part into the abyss of universal scepticism may be followed by a revolution, and that the consequence of a political convulsion may be the restoration of monarchy and Romish supremacy. A truce to thought. I went back to the abovementioned changing station in the night, passed through the Mount Cenis Tunnel early the next morning, reached Turin at breakfast time, and after passing through a series of tunnels, nearly as long as that of Mount Cenis in a train as slow as a bullock cart, I reached Genoa in the evening. I drove through several of its narrow streets, and took shelter in a splendid Hotel, determined to spend the following day, which was Sunday, in it.

On the following morning I sallied out after breakfast to attend service in the great Cathedral of Genoa, San Lorenzo, which I reached after walking through several of its narrow streets. I entered this hoary sanctuary, built in the twelfth century though often remodelled so as to present a variety or rather an odd mixture of styles within its walls, before the commencement of its grand service. A priest, however, was at the time muttering a service on an illuminated altar towards the right side of the choir ; and a small group of worshippers might be seen gathered before it. I walked round, saw what was worth seeing in the building, and sat down in one of the two or at the most three small forms reserved for the purpose. There were chairs almost innumerable, but they were heaped up in a corner of the nave ; and the man in charge of them never brought out one till he had a small copper coin thrust into his hand in the shape of a fee. While I remained seated, worshippers began to assemble ; some, however, coming in through one gate, halting for a few moments, and going out through another. The conduct of one of these last struck me

as particularly strange in a Christian land, but such as was fitted to remind me of the varied styles of worship in vogue in Hindu temples, and even Mahomedan mosques. She came in through one gate with a basket of commodities for sale on her head, placed it down, knelt before the illuminated altar alluded to, took up her burden, and walked out through another,—thus finishing her worship in about a couple of minutes. The aspect of the place, so full of holy associations, was certainly solemnizing, but the countenances of the majority of the devoted assembled did not indicate much solemnity of feeling or devotional earnestness. A few, however, appeared deeply engaged in the sacred avocations of the hour, bent before chairs paid for and secured, and poring over the prayer book opened before their concentrated gaze. Meanwhile the officiating priests in their gorgeous vestments came in, and strains of music, pathetic and sublime, announced the commencement of the grand service, which was nothing less than High Mass. All the solemn exercises, the changing of vestments, the muttering of prayers, the ringing of bells, the genuflexions, the pater nosters were gone through with due formality; and then began the ceremony of taking round the host in a procession. A large company of young priests or acolytes in white surplices came out in order with lighted candles in their hands and stood ready for the signal to march round on one of the aisles. A grand canopy was held aloft by four priests before the door of the choir, and a priest approached the altar with a large gold-embroidered crimson umbrella. The president Bishop came under the shade of this umbrella with the *Host* held up by both his hands, walked to the door, and stood under the uplifted canopy. The priests holding up the canopy then moved towards the long column of young priests standing on the aisle with lighted candles. And now the grand procession began to move slowly, cheered on, so to speak, by a grand song of triumph raised by the young priests in white surplices. It went round the nave, and, as the worshippers saw it, they knelt down before the host thus paraded. It was

indeed sickening to see the spiritual worship of Christianity converted into such a mummary. But there is danger on the other side, danger in making it too spiritual to suit the masses of mankind, who cannot grasp spiritual ideas excepting through the medium of symbols fitted to make an impression upon the senses. What Church can stand up and say that it holds up an even balance between the excess and the defect of symbolism in its forms of worship !

A night's journey in a railway carriage brought me from Genoa to Rome. While travelling in Italy, and perambulating its capital, I noticed many things, which convinced me that I was approaching home. The villages I noticed seemed, like Indian villages, abodes of crushing poverty in conjunction with squalor and filth, though surrounded each by broad tracts of exceedingly fertile land : the cities, magnificent indeed in some of their aspects, but intersected by narrow roads as a rule, and built, moreover, like our own, on plans which may justly be characterized as antiquated ; and the country itself full of the dire consequences of the centuries of misrule gone by, and of the incubus of ignorance and superstition from which it has yet to be freed entirely. I could not see the sights of Rome, ranging, so to speak, between *magnificent ruins* and magnificent buildings in perfectly good order, between the reliques of ancient and the results of modern civilization without being reminded of Delhi, which embodies almost the entire history of India in its stupendous array of structures, and even more stupendous array of ruins. What a contrast between America, which has no ruins, and Italy which through its dilapidated castles, broken arches, shattered pillars, ruined baths, and scarcely discernible aqueducts, leads the mind back, across the chasm of ages, to the time when the greatest empire of antiquity was passing through the zenith of its prosperity and glory ; and which moreover embodies the history of the early growth and development of our religion in tens of thousand of monuments and engravings concealed within the bowels of mother earth ! “ In one respect, your

as particularly strange in a Christian land, but such as was fitted to remind me of the varied styles of worship in vogue in Hindu temples, and even Mahomedan mosques. She came in through one gate with a basket of commodities for sale on her head, placed it down, knelt before the illuminated altar alluded to, took up her burden, and walked out through another,—thus finishing her worship in about a couple of minutes. The aspect of the place, so full of holy associations, was certainly solemnizing, but the countenances of the majority of the devoted assembled did not indicate much solemnity of feeling or devotional earnestness. A few, however, appeared deeply engaged in the sacred avocations of the hour, bent before chairs paid for and secured, and poring over the prayer book opened before their concentrated gaze. Meanwhile the officiating priests in their gorgeous vestments came in, and strains of music, pathetic and sublime, announced the commencement of the grand service, which was nothing less than High Mass. All the solemn exercises, the changing of vestments, the muttering of prayers, the ringing of bells, the genuflections, the pater nosters were gone through with due formality; and then began the ceremony of taking round the host in a procession. A large company of young priests or acolytes in white surplices came out in order with lighted candles in their hands and stood ready for the signal to march round on one of the aisles. A grand canopy was held aloft by four priests before the door of the choir, and a priest approached the altar with a large gold-embroidered crimson umbrella. The president Bishop came under the shade of this umbrella with the *Host* held up by both his hands, walked to the door, and stood under the uplifted canopy. The priests holding up the canopy then moved towards the long column of young priests standing on the aisle with lighted candles. And now the grand procession began to move slowly, cheered on, so to speak, by a grand song of triumph raised by the young priests in white surplices. It went round the nave, and, as the worshippers saw it, they knelt down before the host thus paraded. It was

indeed sickening to see the spiritual worship of Christianity converted into such a mummary. But there is danger on the other side, danger in making it too spiritual to suit the masses of mankind, who cannot grasp spiritual ideas excepting through the medium of symbols fitted to make an impression upon the senses. What Church can stand up and say that it holds up an even balance between the excess and the defect of symbolism in its forms of worship !

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country is inferior to the more ancient countries of Europe ; your country has no ruins"—said a European gentleman to an American. The American promptly replied—"We don't believe in ruins, or we would build them!" But does not Delhi in this respect beat Rome? Do not some of its ruins, those clustering around the Kootub lead the mind back to an age earlier even than that indicated by the most ancient of the ruins of Rome? Nor are the magnificent halls of Delhi unfit to be compared to some at least of the cathedrals and halls of Rome. But here the comparison must end. A building like St. Peter's, within which one stands awe-struck, as one does in a valley surrounded by mountains of Himalayan height and Himalayan proportions, India has yet to see; while we have nothing fit to be placed side by side with the museums and picture-galleries of small Italian cities, not to mention the museum and picture-galleries of the Vatican.

It would be simply absurd on my part to attempt a description of what I saw in Rome. The greatest wood-painters the world ever saw have failed to do justice to its sights, and the best thing a gossip-monger like myself can do is to leave them to themselves, and pass into the region of gossip at once. What good do the great Cathedrals of Rome do? They are certainly made much of by strangers, and strangers have their very best feelings stirred up by their grandeur, proportions and decorations. But by the people of Rome, they are neglected, utterly neglected. I attended a service in St. Peter's, held in one of the side chapels, and I was surprised to find that the priests engaged in conducting the service were about five times as numerous as the worshippers who were assembled to profit by it. The few who were assembled were engaged in chatting and laughing during its continuance, and did not manifest the slightest degree of seriousness till the presiding Bishop lifted up the host. Then they all knelt down for a moment, and reassumed their attitude of supreme indifference and carelessness. Two of them, both females, then took it into their heads to go through the ceremony of kissing the

foot of St Peter, or rather the bronze statue of Peter towards the right sight of the altar ; and the careless way in which they finished it took me by surprize. They went laughing and chatting towards the statue, and then one of them approached it, brought out her handkerchief, wiped the foot reserved for the homage, kissed it, and came back laughing. The other went through the operation precisely in the same way, and they both made for the door chatting and laughing as they would have done if they had been walking out of a theatre. I had noticed solitary cases of earnest devotion in Notre Dame and in the cathedral of Genoa ; but it was my misfortune perhaps that I did not see a single instance of a man or woman devoutly engaged in prayer and meditation in the superb cathedrals of Rome ! No-where is Romanism more thoroughly disliked than in Rome, as its recent disturbances indubitably prove. The same conclusion is arrived at when we notice the indifference with which they pass by the great productions of art on which the concentrated gaze of strangers is fastened, sometimes for hours. As I passed through the narrow streets of Rome I could not but linger before the sacred pictures hanging within and without the shops skirting them, imitations of some of the choicest productions of the art of painting ; and when for the first time I saw in a shop a picture of Christ with the crown of thorns on His head, and blood marks on his temple and face, I wept. But the Italian, not only passez by them un-heeding, but practices his multifarious tricks amid all the holy associations they are so eminently fitted to conjure up ;—he lies and cheats, flirts and jilts under the tears of Carlo Dolce's *Mater Dolorosa*, the uplifted, heavenward gaze of Murrillo's *Mary Magdalene*, the inimitable beauty of Raphael's *Matrona del Sala*, and the unutterable severity of Michael Angelo's *Day of Judgment*. But he is not alone in such indifference and wickedness. How often do we read the chapters of the New Testament in which the crucifixion of the Saviour is graphically related with perfect indifference and apathy ; and how often do we sin in thought, if not in deed, with the

glorious array of scripture facts and scripture truths shining before us! The difference between him and the Protestant lies perhaps in this—he tries, like the Hindu, to combine devotion with practices of an immoral character; while the Protestant, though conscious of spiritual aberrations, looks upon and flees from such a heterogeneous combination as insult to God. Vestiges innumerable may be seen in Rome fitted to bring one to the conclusion that Romanism is rotten to the very core. But why is not an attempt made to reform it? Are there not priests enough in Rome to commence and vigorously push forward the needed reform? No place on the surface of the globe harbours so many orders of priests in such varieties of costumes as the eternal city, within the precincts of which you cannot spend half a day without seeing bands of priests, in black, blue, and red vestments, passing in endless succession before you. But the reform must first, like charity, begin at home, in the sacerdotal colleges of the great city; and when these have been thoroughly weeded and pruned, a healthy influence may emanate from them, and electrify the body now lying as a dead corpse, a mass of corruption and rottenness. We are certainly not compelled to say of Rome what we may be prone to say of theatres. Theatres are not susceptible of improvement, may theatres tend by necessity to demoralization, and therefore they ought to be entirely suppressed;—such is the argument brought forward by many good people in favor of the entire suppression of theatrical amusements of all sorts. But a similar argument against Romanism will not do. Though corrupt to the very core, we dare not represent it as irreclaimable; and we certainly have no sympathy with the species of spiritual vandalism which would cheerfully give the best cathedrals of the world to Antichrist. We look forward to the day when Rome will be thoroughly reformed; and St. Peter's will be to Christendom what the temple of Jerusalem was to Jewry. Romanism has an advantage which Protestantism has not, a centre of union, a grand temple to which

all its scattered branches all the world overlook with the attachment, the reverence, the *home-feeling*, so to speak with which the Jewish communities scattered all over the Roman Empire in the time of Christ looked to their beloved temple at Jerusalem. But the day is not distant when the different sections of Protestantism, united into a homogeneous whole, will merge in Romanism reformed; and the Christian world, or the whole world Christianised will look to St. Peter's Cathedral as its centre, if in the meantime a grander Cathedral is not built in Jerusalem on the site, if that is discoverable, of the temple destroyed by Titus!

A word about Mariolatry, and I shall have done. That there is such a thing as the adoration of Mary, as well as the invocation of saints, in the Romish Church, cannot be denied, though perhaps the evil is not so generally spread among educated Roman Catholics as is imagined by Protestants. Nor should we wonder at its prevalence among the unthinking masses who profess Catholicism, but know little or nothing about its vital principles. Mariolatry has been connected by some writers with chivalry as an effect is connected with its cause. Chivalry was a sort of woman-worship, and some of its by no means unamiable principles may be seen unshrined in the worship of the virgin-mother prevalent in popish countries. But Mariolatry ought to be traced to a cause more universal than chivalry, a principle co-extensive with the entire habitable globe. And that is the universal tendency among men to recognise a female principle in the Divinity, to look for a mother as well as a father in heaven. The Hindus have done so for countless ages, and the goddesses worshipped by them now are but the successors of those worshipped by them in by-gone times. But what a contrast between the ideas and principles symbolized by them and those enshrined in Mariolatry. These goddesses, like the goddesses who have been worshipped in all heathen countries since the beginning of days, are either monsters of vice or monsters of ferocity. Even in the case of the goddesses worshipped

in ancient Greece, which were represented by marble statues of exquisite proportion, physical beauty, was marred by moral ugliness, and the scriptural idea of a whited sepulchre, the exterior attractive but the interior full of rottenness, is conjured up as soon as we think of them. It is only in Roman Catholic countries that we find a goddess who unites in herself the perfection of moral with physical beauty, a goddess who is not merely a paragon of external loveliness but a model of grace, purity and tenderness. What a contrast between the statues of Venus and those of virgin Mary seen in Rome! Those are calculated to stir up some of the vilest passions of the human heart, while these are eminently fitted to stimulate some of its noblest emotions! Even in degenerate Christianity, or Christianity neutralised by the formality and superstition borrowed from heathenism, we see what is calculated to set forth its infinite superiority over all other forms of faith!

I have, dear reader, taxed your patience to the uttermost, and it is time for me to conclude. I am glad to be able to do so with a word of advice such as may prove grateful to you. If you ever visit London, do not fail to pay a visit, and a couple of shillings, to Madam Tassaud's establishment, which is one of the wonders of the place. Enter one evening the gate which overlooks one of the most fashionable of its streets, go up a staircase somewhat spiral, pay down a shilling, and get into the large and illuminated Hall. You see before you groups of wax effigies, representing the great ones of this world, effigies so life-like that I mistook one for a living man, and was about to speak to him. You advance a few steps, and you find yourself surrounded as it were by crowned monarchs, jewelled princesses, noble ladies in all the bloom and glory of beauty and fashion, and heroes, legislators and sages in all the pride of clasps and stars. The most conspicuous stand in front shows Her Majesty seated on a throne, and her courtiers and ministers standing in a semi-circle around her, all in uniforms more or less gorgeous. Conspicuous among the latter is the statesman, who in this era of enlightenment has the folly to believe in truth, honesty and fair-dealing, and who moreover is not ashamed to speak a word, albeit now and then, in behalf of downtrodden races and oppressed nationalities. The sight perhaps suggests a series of thoughts, pleasant as well as sad, to your mind; and you stand wrapped up in meditation before her whom you gladly look up to as your sovereign, who, apprized of the unutterable poverty and degradation of your countrymen in general, would probably shed a tear of sympathy and maternal sorrow. But your reverie is agreeably interrupted by sweet strains of music emanating from the central stand towards the left, the only stand in the Hall which, instead of being adorned by a group of wax effigies in a blaze of gold embroidery and jewellery, presents a piano and some other musical instruments as its

adornments. And as under its influence you walk slowly and lingeringly along the aisles, you see group after group of effigies representing regal pomp, hereditary greatness, intellectual eminence and moral excellence. You pause before one of these brilliant groups, and you are informed that the effigies before you represent the royal family of Prussia, the king-emperor, the Queen-Empress, the princes and the princesses. Close by are the statesmen of Prussia headed by Prince Bismark. You pause before another, and find that the life-like images represent the royal family of Austria, the Emperor, the Empress, the princes, and the princesses. Close by are the statesmen of Austria in their gorgeous uniforms. As you walk to and fro, lingering before the leaders of the human race, lost in admiration of the noblest specimens of beauty, elegance and taste, as well as the noblest forms of genius and intellectual prowess, you think perchance that you are in fairy land, some region which forms a connecting link between heaven and earth. And if you leave Madam Tassaud's establishment after having explored this illuminated Hall, you ought to be told that you have only seen its bright side. It has a dark side, and it becomes you to see it. Walk along the aisle towards the right, lingeringly fixing your gaze on a female face of exquisite beauty and loveliness, till you come to a small door. Pay down another shilling, and walk in. Within you find yourself surrounded by wax effigies of the most noted thieves, robbers, garroters, murderers, the most noted scoundrels and blackguards of Great Britain and Ireland. Here you see the man, who made himself notorious by decoying females into sequestered places with promises of situation, and by robbing them when brought thereby out of the way of easy detection. There you see the villain, who distinguished himself by a series of robberies of the most daring description; while yonder you see the rascal, who rose to unenviable notoriety by imbruing his hand in the blood of men, women and children ruthlessly murdered. In a word, you find yourself in a comparatively dark room among

figures fitted to recall 'to your minds some of the darkest crimes committed in Great Britain and Ireland. But the darkest crimes committed in France and on the continent are represented in a small room adjoining this long 'apartment. The first thing you see on entrance into this room is the guillotine with its axe crimson with a thick layer of human gore, and a human head placed underneath with blood marks around it, as if to show the wonderful facility and success with which the formidable instrument above has done its duty. The walls around this, most frightful memento of the revolutionary period of French history, are covered with ghastly pictures of torture, and, as you look around with the blood curdled in your heart, you see the varied well-known instruments of torture, the boot, the thumb-screw, the rack, on which poor, unfortunate victims have their limbs dislocated, the tongs by which their eyes were plucked out, and in the agony of your spirit you cry--Where is the optimist who presumes to affirm that the world is in a natural condition?

Now comes the application. Life in Christendom has a dark as well as a bright side. And as one can not have a comprehensive, complete view of Madam Tassaud's Establishments, without looking into the apartments behind its grand Hall, so we cannot have a comprehensive and complete view of life in civilized countries without examining its dark as well as its bright side. But travellers are rarely in a position to undertake or conduct such a thorough-going examination. Some of them are very fortunately circumstanced; and they associate with the good, and see only the bright side. They are full of praises and commendations, but the view they present is, like the view they themselves had, decidedly one-sided. Others again are by no means very favourably circumstanced; and they go in and go out amongst the bad, and see only the dark side. Their criticism is cynical, carping and condemnatory; but it is not worthy of entertainment, inasmuch as it is also one-sided. Let it, moreover,

be observed that natives of civilized countries are, as a rule, in a position by no means more favorable to calm, unprejudiced enquiry into national peculiarities. A man or a woman knows a great deal about the narrow circle in which he or she moves, and very little indeed of that which is beyond. His or her opinions therefore fairly represent the peculiarities noticeable in a particular circle, but not those which may be met with beyond its precincts. If the circle happens to be one of good people, he or she will be tempted to generalizations of a very cheerful stamp, while if the narrow spot happens to be "damned," he or she is likely to jump to conclusions of a very sombre type. I found this illustrated in varieties of ways in America. In a sea-side summer resort, I saw ladies and gentlemen in the bloom and thoughtlessness of buoyant youth enjoying a sea-bath together, and I must confess I felt shocked. But a gentleman belonging evidently to a refined society, assured me that, though the intercourse between the parties on such occasions was apparently objectionable, there was never exchanged a word or expression which the most fastidious critic could represent as indecent or even improper. I had to silence the gentleman by asking why, if such were the case, watering places were infamous, and ladies in such places needed chaperons to look after them. He moved in a very polished circle, and most naturally he was tempted to generalize the refinement of intercourse he had noticed therein, and make that national which was only the characteristic of a small section. On the other hand I overheard a conversation, carried on by a couple of men, who evidently represented a degraded class, though respectably dressed and apparently very well-to-do. One of these worthies having mentioned the name of a woman who had proved unfaithful to her husband, the other impatiently and vehemently exclaimed:—"they are *all* bad; there is not a single chaste woman in America"! The gentleman,—for such his splendid watch and chain proclaimed him!—was scarcely aware that by such an

off-hand, sweeping assertion he was attaching a stigma to the reputation of his own mother and sister. And if the natives of a country, those born and bred up in it, are not in a position favourable to a broad and comprehensive view, calm inquiry and unbiased judgment, foreigners have a poor chance indeed of arriving at a correct estimate of the virtues and vices of the land they visit, or travel through with railway speed! It is therefore very difficult for them to avoid one-sided views and statements only partially correct; but if they follow rigidly a fixed rule, and never swallow wholesale anything and everything they hear or even read of in books of travel or newspapers, they may arrive at conclusions, on the whole, sound and satisfactory.

The civilized countries of Europe and America have a dark, and a very dark side. No wonder! Every body knows the proverb,—Under the lamp, it is the darkest. There are millions of people in these favored lands who are deliberately sinning against light. The ancient Greeks and Romans held the truth, as the Apostle affirms, in unrighteousness, and God gave them over to a reprobate mind, so that they fell into vices which we cannot mention without a blush—which of course in the case of black fellows, like ourselves, means a peculiarly dark color!—and through them into a state of degradation so dark that the mind refuses to dwell upon it. The unfaithful and the wicked in Christendom hold a measure of truth, larger by far than what was vouchsafed to the most polished of ancient nations, in unrighteousness. Is it a wonder that they sink deeper into vice, and go down into depths of degradation even lower? There is licentiousness in some parts of Christendom more unblushing, vice more degrading, and crime more daring than is noticeable anywhere in non-Christian lands. And the refined way in which chicanery and fraud are practised, and crimes perpetrated is never thought or dreamt of outside the pale of civilization. Take for instance the following examples:—The Queen is driving in her state-carriage along one of the streets of London.

Crowds of spectators, anxious to see and salute Her Majesty, line the favoured street on both sides. A pretty little girl, nicely dressed, comes to one of them, a fine-looking and respectably clad gentleman, who has a splendid watch and some other valuable things in his pockets, and says with childlike simplicity and amiableness—"Sir, I have never seen the Queen"! The gentleman instantly, because instinctively, takes her up in his arms, and shows her the state carriage and its principal occupant. But before she thanks him with tears of gratitude in her eyes, the generous spectator is very kindly and dexterously relieved of the superfluous load in his pockets! The science of picking pockets has in no non-Christian land been carried to such a degree of perfection. Hundreds of such instances may be adduced to set forth its high degree of development,—but one more will suffice. A gentleman was travelling in a railway carriage towards a particular city in England. We shall call him A. to distinguish him from another person apparently a gentleman who stepped into his compartment, and whom we shall call B. The travellers went on, each intrenched behind the formidable barriers of British taciturnity; but after they had been some time together, they gave up their reserve, and entered into a conversation. B introduced himself as one whose trade had for years been that of a pick-pocket, and who looked upon A as not very wise in having his bank-notes about his neck under his neck-tie. A taken by surprise, enquired how he could possibly know the secret. The answer was that A had passed the palm of his hand around his neck frequently during the short time they had been travelling together, and thereby given a clue to it. B satisfied A's growing curiosity by circumstantially relating the various ways in which he had carried on his nefarious trade. A listened entranced, and came to the conclusion that the veteran pick-pocket was after all a boon companion. "Do you know any thing about garroting!—A enquired, "That has been a special branch of my trade"—was the prompt reply. "How do they garrote?

—asked A. “Just in this way,”—said B catching hold of A’s neck gently. “I hope I am not inconveniencing you”—said B politely. A’s reply was—“oh no! not in the least.” The train meanwhile came into a station, A was down on the floor of his compartment wonderstruck, and B was gone. The guard opened the door and said—“Three quarters of an hour for refreshment.” “Hang your refreshment,” said A with emphasis “where is the man gone with my banknotes?” Knowledge is power, and may be employed in picking pockets, cutting throats, as in multiplying the comforts of life by new inventions and discoveries. And with the resources of superior knowledge within reach, blackguards in Europe put to shame their rivals in Asia in the refinement of the various expedients by means of which they gain their objects.

Then how are the results of Christianity to be appreciated or estimated? In estimating them, we must draw a broad line of demarcation between what human nature has done and is doing in Christian lands, and what Christianity has accomplished within their precincts. Human nature is the same every where, and civilisation merely gilds, but cannot possibly regenerate it. Under varieties of circumstances, it assumes varieties of types, but its motive principle, selfishness, is the same in all lands and all conditions. When conjoined with conscious power, as in the case of the European nations, it is seen in alliance with pride, haughtiness, spoliation, robbery, acts of oppression and outbreaks of tyranny. When allied to conscious weakness, it appears in association with duplicity, dissimulation, acts of treachery and feats of perfidy. European hauteur is the product in unregenerate European nature of conscious power; and Asiatic treachery is the product in unregenerate Asiatic human nature of conscious weakness. It is very easy to denounce in sharp language Asiatic duplicity and cunning, or European pride and haughtiness; but it ought to be observed that what we denounce in either of these two cases is human nature, which is the same every where, and which appears in different ghastly or lovely forms

under different circumstances. Who will stand up and affirm that European human nature, or human nature concealed under a white skin is better than Asiatic or African human nature, or human nature concealed under a black skin? Who again will stand up and affirm that the forms in which it generally appears in civilized countries are more amiable or less objectionable than those in which it appears in semi-civilized or barbarous lands? Are pride and haughtiness less detestable in the sight of God than treachery and perfidy? Are acts of tyranny and oppression less execrable than the dishonorable and mean artifices, by which these are averted and neutralized? A storm of indignation was raised when the Afghans rendered a treaty nugatory by murdering the British ambassador and his party. But really is that act of perfidy more condemnable in the sight of God than the act of wanton aggression of which it was the legitimate fruit? When Europeans, therefore, express their abhorrence of Asiatic treachery, they forget that they have in what may in one sense be called their national character traits as detestable in the sight of God as what they evince their hatred of. They, moreover, forget that if the circumstances of Europe were transferred to Asia, and of Asia transferred to Europe, the vices of Asia would be seen in Europe, the vices of Europe in Asia. Let that therefore, which is the putrescent source of national vices or ethnological aberrations be condemned, rather than the vices and the aberrations themselves. Let human nature, in plain English, the same every where, and the perennial source of all varieties of vicious peculiarities, be condemned in unequivocal terms, and national denunciations be scrupulously avoided.

Again, the proverb, that a man who has holes in his coat should not reflect upon those of another, should not be forgotten by our Anglo-Indian critics. The Revised Version has left the fundamentals of our religion, and even the external garment or drapery in which they have appeared for ages unaffected. But a passage here and a passage there, or a few

passages here and there have been represented as passages of doubtful authority. With reference to one of these it were to be wished that it had not been placed within brackets, the passage, we mean, in which the story of the woman caught in the very act of adultery is embodied. The saying ascribed to Christ—He that is sinless among you, let him cast the first stone—is too valuable to be lost along with verses which we can easily dispense with. If the Lord Jesus Christ were in the world now, as He was eighteen hundred years ago, and if the Afghan people, for instance, were brought before Him as a people caught in the very act of gross perfidy, what would be His attitude? Would He not say to the nations around Him—let the nation that is sinless among you cast the first stone! If you, good civilized people, accuse us of dissimulation and treachery, are we not at liberty to fling at you your proverbial pride and haughtiness? If you point to the bribery in our official circles, and affirm that we are as a nation degraded, are we not at liberty to denounce your bribery before a magnificent scale of salaries rendered it on your part unnecessary, or the corruption which is the bane of your electoral system? When your national history is disfigured by foul blots, such for instance as forcing opium upon China at the point of the bayonet, a crime of which no Asiatic race has been guilty, a crime so dark that a darker can scarcely be conceived, you have no business to denounce peoples whose vices are the legitimate fruits of the tyranny and oppression to which they have been subjected for centuries and ages untold. The Christian's attitude should be self-examination. And he should never forget, either in his own case or in that of the nation he represents, the wholesome warning conveyed in the words :—For with whatsoever measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again!

If I were to stand up and say—Look at Christian lands and you will see the unutterable excellence of our religion, the reader would most probably and justly cast in my teeth their pride and haughtiness, their mutual jealousies, their frequent

quarrels and wars, their contempt for inferior races and irresistible tendency to rob and oppress them, and the whole host of vices and crimes by which they are disgraced. Again if I were to stand up and say—Look at modern civilization and see the immeasurable superiority of our religion,—the reader would probably and justly fling at me its most questionable features, and affirm, moreover, that civilization of a pretty glorious type had been developed side by side with corrupt systems of fetichism and polytheism. It is a notorious fact that modern civilization is disgraced by a degree of selfishness and Mammon-worship, as well as by refinements of vice and crime, which had better not be mentioned at Gath; and that a very high order of civilization flourished in ancient Egypt when the dog was worshipped in one of its cities, the goat in another, the cat in a third and the crocodile in a fourth! I therefore request the reader to use a little discrimination, to separate the wheat from the chaff, to distinguish between the trophies of Christianity in Christian lands and the dark achievements of human nature within their borders. A similar discrimination ought also to be made use of in the case of modern civilization, in which we see certain glorious features stamped by Christianity side by side with those for which it is indebted to unregenerate human nature. Many of the triumphs Christianity has achieved in what may now be called its home, in its present rather than original home, have appeared in the body of these papers. It is enough here to indicate them in a serial order. One more remark is needed, *viz.* that we are to speak only of those triumphs of Christianity which are *peculiar*, and which have not their parallels in non-Christian countries.

1. The first of the peculiar triumphs to be mentioned is the development in these lands of a public opinion of a very exalted type. What a gap is there between the public opinion of the country at large and the public opinion of the educated community in India! The public opinion of the country at large is not opposed to the continued degradation of the

masses, caste distinctions of the most invidious type, slavery and serfage, despotism and oligarchy, polygamy and female ignorance combined with seclusion, looseness of morals among members of the stronger sex, and malversation in office. But all these evils are theoretically, if not practically opposed by our educated countrymen, who speak of the idolatry and low types of worship upheld by the country at large with merited contempt. But where have our educated countrymen got the new ideas and sentiments which induce them to set their face against customs and institutions, which have been prevalent in the country from time immemorial? From a system of education which has been matured under Christian influence, under the shade, so to speak, of traditions and associations generated and fed and strengthened by Christianity. When the indigenous public opinion of the country, that which has grown up under the shade of the national faith, is placed side by side with that which is being matured among educated natives, how low and grovelling it appears! But there is a gap nearly as wide between the public opinion of the educated community in India and the public opinion of England and America. The traditions by which character is matured in the best circles of society in Protestant lands are as far, or nearly as far above those to which the homage of our educated countrymen is paid, as *their* ideas are above those held sacred amongst our countrymen in general. How wide then must be the gap that separates the public opinion matured by Christianity and that matured by Hinduism! One example will suffice. Koolinism with its polygamy of the most fearful type, its matrimonial trade and frightful demoralization is scarcely, if ever, condemned by any but our educated, English-speaking countrymen. But the indignation of all America is most decidedly directed against Mormonism which is not half so impure and demoralizing! There are wrong things done in Christian lands, and done sometimes by good people; but these are done in spite of, and apart

from the gaze, so to speak, of public opinion, which never sanctions the slightest departure from the laws of rectitude and the rules of propriety.

2. The superiority of Christianity is seen, moreover, in the prevalence of ideas of God and religion as far above those current in India or any other non-christian land as the heaven is above the earth. How low are the ideas of God and religion current amongst our countrymen! God is almost universally represented as the author of sin, and religion is said to be a matter of form, consisting in obedience to caste rules and a round of ceremonial observances. And as to proper ideas of sin, salvation, regeneration of the soul and sanctification of individual, domestic and social life, they are foreign in the most striking sense of the term. Christianity has popularized some of the loftiest of religious truths, and a peasant or even a child in a Christian land has ideas of religion, to which heathen philosophers are utter strangers. Where, except in Christian lands and among persons conversant with the religious literature of these lands, do we find the doctrines of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man universally held! Where, barring these lands and these persons, do we find the necessity of regeneration recognized! An approximation to heavenly holiness and felicity represented as attainable in this life? And the fulness of joy for conversion as held in reserve for the believer in that which is to come?

3. Again, the excellence of our religion is seen in the bright churches of Protestant countries, and rational forms of worship represented by them. How irrational and absurd are the forms of worship through which the devotional feeling of the country finds an outlet! How much of disorder and noise is associated with them;—how much mummary and tom-foolery, not to speak of the indecency and obscenity linked indissolubly to some of them! No attempt is made in Hindu temples to rouse the devotional enthusiasm of worshippers, except through the medium of the senses;—nothing

is done to lead to their enlightenment and sanctification, the illumination of their minds and the purification of their souls. Nothing is said or done to awaken the unconverted and bring sinners back to God. Varieties of prayers and praises are muttered in an unknown tongue, or a tongue unknown to the assembled worshippers, and varieties of dead forms are gone through amid the clang of cymbals and the deafening music of kettle drums. What a contrast between these forms of worship, and that which intensifies and exalts our devotional feelings by means of hymns understood and appreciated by the worshipper and music of a stirring character, which lifts up the soul to an intelligent communion with God, by prayers offered up in words equally understood and appreciated by him, and which enriches the mind with stores of religious knowledge as well as elevates the spirit by eloquent exhortations and fervid appeals. Nor must it be forgotten that sacred shrines in Hindustan are, as a rule, scenes of impurity and filth. While they attract vice, the temples of worship in Christendom repel it. Vicious people cluster, as a rule, around the Hindu pantheon; but they, as a rule, instinctively flee from the Church of Christ, as darkness flees from light!

4. Special services held in Protestant countries, particularly in America, for the purpose of converting the unconverted and promoting holiness among the converted, are fitted to set forth the excellence of our faith. One feature of life in America. I have not had an opportunity of dwelling upon, its love of healthy recreation exhibited in what is in India called an annual exodus to cooler resorts. These resorts are rising up with the rapidity of the prophet's gourd like American cities and towns, in all parts of the United States; —are rearing their clusters of neat cottages by the sides of large lakes, on the shores of the resounding sea, amid the solitude of dense forests, and in valleys smiling under the shade of lofty mountains. In the summer months they present a sight not much unlike that presented by the holy

shrines of India, when throngs of pilgrims gather around them;—gaily dressed ladies and gentlemen strolling along sequestered walks, loitering around booths, set up temporarily to sell candies and fruits, gracing the tables of well-furnished hotels at meal times, and crowding the amphitheatres and auditories reared for religious meetings of all descriptions. “Where have you been rusticated all this summer?”—the question is sure to be put by one lady to another when they meet after the close of this universally appreciated season of change and relaxation. But ladies and gentlemen do not only rusticate in these resorts;—they have ample opportunities of profiting spiritually. Ministers of the Gospel are busy in these temporary abodes of recreation, which but for their earnest efforts might prove demoralizing; revival meetings, or meetings the object of which is the conversion of souls, and holiness meetings, or meetings the object of which is the sanctification of the believer, are held; and an influence essentially hallowing is sent abroad, so to speak, through their instrumentality. Nor are special services of this description confined to sea-side resorts, summer retreats and mountain sanatoria;—they are held every where, and through their instrumentality conversions have been multiplying year by year, and a lofty standard of piety and godliness has been realized in the Churches. Meetings like these, or meetings having for their object the conversion of the sinner and the sanctification of the believer, are not even known in non-Christian countries.

5. In the earnest efforts put forward to instruct children in religious truth, and exhort them lovingly to piety and practical benevolence, we see another feature of the excellence of our religion. The Sunday School system is one of the greatest wonders of the age. Who can estimate the good which is being accomplished by the innumerable Sunday Schools in Protestant countries, or form an adequate conception of the thrilling influence that emanates from the example and disinterested labors of the prodigious body of

teachers by whom the good work done within their precincts is carried on. If I mistake not there are upwards of a million of Sunday Schools now in Christendom and upwards of ten millions of teachers connected with them, laborers, worthy of their hire, but who never even dream of receiving pay for the immense trouble they take in bringing up boys and girls in the tender years of childhood in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. A body of literature, moreover, specially adapted to further their great work, has been raised up by men of talent and learning, who, while engaged in enlightening and instructing men and women of education, have not considered it beneath them to spend precious hours in composing and compiling books fitted to benefit the little ones. Add to all this the unique spectacle of millions of boys and girls carefully taught, rooted and grounded, along with representatives of all ages above theirs, in the facts of Christianity, and the doctrines and principles associated with them; and you will be bound to exclaim that a grander sight the world has not witnessed! But this phenomenon is nowhere presented in non-Christian lands, where little children are classed with brutes, and declared incapable of either mastering vital truths of religion, or leading a really religious life.

6. In the graduated scale, so to speak of the benevolent associations at work in these countries, another feature of the superiority of our faith is presented. These associations rise, as I have more than once said, in an ascending series from those at work among little children up to those at work among men and women hoary with age. Where, apart from Christian countries, do we see little children leading a pious life, earning in varieties of ways and giving money for the benefit of their own and distant lands, and forming associations which indicate philanthropy of the broadest type? Where, but in Christian lands, do we see men and women in the bloom of youth earnestly engaged in carrying substantial benefits, as well as messages of love, into the

dark abodes of poverty, and wretchedness brought about by courses of life exceedingly vicious? Where, but in these lands, do we find men and women of all ages and all conditions spread abroad as valiant champions of truth, each trying by means of private devotions and public demonstrations to put down sin, and charming susceptible hearts into virtue and godliness? Where, but in Christian lands, do we find fabulous sums collected and disbursed with the sole object of spreading religious truth at home and abroad, in raising up a voluminous literature fitted to do such work, and in spreading that literature through the instrumentality of gigantic societies, splendid book stores, small clubs of philanthropic men, and itinerant colporteurs? And where, but in Christendom, do we find the source of all religious literature, the Book embodying God's revelation, or what is believed to be such, published in innumerable tongues, and innumerable editions, and still more innumerable copies, and scattered broad-cast along with such works as are calculated to elucidate its contents, through the media of gigantic societies, and innumerable establishments of all kinds, from those of colossal down to those of tiny proportions?

7. The excellency of our religion is moreover seen in the prominence enjoyed, so to speak, by Benevolent Institutions. These are of various kinds, such as homes for the protection and education of orphans, homes for the poor and the destitute, establishments for the education of persons of both sexes afflicted with congenital blindness or congenital deafness and dumbness, establishments for the reclamation of the drunkard, penitentiaries, reformatories, Magdalen Houses for the reclamation of fallen women, and Lazar Houses for the recovery of the sick and wounded. In what non-christian countries do we find such varieties of benevolent institutions, maintained at such a tremendous cost for the benefit of persons, whom the ancient Spartans would have thrown into what may be called a valley of bones from the top of a precipitous hill? Some years ago I had the pleasure of visiting

Agra along with a very amiable non-Christian friend. We saw the sights of the place together, and then visited the Secundra Orphanage, the inmates of which were then, most fortunately for us, celebrating their Christmas eve festival. We passed through an illuminated walk, and entered an illuminated Hall within which we saw rows of seats for the orphans placed in front of rows of chairs reserved for visitors, and a large harmonium between the two sets of seats. The agreeable business of the evening commenced, the harmonium sent forth sweet strains of music and a hymn was sung by a choir of orphan boys and girls to its tune. My susceptible friend burst into tears, and said, when the exercises were over,—“The best thing I have seen in this imperial city is this!” If my friend had gone with me to America and Europe, (I mention the places in the order in which I visited them) and looked into the colossal establishments, maintained in these continents at a cost of sums which may justly be called fabulous for the benefit of suffering humanity, he would have instinctively exclaimed —“Such sights are never seen in Asia,—in any non-Christian lands!” A word about penitentiaries and reformatories! The idea of helping the needy, the blind, the halt, the widow and the orphan is not unknown in non-Christian lands, though one does not see it embodied in institutions of the sort referred to. But the idea of reclaiming the drunkard, of making the licentious of both sexes chaste and the thief honest,, and in one word of reforming all sorts of criminals by causing religious influences to bear upon them is *unknown*, or all but unknown in these lands. And this very idea, apart from the institutions and agencies in which it is enshrined, or the noble efforts to which it has given and does give birth, is an evidence, clear though invisible, of the superiority of our faith.

8. The bright homes of Christendom indubitably prove the superiority of our faith. Several things combine to constitute the excellency and joyousness of these homes. Among these the varied advantages of æsthetic culture and the com-

forts multiplied by civilization occupy no mean place. There in his journey through this vale of tears the Christian meets these advantages and these comforts; and the religion, which spurns them away and delights in asceticism and moroseness, the present age has very justly cast overboard. I have had no hesitation in affirming again and again that if Christianity were opposed to culture of the broadest type, culture of man's æsthetic nature, as well as that of the other elements of his soul, and opposed, moreover, to a multiplication of the comforts of life, I should consider it my duty to renounce it as a form of superstition behind the age. But Christianity is favourable, not inimical, to the elegancies and comforts by which the homes raised under its influence are enriched and brightened; and it is either a misapprehension of its scope or downright selfishness that opposes them! But the thing, to which the brightness of Christian homes is to be traced next to their all-pervading piety, is the position occupied therein by woman. She is the mistress, the queen of her home, not a prisoner or galley slave in it. She is the authoress of its refinements, the centre of its attractions, the source of its endearments, and the fountain of its joys; and but for her ceaseless activity, her accomplishments and charms, her conversational powers, her playful humour, her smart reparties and brilliant flashes of wit, it would be as dull and dark as homes in India are. The brightness, moreover, of Christian homes is to be traced, not merely to the elevation of woman to her proper position in them, but the depression of the sort of piety of which John the Baptist was the type, and from which the glorious transition was effected by the Lord Jesus Christ. Fastings, vigils, penitential tears, the "lank hair and the sour face of the Puritan, the mortification and the penances of the monk—these are no more allowed to mar the beauty and blast the felicity of domestic life. Pleasant conversation, racy anecdotes, flashes of humour and wit, and the exuberance of enjoyment indicated by demonstrations beginning with bright smiles and ending in ringing

laughter—these are the accompaniments of Christian piety as it is developed in these days, and they are so many elements of the cheerfulness, the joyousness, and the glory of Christian homes.

9. And lastly the excellency of our religion is seen in its success, not merely in rearing up the best forms of social life and the brightest homes the world has seen, not merely in the triumphs of humanitarian activity achieved under its influence, but in the loftiest types of character matured by it. The types of piety raised by the religions of the world are dark and dismal. Monasticism and asceticism in combination with *dirt cultus* mortifications, penances, the obscuration of the mind and the spirit and the maceration of the body, are the forms of piety held in reverence in non-Christian lands, and in Christian lands, where our religion is professed, but not understood. Religion in these regions is a matter of external forms, external exercises, and external afflictions. Its vital elements, love of God, purity of purpose, sanctification of the inner man, light in the mind, joy in the soul, emanating from faith, hope and charity, are not even thought of. A man or woman externally not separated or scarcely separated from the devotees of the world, but with feelings, desires and aspirations essentially different from those by which they are animated, living in the world but not of the world, not fleeing from the relationships and avocations of life, but hallowing them by his presence and influences, passing through inevitable trials and vexations with a faith ever triumphant, a mind ever hopeful and a spirit ever consecrated, holy and full of heavenly felicity, such as is attainable even in this vale of tears—travel from Dan to Beersheba in heathen lands, and you will never find such a character. But such characters are by no means rare in Christian lands. I had myself the honor of coming across not a few in the course of my travels in America and Europe; and I have the honor of being closely associated in Mission work with some who may be represented as fair specimens of the

sort of pious Christianity matures in lands in which, and among persons by whom its sway is acknowledged.

Before I pass on to general conclusions, I consider it desirable to raise the question—why christian piety is bright and luminous, rather than dark and sombre? Because Christianity is light and love, and surrounds its professors with an atmosphere of light and love. The Buddhist, for instance, has no right to rejoice, and cannot, if he is a sensible man, rejoice. He looks behind him, and what does he see—no God! no light! All is dark! He looks above—all is dark! He looks around—all is dark! He looks within—all is dark! He looks forward—all is dark! He is in the midst of darkness which has no bounds, interminable, thick and thickening darkness! How is it possible for him to rejoice? The Christian lives in an atmosphere of light and love. He looks behind—all is light and love! He looks around—all is light and love! He looks above—all is light and love! He looks within—all is light and love! He looks forward—all is light and love! Do we not see why the apostle calls upon him to rejoice, and rejoice evermore!

Now to conclude our argument. When from the degraded political condition of our country we look up to that of peoples, who, like those of England and America, are prospering amid the fulness of national independence and political liberty, we really look up to a higher platform of political life. When again we look up from our social customs and institutions, which are more or less crystallized, and thoroughly non-progressive, to those to which the homage of civilized nations is paid, we really look up to a higher platform of social life. And so when we look up from the low level of the moral and spiritual degradation, represented by our country to the plane of moral earnestness and spiritual vitality, to which those who in Christian countries are faithful to the plenitude of light vouchsafed are elevated, we really look up to a decidedly higher platform of religious life. Let it, moreover, be observed that the plane of spiritual ex-

cellence to which these have been raised, is much lower than that to which Christianity is fitted to lift them up. And therefore when from the height already attained, we look aloft towards that which may be attained, and is in time to be attained under the influence of our holy religion, we can scarcely resist the conclusion, that, while all its rivals are of the earth, earthly, it is of heaven, heavenly!

I can not bring this series of papers to a close without referring to a notion current among our Anglo-Indian fellow-subjects in general, *viz.* that a visit to England is likely to "spoil" a native of India. He is, they affirm, placed by it under circumstances of a positively demoralizing character. He is treated as an equal, made much of, lionized in public meetings and private parties, and loaded with the varied tokens of a generosity which may justly be represented as romantic. Besides his merits are overestimated, and his performances, literary or oratorical, are spoken of in terms of praise more or less extravagant, specially in America where puffing is resorted to even in the most sacred of matters. Under such circumstances is it a wonder if he is bloated with an idea of his importance, and frets and grumbles when brought back to his original position? Now I do not maintain for a moment that the transition on the part of a native of India from contempt to a treatment, not merely just but generous, such as is realized when he passes from this into a European country, does not exercise over him a demoralizing influence. It is very difficult even to think of a circumstance or a conjuncture of circumstances, which does not tend to spoil a human being. Even the extatic joys, which he secures by prayer, meditation and close communion with God have confessedly a demoralizing tendency. All extremes demoralize man, poverty and wealth, ignorance and learning, sickness and health, honor and dishonor, good report and bad report. So it would by no means be a matter of wonder if the exuberance of kindness received by native visitors in England or America were to tend to spoil them. But those, who

on this account deprecate their move towards these seats of civilization, ought not to forget that their present circumstances are still more demoralizing. They are held in contempt, treated as inferior animals, excluded from society, laughed at when they adopt manners and customs less degrading than those in vogue amongst their countrymen, and anathematized when they stand up for rights which are imprescriptible and inalienable. Does not such treatment tend to spoil them even more decidedly than the little extra kindness shown them as strangers in England and America? But we maintain that people who have been to these seats of civilisation have improved in the most favorable sense of the term, rather than deteriorated. When they refuse to be treated as inferior animals, or stand up with folded arms before men whose superiority consists in the color of their skin, rather than anything else; or when they evince a thirst for the refinements of civilisation produced by actual and agreeable contact with them; or even when they adopt improved manners and customs and are thereby separated apparently and to some extent, even really from their countrymen, and assimilated, more or less, to the ruling class, are they demoralized! Does not a good system of education in the country tend to bring them where they are found when they return from a trip to Europe? Are there not homes and families in India, raised amongst the natives by the influence of imported civilization, which are in some respects even ahead of the homes and families raised by men, whose minds have been expanded by a temporary residence and extensive travels in civilized countries? The truth is—the evils anticipated by those, who discourage visits to Europe on the part of natives, are inseparable from the civilizing influences, which are already at work in the country. The only standpoint they can consistently occupy is—Western civilization is *not* for the natives—just as a gentleman is said to have once affirmed with emphasis:—quinine is *not* for natives!

But while there is very little chance of Indian travellers being demoralized in Europe and America, even by the little extra kindness they receive, the chances for the complete demoralisation of European and American travellers in India amount almost to a certainty. They are here surrounded by circumstances, which according to the late good Bishop Cotton, tend to develop "the tyrannical elements" of their nature. They live in a style ten times more sumptuous than what would in nine cases out of ten have been their lot if they had never left their native lands; and they are honored by kings and noblemen and looked up to as demi-gods by the generality of the people. How soon are their heads turned! How soon they develop into swells and ape the stiff formality of petty princelings, become impatient of contradiction, opposed to free speech, prone to tyrannize, and ready to see for personal advantage the political and social degradation of the country perpetuated! How completely are they denationalized, demoralized,—nay even dehumanized! And yet the gentlemen, who weep when a poor native has an opportunity of being treated as an equal by the white man in his own home, never discover the slightest anxiety, when their own children come to the country at a time of life when their heads are easily turned! Are we to conclude that, being demoralized themselves, they have lost that discriminating faculty, which might enable them to see, that while a native visiting Europe stood a great chance of being improved and very little indeed of being spoiled, a European coming to India was all but sure to deteriorate, and could escape deterioration only by a miracle!

Of course we don't apply these remarks to those really good friends of India, who, while they manifest a little apprehension when there is a chance of a poor native visiting civilized countries, never hesitate to help him on by their suggestions and their counsels, and not unfrequently in a more substantial manner. All honor to these gentlemen!

My heartfelt thanks are due, not only to my native brethren by whom I was elected, but to those kindhearted Missionary friends by whom I was helped to carry out the wishes of the church I had the honor to represent in foreign lands; and I can not think of the exuberance of kindness conferred upon me in these lands without tears, and an ardent desire to prove worthy of it by a renewed consecration to the service of the Lord!

